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CHILD LIFE.

*A MAGAZINE FOR KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS, PARENTS, AND ALL INTERESTED
IN THE EDUCATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF YOUNG CHILDREN.*

VOLUME III.
NEW SERIES.

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.
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Child Life

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CHILD LIFE.

VOL. III.

JANUARY 15, 1901.

No. 9.

Froebel's Educational Principles.*

ONE of the traditions of the School is of a visitor who, in its early days, called to see the Kindergarten. On being told that the School had not as yet established one, she asked if there were not singing, drawing, manual training, plays and dramatizations, and attention to the children's social relations. When her questions were answered in the affirmative, she remarked, both triumphantly and indignantly, that that was what she understood by a Kindergarten, and that she did not know what was meant by saying that the School had no Kindergarten. The remark was perhaps justified in spirit, if not in letter. At all events, it suggests that in a certain sense the School endeavours throughout its whole course—now including children between four and thirteen—to carry into effect certain principles which Froebel was perhaps the first consciously to set forth. Speaking still in general, these principles are:

1. That the primary business of school is to train children in co-operative and mutually helpful living; to foster in them the consciousness of mutual interdependence, and to help them practically in making the adjustments that will carry this spirit into overt deeds.

2. That the primary root of all educative activity is in the instinctive, impulsive atti-

tudes and activities of the child, and not in the presentation and application of external material, whether through the ideas of others or through the senses; and that, accordingly, numberless spontaneous activities of children, plays, games, mimic efforts, even the apparently meaningless motions of infants—exhibitions previously ignored as trivial, futile, or even condemned as positively evil—are capable of educational use, nay, are the foundation-stones of educational method.

3. That these individual tendencies and activities are organized and directed through the uses made of them in keeping up the co-operative living already spoken of; taking advantage of them to reproduce on the child's plane the typical doings and occupations of the larger, maturer society into which he is finally to go forth; and that it is through production and creative use that valuable knowledge is secured and clinched.

So far as these statements correctly represent Froebel's educational philosophy, the School should be regarded as its exponent. An attempt is being made to act upon them with as much faith and sincerity in their application to children of twelve as to children of four. This attempt, however, to assume what might be called the Kindergarten attitude throughout

* This article, from the *Elementary School Record* of Chicago, is reprinted by kind permission of Prof. John Dewey. The school alluded to is the University Elementary School, conducted by the Pedagogical Department of the University of Chicago.

the whole School, makes necessary certain modifications of the work done in what is more technically known as the Kindergarten period—that is, with the children between the ages of four and six. In this paper I shall only endeavour to state my reasons for believing that, in spite of the apparently radical character of some of them, they are true to the spirit of Froebel.

AS REGARDS PLAY AND GAMES.

Play is not to be identified with anything which the child externally does. It rather designates his mental attitude in its entirety and in its unity. It is the free play, the inter-play, of all the child's powers, thoughts, and physical movements, in embodying, in a satisfying form, his own images and interests. Negatively, it is freedom from economic pressure—the necessities of getting a living and supporting others—and from the fixed responsibilities attaching to the special callings of the adult. Positively, it means that the supreme end of the child is fullness of growth—fullness of realization of his budding powers, a realization which continually carries him on from one plane to another.

This is a very general statement, and taken in its generality is so vague as to be innocent of practical bearing. Its significance in detail, in application, however, means the possibility, and in many respects the necessity, of quite a radical change of Kindergarten procedure. To state it baldly, the fact that "play" denotes the psychological attitude of the child, not his outward performances, means complete emancipation from the necessity of following any given or prescribed system, or sequence of gifts, plays, or occupations. The judicious teacher will certainly look for suggestions to the activities mentioned by Froebel (in his "Mother-Play" and elsewhere), and to those set forth in such minute detail by his disciples; but she will also remember that the principle of play requires her carefully to investigate and criticize these things, and decide whether they are really activities for her own children, or just things which may have been vital in

the past to children living in different social conditions. So far as occupations, games, &c., simply perpetuate those of Froebel and his earlier disciples, it may fairly be said that in many respects the presumption is against them—the presumption is that in the worship of the external doings disowned by Froebel we have ceased to be loyal to his principle.

The teacher must be absolutely free to get suggestions from any and from every source, asking herself but these two questions: Will the proposed mode of play appeal to the child as his own? Is it something of which he has the instinctive roots in himself, and which will mature the capacities that are struggling for manifestation in him? And again: Will the proposed activity give that sort of expression to these impulses that will carry the child on to a higher plane of consciousness and action, instead of merely exciting him, and then leaving him just where he was before, *plus* a certain amount of nervous exhaustion and appetite for more excitement in the future?

There is every evidence that Froebel studied carefully—inductively, we might now say—the children's plays of his own time, and the games which mothers played with their infants. He also took great pains—as in his "Mother Play"—to point out that certain principles of large import were involved. He had to bring his generation to consciousness of the fact that these things were not merely trivial and childish because done by children, but were essential factors in their growth. But I do not see the slightest evidence that he supposed that just these plays, and only these plays, had meaning, or that his philosophic explanation had any motive beyond that just suggested. On the contrary, I believe that he expected his followers to exhibit their following by continuing his own study of contemporary conditions and activities, rather than by literally adhering to the plays he had collected. Moreover, it is hardly likely that Froebel himself would contend that in his interpretation of these games he did more than take advantage of the best psychological and philosophical insight available to him at the

time; and we may suppose that he would have been the first to welcome the growth of a better and more extensive psychology (whether general, experimental, or as child study), and would avail himself of its results to re-interpret the activities, to discuss them more critically, going from the new standpoint into the reasons that make them educationally valuable.

SYMBOLISM.

It must be remembered that much of Froebel's symbolism is the product of two peculiar conditions of his own life and work. In the first place, on account of inadequate knowledge at that time of the physiological and psychological facts and principles of child growth, he was often forced to resort to strained and artificial explanations of the value attaching to the plays, &c. To the impartial observer it is obvious that many of his statements are cumbrous and far-fetched, giving abstract philosophical reasons for matters that may now receive a simple, everyday formulation. In the second place, the general political and social conditions of Germany were such that it was impossible to conceive continuity between the free, co-operative social life of the Kindergarten and that of the world outside. Accordingly, he could not regard the "occupations" of the schoolroom as literal reproductions of the ethical principles involved in community life—the latter were often too restricted and authoritative to serve as worthy models. Accordingly, he was compelled to think of them as symbolic of abstract ethical and philosophical principles. There certainly is change enough and progress enough in the social conditions of the United States of to-day, as compared with those of the Germany of his day, to justify making Kindergarten activities more natural, more direct, and more real representations of current life than Froebel's disciples have done. Even as it is, the disparity of Froebel's philosophy with German political ideals has made the authorities in Germany suspicious of the Kindergarten, and has been undoubtedly one force

operating in transforming its social simplicity into an involved intellectual technique.

IMAGINATION AND PLAY.

An excessive emphasis on symbolism is sure to influence the treatment of imagination. It is, of course, true that a little child lives in a world of imagination. In one sense, he can only "make-believe." His activities represent or stand for the life that he sees going on around him. Because they are thus representative, they may be termed symbolic; but it should be remembered that this make-believe, or symbolism, has reference to the activities suggested. Unless they are to the child as real and definite as the adult's activities are to him, the inevitable result is artificiality, nervous strain, and either physical and emotional excitement, or else deadening of powers.

There has been a curious, almost unaccountable, tendency in the Kindergarten to assume that, because the value of the activity lies in what it stands for to the child, therefore the materials used must be as artificial as possible, and that one must keep carefully away from real things and real acts on the part of the child. Thus one hears of gardening activities which are carried on by sprinkling grains of sand for seeds; the child sweeps and dusts a make-believe room with make-believe brooms and cloths; he sets a table using only paper cut in the flat (and even then cut with reference to geometric design, rather than to dishes), instead of toy tea-things with which the child outside of the Kindergarten plays. Dolls, toy locomotives, and trains of cars, &c., are tabooed as altogether too grossly real, and hence not cultivating the child's imagination.

All this is surely mere superstition. The imaginative play of the child's mind comes through the cluster of suggestions, reminiscences, and anticipations that gather about the things he uses. The more natural and straightforward these are, the more definite basis there is for calling up and holding together all the allied suggestions

which make his imaginative play really representative. The simple cooking, dish-washing, dusting, &c., which the children do, are no more prosaic or utilitarian to them than would be, say, the game of the "Five Knights." To the children these occupations are surcharged with a sense of the mysterious values that attach to whatever their elders are concerned with. The materials, then, must be as "real," as direct, and as straightforward as opportunity permits.

But the principle does not end here—the reality symbolized must also lie within the capacities of the child's own appreciation. It is sometimes thought the use of the imagination is profitable in the degree it stands for very remote metaphysical and spiritual principles. In the great majority of such cases it is safe to say that the adult deceives himself. He is conscious of both the reality and the symbol, and hence of the relation between them. But since the truth or reality represented is far beyond the reach of the child, the supposed symbol is not a symbol to him at all. It is simply a positive thing on its own account. Practically, about all he gets out of it is its own physical and sensational meaning, *plus*, very often, a glib facility in phrases and attitudes that he learns are expected of him by the teacher—without, however any mental counterpart. We often teach insincerity, and instil sentimentalism, and foster sensationalism, when we think we are teaching spiritual truths by means of symbols. The realities reproduced, therefore, by the child should be of as familiar, direct, and real a character as possible. It is largely for this reason that in the Kindergarten of our School the work centres so largely about the reproduction of home and neighbourhood life. This brings us to the topic of

SUBJECT-MATTER.

The home life in its setting of house, furniture, utensils, &c., together with the occupations carried on in the home, offers, accordingly, material which is in a direct and real relationship to the child, and which he

naturally tends to reproduce in imaginative form. It is also sufficiently full of ethical relations and suggestive of moral duties to afford plenty of food for the child on his moral side. The programme is comparatively unambitious compared with that of many Kindergartens; but it may be questioned whether there are not certain positive advantages in this limitation of the subject-matter. When much ground is covered (the work going over, say, industrial society, Army, Church, State, &c.), there is a tendency for the work to become over-symbolic. So much of this material lies beyond the experience and capacities of the child of four and five, that practically all he gets out of it is the physical and emotional reflex; he does not get any real penetration into the material itself. Moreover, there is danger, in these ambitious programmes, of an unfavourable reaction upon the child's own intellectual attitude. Having covered pretty much the whole universe in a purely make-believe fashion, he becomes *blasé*, loses his natural hunger for the simple things of direct experience, and approaches the material of the first grades of the primary school with a feeling that he has had all that already. The later years of a child's life have their own rights, and a superficial, merely emotional, anticipation is likely to do the child serious injury.

Moreover, there is danger that a mental habit of jumping rapidly from one topic to another be induced. The little child has a good deal of patience and endurance of a certain type. It is true that he has a liking for novelty and variety; that he soon wearies of an activity that does not lead out into new fields and open up new paths for exploration. My plea, however, is not for monotony. There is sufficient variety in the activities, furnishings, and instrumentalities of the homes from which the children come to give continual diversity. It touches the civic and the industrial life at this and that point. These concerns can be brought in, when desirable, without going beyond the unity of the main topic. Thus there is an opportunity to foster that sense

which is at the basis of attention and of all intellectual growth—a sense of continuity.

This continuity is often interfered with by the very methods that aim at securing it. From the child's standpoint unity lies in the subject-matter—in the present case, in the fact that he is always dealing with one thing, home life. Emphasis is continually passing from one phase of this life to another: one occupation after another, one piece of furniture after another, one relation after another, &c., receive attention; but they all fall into building up one and the same mode of living, although bringing now this feature, now that, into prominence. The child is working all the time *within a unity*, giving different phases of its clearness and definiteness, and bringing them into coherent connexion with each other. When there is a great diversity of subject-matter, continuity is apt to be sought simply on the formal side; that is, in schemes of sequence, “schools of work,” a rigid programme of development followed with every topic, a “thought for the day” from which the work is not supposed to stray. As a rule, such sequence is purely intellectual; hence is grasped only by the teacher, quite passing over the head of the child. Hence the programme for year, term, month, week, &c., should be made out on the basis of estimating how much of the common subject-matter can be covered in that time—not on the basis of intellectual or ethical principles. This will give both definiteness and elasticity.

METHOD.

The peculiar problem of the early grades is, of course, to get hold of the child's natural impulses and instincts, and to utilize them so that the child is carried on to a higher plane of perception and judgment, and equipped with more efficient habits: so that he has an enlarged and deepened consciousness and increased control of powers of action. Wherever this result is not reached, play results in mere amusement and not in educative growth.

On the whole, constructive or “built-up” work (with, of course, the proper alternation of story, song, and game which may be connected,

so far as is desirable, with the ideas involved in the construction) seems better fitted than anything else to secure these two factors—initiation in the child's own impulse, and termination upon a higher plane. It brings the child in contact with a great variety of material—wood, tin, leather, yarn, &c.; it supplies a motive for using these materials in real ways, instead of going through exercises having no meaning except a remote symbolic one; it calls into play alertness of the senses and acuteness of observation; it demands clear-cut imagery of the ends to be accomplished, and requires ingenuity and invention in planning; it makes necessary concentrated attention and personal responsibility in execution, while the results are in such tangible form that the child may be led to judge his own work and improve his standards.

A word should be said regarding the psychology of imitation and suggestion in relation to Kindergarten work. There is no doubt that the little child is highly imitative and open to suggestions; there is no doubt that his crude powers and immature consciousness need to be continually enriched and directed through these channels. But on this account it is imperative to discriminate between a use of imitation and suggestion which is so external as to be thoroughly non-psychological, and a use which is justified through its organic relation to the child's own activities. As a general principle, no activity should be *originated* by imitation. The start must come from the child; the model or copy may then be supplied in order to assist the child in imaging more definitely what it is that he really wants—in bringing him to consciousness. Its value is not as model to copy in action, but as guide to clearness and adequacy of conception. Unless the child can get away from it to his own imagery when it comes to execution, he is rendered servile and dependent, not developed. Imitation comes in to reinforce and help out, not to initiate.

There is no ground for holding that the teacher should not suggest anything to the child until he has *consciously* expressed a want

in that direction. A sympathetic teacher is quite likely to know more clearly than the child himself what his own instincts are and mean. But the suggestion must *fit in* with the dominant mode of growth in the child; it must serve simply as stimulus to bring forth more adequately what the child is already blindly striving to do. Only by watching the child and seeing the attitude that he assumes toward suggestions can we tell whether they are operating as factors in furthering the child's growth, or whether they are external, arbitrary impositions interfering with normal growth.

The same principle applies even more strongly to so-called dictation work. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose that there is no middle term between leaving a child to his own unguided fancies and likes, or controlling his activities by a formal succession of dictated directions. As just intimated, it is the teacher's business to know what powers are striving for utterance at a given period in the child's development, and what sorts of activity will bring these to helpful expression, in order then to supply the requisite stimuli and needed materials. The suggestion, for instance, of a playhouse—the suggestion that comes from seeing objects that have already been made to furnish it, from seeing other children at work—is quite sufficient definitely to direct the activities of a normal child of five. Imitation and suggestion come in naturally and inevitably, but only as instruments to help him carry out his own wishes and ideas. They serve to make him realize, to bring to consciousness, what he already is

striving for in a vague, confused, and therefore ineffective, way. From the psychological standpoint it may safely be said that, when a teacher has to rely upon a series of dictated directions, it is just because the child has no image of his own of what is to be done or why it is to be done. Instead, therefore, of gaining power of control by conforming to directions, he is really losing it—made dependent upon an external source.

In conclusion, it may be pointed out that both the subject-matter and the method connect directly with that of the six-year-old children (corresponding to the first grade of primary work). The play reproduction of the home life passes naturally on into a more extended and serious study of the larger social occupations upon which the home is dependent: while the continually increasing demands made upon the child's own ability to plan and execute, carry him over into more controlled use of attention upon more distinctively intellectual topics. It must not be forgotten that the readjustment needed to secure continuity between "Kindergarten" and first-grade work cannot be brought about wholly from the side of the latter. The school change must be as gradual and insensible as that in the growth of the child. This is impossible unless the subprimary work surrenders whatever isolates it, and hospitably welcomes whatever materials and resources will keep pace with the full development of the child's powers and thus keep him always prepared, ready, for the next work he has to do.

JOHN DEWEY.



Dr. Ewald Haufe: a New Seer and Leader towards the Promised Land of True Education.

DR. HAUFE, whose name is scarcely known in England, though he speaks with gratitude of receiving an appreciative message from the "venerable Herbert Spencer," is, in his "objective system," more than a follower of Pestalozzi and Froebel; in closest sympathy with their spirit and aims, embracing, too, and co-ordinating the thoughts of Montaigne and Bacon, Comenius, Locke, and Rousseau, who, for those who have ears to hear, speak all the same words: "Study the child's nature, and train it to be as God made it—not like what you, its teachers, have become," Dr. Haufe, in his great work "*Die natürliche Erziehung*" ("Education according to Nature"), describes around them all a mighty Circle.

In a most interesting sketch of his life—"Aus dem Leben eines freien Pädagogen" ("From the life of a Free Educator")—he tells of his various experiences, as teacher in a public "Folk-school"; as helper in various *soi-distant* improved institutes, at home and abroad; as private tutor; as author. In all these positions he practises—at first by instinct, then by conviction, ever growing through results of experience—what one may name the realistic method. "Touch, taste, handle" everything, is his first motto; "talk about, describe, discuss, orally, what the senses offer; practise speech and writing, not upon abstract notions, but on perceptions gained at first hand from Nature, worked up and realized by means of natural work (Froebel's "Learn by Doing").

A few crumbs from his autobiography will show that Haufe's "Reform of Education" is as truly needed in his fatherland as in our own (page 131). "We want a school which *builds-up*, in place of destroying; which *unites*,

instead of dividing; leads not to hatred of religion and class and mankind, but to love, truth, and justice." Such, he says, would be a *new* school, the *true*, *actual*, "*school of the people*" (page 132). "In these days, when the millions earned by the people's toil are sacrificed to militarism, there is no money over for popular education" (page 133). "Nine-tenths of the nation earn their bread by toil, and these nine-tenths, who produce millions for the State, have not means to give their children a decent training; while the *one-tenth* which does not toil enjoys the privileges of education, to boot" (page 134). "What we call 'Folk-school,' is not the people's school, but a seminary of religion for poor people's children." (N.B. Haufe is speaking of Germany.) As changes in the school which time will certainly bring about, he sets first: It must be gratuitous; secondly, free—free from all that forced teaching of "religion," &c., commonly known in England as "voluntary"; thirdly, for all talents and gifts, unfolded and manifested in the folk-school continuous training must be provided, because (page 136) "the best powers dwell in the people; and to train up popular talents means bringing *blood* to the whole body politic. Science, art, and literature are not for scholars, artists, and the "educated," but for the nation. A single quotation from the "*Natürliche Erziehung*" must bring this insufficient article to a close. Pestalozzi loved Nature, and would lead children to study and love her. Froebel drew from Nature his wonderful array of means for the harmonious development of young humans: Haufe looks at man—part of Nature, and born into Nature—as surrounded by her wonders and entrusted to her care; the Book

of Nature, from the first letter to the last, as the manual of man's education.

Page 76: "The present age has begun a new world-epoch. The path of human culture could not but be turned in a new direction by the intense study of Nature, and by those world-stirring discoveries and inventions which marked the past century. The education of man, which depended upon what the ancients created, or set going, could not re-

main exclusive or dominant." We need not fear that the use of all our powers of sense and mind to know and understand the works of Nature will blunt or dim the emotions. There is no risk of mystery ceasing. Each opened secret discloses a galaxy of fresh worlds of wonder. And the deep voices that well up from the depths of the soul, while needing to be cleared and corrected, are never crushed or silenced by the intellect.

WILLIAM H. HERFORD.

The Ladye of the Snow.

THE children went out in the low winter gloaming—
 The Snowladye hastened to welcome their coming,
 And white fell the flakes in their hands, on their faces,
 And deep sank their feet in the soft snowy places,
 And gently she smiled in her clondland above them:
 For the children—the children—and all those who love them
 Fell lightly the snow!

The children came home in the dim winter gloaming,
 The mothers were waiting to welcome their coming;
 But all through the night the Snowladye went flying—
 And the New Year was born, and the Old Year lay dying
 In a wonderful world that forgot all its sadness:
 And the children—the children—they laughed in their gladness,
 For joy of the snow!

MILDRED EMRA

"I Wonder."

A SPRING STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

MY DEARIE, why, bless me! What's this I hear? What a childie 'tis to cry! Got the toothache? We must certainly try what a story will do, for that is quite a wonderful cure. Let me see . . . I



have it! Now, listen tight and sit close to the fire, little son.

Once upon a time there was a Fairy Baby born in Fairyland before the spring came; and he was all round and pink like a shell, and his eyes were blue, and his hair was just beginning to grow, like the silk that a silk-worm covers his cocoon with. And though his wings were not yet grown, he had two tiny golden feathers to show where they would come.

Now, as I told you, spring had not yet come, so that the Fairy Baby had not seen any of the spring fairies to whom he belonged; for he had come very early, and Nature, who is mother of all the fairies, seemed to have forgotten him, for the ground was hard, and

the moss was brown still, except where it grew by the brook, and prickly to lie upon. Still, the wild bees were very kind to him, and fed him with their winter store of honey, as they always feed the fairy babies—and he was very fond of honey.

"When I am big, like you," said the Fairy Baby to the Wild Bee, "shall I have golden rings around my body, and beautiful silver wings? And shall I carry bags full of honey on my thigh?"

"No," said the Wild Bee, "you are not a bee, but a fairy; and you will live with the other fairies, and your wings will be of gold instead of silver."

"What is a fairy?" said the Fairy Baby, sucking honey; "I would rather be a bee."

"You are young, little one," said the Bee; "lie still and wonder!" And he flew away.



And the Baby lay still and thought and thought, and his blue eyes opened wide, and he stared and stared, and he said to himself: "I wonder what the spring fairies are like. I wonder if gold wings are prettier than silver wings. I wonder if I shall make honey when my wings come. I wonder—I wonder!"

And soon the sun grew warmer, and the

trees showed him their little new buds : and he watched them with great delight, for they had such beautiful colours, and those of the pussy-willow were silver and shining.

Then the birds sang : "The spring, oh, the spring is come! Now will the spring fairies come also!" And the little rabbits ran out of their holes to look.

"Now," thought the Baby, "I shall soon know what a fairy is! Oh, I am very, very happy now! And I wonder——"

"Oho!" cried the Wood-Imp, flitting over his head, "why *wonder*? There is nothing to wonder about! I never wonder! Ho, ho! I have poked a score of grubs out of their



holes to-day, while you have been asleep; and fine sport it was too! Why don't you come and help me, lazybones?"

"Are you a fairy?" said the Baby, with his eyes wide open, for he had never seen a wood-imp before.

"Why, yes!" cried the Wood-Imp, buzzing around the Baby, and teasing the busy little spiders; "I am certainly a fairy; but I am not a spring fairy. They are late this year, and I am very joyful, for I think they are not coming at all!"

"They *will* come," said the Fairy Baby, "for the Bee has told me so; they will come

with the first flowers, and I am waiting for them and wondering how they will look."

"Oho!" cried the Imp, flitting away. "Do you believe that? There are no flowers. I tell you. Look about and tell me, where are your flowers?" And he turned somersaults in the air, and laughed scornfully.

"They are coming," said the Baby again; "for the Primrose-plant has told me she will soon have a flower, and she showed me a little new shoot, where the bud is coming."

"How long have you waited? You are a silly baby to wait and wonder. I am wise, and I never believe in things I can't see. Come with me and have some fun while you can, for if you wait for the spring fairies, you may wait for ever!"

Just then the Bee flew by, and, hearing what the Wood-Imp was saying, he buzzed angrily, and cried out to the Baby:—

"Did I not tell you to lie still and wonder? Why do you talk with these idle creatures? I have told you that the spring fairies will have nothing to do with them, for they are of a different kind, that make mischief and do no good."

The Fairy Baby looked up and saw that the Wood-Imp had gone, for he was afraid of the Bee, and knew that he had not spoken the truth; and the Bee nodded at the Baby, and said: "He is also afraid, because he has done wrong; but what is it he has been telling you?"

The Baby told him, and said he did not know this was a Wood-Imp, and put his little pink fists into his forget-me-nots of eyes, and wept.

"That is not true, and you did wrong to listen to him, after what I have told you," said the Bee; and the little Fairy wept and said that the fairies were long in coming, and he was tired of honey, and the Wood-Imp was much kinder to him than the Bee—till the Bee got angry and flew away.

"That is right," cried out the Wood-Imp, from the top of a long fern where he had perched. "Now come along and see for yourself that there are no flowers and no spring

fairies." But he saw the Bee coming, so he flew away.

Then thought the Fairy Baby to himself. "Why should I believe all that the Bee has told me of? For the Wood-Imp may be right, and the Bee may be wrong, and besides the Wood-Imp was pleasant to talk with. And I lie here all day, and do nothing but wait—only wait and wonder!"

"And so do we all—all!" sang the birds and the grubs and the trees in chorus.

"But you will never be fairies!" said the Baby, and he crept out from under the primrose leaf, and wandered away among the brown leaves.

"The moss is certainly growing green," said he. "But there are no flowers, and the Wood-Imp spoke truth."

And he went on till he grew very tired; but he found nothing new, and he felt very hungry, and longed for some honey and a draught of the fresh dew that the Bee used to bring him.

"If only I could reach the brook," said the Fairy Baby, "I could have plenty to drink."



"I am going to the brook," said the Snail, coming out from the dead leaves. "If you like, I will give you a ride."

"Oh, thank you," said the Fairy Baby; "that will be lovely!"

The Baby was overjoyed to see one of his friends; but he would not ask to be taken home, for fear the Bee should be angry with him.

So he mounted the beautiful spotted shell, and the Snail carried him to the brook.

"The leaves here," said the Snail, "are far fresher than any in the wood. Now I am going to have a good feed, and you may leave me and go where you will."

The Baby slid off the shell with a beating heart.

"Good-bye, little one," said the Snail.

"Good-bye, Helix," said the Fairy Baby. He did not know that the Snail had been sent on purpose to take care of him, and he wandered away, feeling very lonely, and looking for a place to drink.

At last he found a little shallow sand-beach, and he crept down and stood in the water.

"This is very nice," said the Fairy Baby. "I would rather live in the water than on land, for there are no fairies and no flowers. I have wandered many miles and I have seen none," and he bent down to drink, with his little rosy hands and knees in the stream.

"Come down and see my house," said a voice at his side.

The Fairy Baby looked around in the act of drinking, and there upon the surface of the water stood a little Spider looking at him.

"Who are you?" said the Baby. "You cannot be a real spider, or you wouldn't be sitting in the water!"



"I have been sitting under the water," said the little Spider. "I cannot bear to live

on the land, and I have built my house at the bottom of the stream. Come with me, and see it for yourself."

"That will be beautiful," said the Fairy Baby; "and I will certainly go with you."

So he dived through the water with the Spider.

"Do you always carry those dew-drops about with you," said the Baby, "as a bee carries honey?"

"They are not dew-drops, but air-bubbles," said the Spider, "for though I am a Water-Spider, I cannot live without air."

So they came to the Spider's house. This was the most wonderful thing that the Fairy Baby had seen yet. For it was built entirely of the most beautiful silk, something like an acorn in shape, only not pointed at the top, and it stood at the root of a beautiful plant.

"Oh!" cried the Fairy Baby, "if only the Bee could see this! He would not tell me to lie still and wonder, for see what I have found out!"

"But you are missing all the beautiful flowers above," said a May Grub, who was hunting among the weeds.

The Baby took no notice of him, and went into the Spider's house with her.

"How beautiful this is!" said he. "It is so bright and fresh; it must be far better than living in the flowers, as the Bee says the fairies do."

"It is very nice," said the Water-Spider. "Now, what are you going to do? I believe in making people useful when they come to my house. Can you spin? If so, you can help me with my cocoon; or, if not, you may watch at the door for prey."

"I—no, I cannot spin," said the Fairy Baby. "I am a fairy, you know; or I shall be, one day."

"Oh," said the Spider, "I thought you were a kind of frog, for your hind legs are so long; but, in any case, you can watch for prey."

So the little Fairy sat outside the house, while the Spider spun her cocoon. And when

a little insect swam by, he had to call the Spider, who came out and caught it.

"Oh, dear!" thought the Baby, "this is not pleasant at all!"

Just then the May Grub came along.

"Oh, it's you!" he said. "Why have you come down here? I thought that fairies were supposed to take care of the flowers; and here you are at the bottom of the river, and doing the river-elves' work."

"Oh, I am very unhappy!" cried the Baby. "I waited long and long for the other fairies, and they did not come; and I couldn't wait, so I wandered away; and I couldn't find them, so I thought there were none."

"That is very curious," said the May Grub. "Why, I am always waiting and wondering; that is what I am made for. And I look forward one day to see the flowers also; but that will be only for a single day, for I shall live no longer, when my wings are grown. O little one, while you can, go up and live among the flowers: for you are a fairy, and it is for you to protect and care for them."

"Oh, I am sorry!" cried the Fairy Baby. "will you go with me, little May Grub?"

"No, no, not yet," said the May Grub; "I must stay here and be patient until my wings are grown. Then I shall be a May Fly for a day, and you will see me flying among the flowers! And what a wonderful day that will be, O little one!"

"Shall I know you?" cried the Baby.

"I shall know you," said the Grub, and he swam away.

Then the Baby began to think.

"I wonder . . .," he thought; and then he thought of the Bee, and began to cry.

So the Spider came out of her house.

"I thought you would soon grow tired," she said; "you had better go back to the wood, for you are not at all useful here."

"But how shall I find my way?" said the poor little Fairy. "for I cannot swim, and—Oh, I am so unhappy!"

"Don't cry, little one," said the Spider kindly; "you will find the way, and, as for swimming, can you not use your fins?"

"Fins?" cried the Fairy Baby, and he looked over his shoulder.

To his amazement, there were two tiny golden wings!

"Oh!" cried the Baby, laughing with delight, "those are not fins; they are my wings! The Bee was wise, and all her tellings came true."

"If they are wings, then," said the Spider, "you will be able to fly home with them; and when you reach the surface, the Water-Boatman will carry you to the shore, where you may dry them."

"The Water-Boatman?" echoed the Baby, wondering.

"Yes," said the Spider, "I can see him rowing himself about on the surface. Try your fins, or wings, quickly. If you ask him, he will take you to the shore. Good-bye! for I am going to be busy!"

"Good-bye!" cried the little Fairy, and rose up through the water.

When the Water-Boatman saw him, he was about to eat him, thinking he was a little fish; but he saw his mistake in time, and said: "Oh, a frog! What do you want with me?"

"I am a fairy, not a frog; look at my wings!" said the Baby, proudly.

"Well," said the Boatman, "I suppose you want me to carry you to the shore?"

"If you will be so kind," said the Fairy.

"Do you always swim upon your back?" asked the Fairy.

"Always," replied the Boatman.

"How beautiful it is up here!" cried the Fairy, as he looked up at the blue sky and the green banks of the brook.

And the Boatman rowed him gently across, till he stood upon the shore.

"Good-bye, Sunshine," said the Water-Boatman.

"Good-bye!" cried the Fairy, and he danced on the soft grass till his wings were dry. And oh! how they shone in the sunlight!



"Now I will fly home!" he said, and rose into the air.

"Oh—Oh—Oh!" he cried out joyfully as he flew. "The spring is come, is come, is come. And, oh, what it is to be a fairy!"

And he came to the wood.

"Oh!" cried the little Fairy once more,



"Then sit upon my knee," said the insect, "and I will row you across."

as he spied something between the new grass-blades. "Is this—a primrose? And is this—a fairy?"

"You are right!" buzzed the Bee.

"How beautiful she is!" cried the Fairy, "and the Flower! Oh, the Flower! See, there is another beside it!"

"That is for you," said the beautiful little Fairy who stood in the nearest primrose.

"I have been waiting for you so long; and you are come at last!"

And they kissed each other, and Sunshine sat upon a petal of his flower and talked to the Primrose Fairy.

And the Bee brought them dew and honey.

"Oh, that I had come sooner!" cried Sunshine. "You are so very beautiful, my little Fairy!"

"If you had listened, little one——" said the Bee. But Sunshine smiled at her and she stopped.

"This," said the Primrose Fairy, "is my flower, and this is yours; and this is our plant—ours! and for us to take care of and protect; and the Bee will make us honey from our flowers!"

"That will be beautiful!" cried Sunshine; and then he sat down beside his Fairy and was silent.

"Why do you not speak, fair little friend?" said the Fairy.

"I am being still and wondering!" said Sunshine.

"You know more than you did before, all the same," said the Wood-Imp; and then he heard the Bee buzz, so he flew off.

And now, dear grandchild, the story is ended. So put some more fuel on the fire, and sit close—and give your old Granny a kiss, there's a dear!

FLOY. V. BARRY.

The Shovel Side.

IN the December number of the American *Kindergarten Review* we note an article with the mysterious title "The Shovel Side." It is "A Mother's Christmas Homily," and is a plea for the encouragement of the children's God-given impulse to labour in the loving service of home and household work. In the notes of her own child's development, this mother recognizes the real interest in common human labour, and many are the wise suggestions she makes for the happy employment of children in "real" work. This article, coming at Christmas time, will give ideas to many a mother as to the presents which will appeal to her little ones—dusters, market-baskets, brushes, water-cans, and "a good shovel, small, but substantial enough to shovel snow and coal

with this winter, and to garden with next summer." Both home and Kindergarten have much to learn in this respect; and perhaps it is not only in nurseries that children's work-and-play materials are cleaned, tidied up, and put away by the adult in charge. "Come, let us work *with*, not only *for*, our children!" The American magazine has a warm feeling of the friendly co-operation of home and school. Mothers', and even fathers', meetings are mentioned, and the idea is pressed upon us that the Kindergarten cannot stand alone and apart from home life. We appeal to mothers and fathers, and in this new year of *Child Life* we hope that many of them will work with us for all that is best for the present and the future of our children.

The Death of Baldur.

FRIGGA.

VOICE.

1. O gold and sil-ver, rocks and stones,
 2. O beasts that wan-der, birds that fly,
 3. O for-est trees, and flow-ers small, } Prom-ise me, sure and true, . . . To

PIANO.

Bal-dur my son you will do no hurt, His death shall not lie with you. . . .

1st verse ROCKS, 2nd verse BEASTS, 3rd verse TREES. D.C.

We'll be true to our word, Not a hair of his head Shall be touch'd by us, Our word is said!

4th verse ALL. Sadly.

But the mis-tle-toe bough No prom-ise gave she, And by mis-tle-toe ar-rows his death shall be.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a soprano range, and the piano part is in a lower range. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into four systems. The first system is the introduction by Frigga. The second system is the first verse, where the voice part sings the lyrics and the piano part provides accompaniment. The third system is the second verse, where the voice part sings the lyrics and the piano part provides accompaniment. The fourth system is the third verse, where the voice part sings the lyrics and the piano part provides accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line.

The Words and Voice parts are the work of a Kindergarten student, and were written for a Transition Class to express the children's love for Baldur, and their sorrow at his death.

Intellectual Training.

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I MUST ask your pardon for venturing to introduce the subject of my remarks to-night by means of a very extravagant supposition—the supposition, viz., that all our schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and all their time-tables and regulations, and their apparatus, both didactic and disciplinary, are lying in still but strange disorder among the ruins of Jericho, having been shipwrecked *en route* for a Grand Scholastic Exhibition at Pekin by a storm on the new Jordan Canal. From this, present company, so far as concerned, are, of course, excepted, as they always are; here, at all events, as spirits who, if need be, will express their disapproval by raps and other means of “thought transference.” The past, then, both the good and the bad of it—if it had any bad—we are to suppose is gone, leaving neither trace nor representative. I ask you to make this extravagant supposition largely out of kindness to you—that your sense of propriety may be less shocked at finding a layman like myself talking about educational problems. I ask you to make this supposition also the better to realize that, in what I am going to say about intellectual training, only theoretical considerations are taken into account, regardless of historical continuity, and the presence or worth of old bottles, or any wine—or vinegar—they may still contain. Bereft of the wisdom and the traditions of our “scholastic head-pieces,” there has been nothing for it but to fall back on first principles and common sense. Conferences have been and are still being held, to decide what is to be done with the rising generation.

The question asked is: What are we to aim at; what shall we seek to make of the young or to do for them? We may leave the moral and religious aspects of the question out of account, although, as it turns out, substantially the same answer is returned whether the question is narrowed to its intellectual bearing or taken to refer to life as a whole. One party, by far the largest, having taken for their motto the Baconian *dictum*, “Knowledge is power,” contend that we must store the juvenile mind with all the useful infor-

mation possible, establish what they call modern or “real” schools, and see that the scholars give most attention to those branches of knowledge that will stand them in the best stead in after life—to wit, the three “R’s,” political geography, modern languages, political economy, the history of our own times, the laws of health, useful science, and so forth. We may call these the “Informationists.” An opposite party, whom we may term the “Educationists,” ask, *not* what knowledge is worth most, but what style of mind is the best. Knowing that the youthful mind is plastic, and may be shaped, or, rather, is living, and will grow, they ask what is to be our intellectual type or ideal; and how are we to direct and stimulate the growing mind, so that it shall attain to this likeness at maturity. The Educationist’s theory is that his business is primarily with mind, and not with knowledge merely as such. It is plain, therefore, that his aim will be to develop a maximum of intelligence, sagacity, judgment, inventiveness, and so forth; not knowledge, but the power to test knowledge and to extend it, will be his end. “Take care of your pupil’s intelligence, and his knowledge will take care of itself,” is the motto of this extreme.

Between these two, the Educationists and the Informationists, come the inevitable middle party, some of whom, like Mr. H. Spencer—he, not being a schoolmaster, can still lift up his voice—maintain that the way to secure the best intellectual training is to impart the most useful knowledge, it being utterly contrary to the beautiful economy of Nature that one kind of culture should be needed for the gaining of information and another as a mental gymnastic. Happy shall we be if this very optimistic view prove true. Others, however, remind us that, whether this be so or not, we *must* put instruction before education, for all can acquire some knowledge, and knowledge is indispensable; but only a few have the brains which will justify and repay a thorough intellectual training. Like all ideals, that of the thorough-going Educationist is, they say, impracticable: we must climb down from that

height in this work-a-day world. We *must* impart useful information—that is the *sine quâ non*; but, of course, so as to ensure all the intellectual training we can. Now, perhaps these practical people are right—in accordance with the old adage, we may go safest in the middle; still, the possible stigma of theorist notwithstanding, I propose to-night to do my best to support the case of these thorough-going Educationists. Even if too ideal for present realization, it may yet—if there is no other objection to it—be of some service to us, the service that all ideals are: may encourage us to “pitch our projects high,” for, as G. Herbert quaintly put it:—

who aimeth at the sky,

Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

By way of exhibiting the general aim of my Educationist friends, I will quote from a speech made by one of them in a debate soon after the Jordan catastrophe. The ardour of inexperience is all too evident in the talk of this speculator. Had the schoolmasters been spared to us, they would soon have shown him up. Replying to one of the Informationists, he says:—

“Unquestionably, knowledge is better than ignorance, as a Chinaman is better than a Bushman, or the instinct of a beaver superior to that of a bat. But what we want is, not to maintain the level to which we have attained, however high; but to continue progressing as we have progressed. A stationary state may suit Celestials, but is not for men,—at least, not for men of our temperament and climate. It may be hard for biologists to explain how it was that the ancestors of the first beaver steadily improved their place in Nature, while all the beavers since have forgotten nothing old, and found out nothing new. But we understand *Homo sapiens* better than *Castor fiber*, and here it is easy to show that the tendency of your *Paedagogik* is to stereotype, even if it does nothing worse. But ‘*je gelehrter desto verkehrter*’ say the Germans: your scholar, weighted with erudition, looks as wise as an owl, and is as stupid. The very ponderousness of his lore hampers him; when others, less encumbered, have a chance of going right, aided by their native wit, he blunders through learning ill applied. But, even at its best, when others’ knowledge is not crammed, but digested, the direct result of your method is only to make a walking and talking arithmetic or grammar, or what you will, by means of the printed material you have supplied. Your patients know that

twice two are four, and thrice three are nine; but you have done nothing to help them on to know the product of $(a+b)^2$. They are experts, no doubt, up to a certain point, just as the Chinese weavers were, who could not invent the power-loom, and never dreamt of sewing-machines. What there is to know they know it; but it is thought rather than knowledge that helps the world on, and your well-informed person is apt to be innocent of all originality and inventiveness: he moves within the range of his tether not less blindly, if less surely, than a creature guided by instinct. In fact, if we call instinct ‘unthinking imitation,’ we may say that you, practical men as you vaunt yourselves, propose simply to replace heredity where heredity fails, and to make the rising generation the mechanical occupants of their grandfathers’ shoes by a process as unreflecting as that by which they acquire the use of their grandmothers’ tongue.

“We, theorists as you call us, value knowledge as highly as you. But knowledge is a human product, and, as we are not content in other cases merely to appropriate and live upon what our fathers leave us, neither can we be in this. We want the young, then, not so much to imbibe knowledge like so many parasites, but to enter upon such a training as shall enable them to produce it. We ask, therefore, not what things are useful to know, but what men have done the most to extend knowledge, and to dispel error. Of such men were Descartes, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Humboldt, Darwin. You may smile, but we do not think it idle to inquire concerning the mental characteristics and habits of thinkers like these, in the hope of thereby perfecting our educational methods. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*: yes, that is true; and you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear—that also, spite of its inelegance, we frankly allow. But we are not going to attempt the impossible; unless, therefore, you can show that the working of a great mind has nothing in common with that of a small one, that to see how an excellent artificer plies his craft will not make the ordinary craftsman more cunning, your satire is little to the point. Moreover, we do not forget the man of average type; for we call upon psychologists to tell us, if they can, by what steps the thinking mind grows; why one mind should be muddled and another clear; how it comes that one who is learned runs all to leaves, and another, though unlearned, yields valuable fruit; and so on.

"No doubt, but for the calamity that has befallen us, discussions like these would be out of place. We should have our schoolmasters and our school systems, and these, we may suppose, would go on improving like everything else. We don't talk of rebuilding London, but, if it should be burnt down, many plans would deserve consideration that at present would receive none. This, then, is our position: we have to begin *de novo*, and, therefore, it is worth while to go into fundamentals. Man has attained his present power as thinker and originator by gradual growth; and, though no continued and systematic attempt has been made to produce men independent and daring in thought—nay, spite of very rigorous measures to repress all such—their number seems steadily to have increased. But now it is the prerogative of reason to attain quickly and surely, by conscious adaptation to what Nature will only reach blindly and slowly, perhaps not at all. Human intelligence has not always been as good as it is; why should it always remain no better? If the race has developed thus far, as it were, without reflexion, may we not hope, once we have some insight into that development, to direct it scientifically to a nobler consummation than we could once have dared to wish? Let me, in conclusion, support what I say by two quotations from a work of which it would be a surprise to find that so few copies perished in the Dead Sea, were we not assured that schoolmasters knew it by heart—I mean Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding.'

"The business of education, as I have already observed [says Locke] is not, as I think, to make the young perfect in any one of the sciences, but so to open and dispose their minds as may best make them capable of any, when they shall apply themselves to it. It is therefore to give them this freedom that I think they should be made to look into all sorts of knowledge, and exercise their understandings in so wide a variety and stock of knowledge. *But I do not propose it as a variety and stock of knowledge, but a variety and freedom of thinking; as an increase of the powers and activity of the mind, not as an enlargement of its possessions.*

"And this is exactly our position. From first to last, not mental possessions, but mental power and activity, are to be our end; economic considerations as to the usefulness of knowledge should never divert us from educational considerations as to its value as training, nor should we ever be uneasy [Had this good man ever heard of examinations?] that our pupil's store of knowledge is less than it might be, if we thereby ensure to him a maximum of mental vigour and re-

sources. Concerning the means to this end, hear Locke again:—

"We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can easily be imagined: but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything and leads us towards perfection. . . . What incredible and astonishing actions do we find ropedancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! . . . All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers-on. As it is in the body, so it is in the mind: practice makes it what it is, and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. . . . Would you have a man reason well, you must use him to it betimes, exercise his mind in observing the connexion of ideas and following them in train. . . . For, though we all call ourselves reasonable creatures, because we are born to it, if we please; yet we may truly say, Nature gives us but the seeds of it: we are born to be, if we please, rational creatures, but it is use and exercise only that make us so, and we are, indeed, so no further than industry and application have carried us.

"What we want to re-establish, then, are, not schools where grammar, or any other of the seven mediæval arts, or where any of the seventy times seven modern sciences, shall be inculcated into the plastic minds of youth, but rather *gymnasien* to use the happier German phrase, where these minds may shape and strengthen themselves by exercise. How far we employ letters, and how far science, will depend upon their fitness to this end, and upon their educational value. But, before ever we enter upon this all-important question, it behoves us to ascertain definitely whether it is utility that we are to aim at, or ability, which, however, means a higher utility in the end."

So much from the Educationist; and, as I said, what I propose to-night is simply to play the part of an advocate in favour of such a scheme. First of all, I think it may be shown that the Informationist theory is founded upon a mistake, but a very natural mistake. In providing for the education of the young, society is, in one respect, like the stork that invited the fox to dinner: the grown man is apt to think that what he feels he needs most is what is best for the young, too. Now, we might suppose, if men are really so much less intelligent than they might be, or, at least, might have been, that this defect would affect them most keenly. But, though men have agreed to immortalize the precept of the ancient sage, "Know thyself," it is far from their wont to act on it. Nay, if it does not seem too paradoxical,

we may say it is just their familiarity with self that is in the way. As our great philosopher has said: "They dispatch the ordinary business of their callings by rote as they have learnt it; and when, by their want of thought or skill, they are led into mistakes, and their business succeeds accordingly, they impute it to any cross-accident, or default of others, rather than to their own want of understanding; that is what nobody discovers, or complains of, in himself." But their want of definite information they cannot but realize, when they see others prosper by the possession of facts and figures of which they are themselves in ignorance, and so, like simple Mr. Tulliver, they say—"I want my son to be even wi' these fellows as have got the start o' me with having better schooling. Not but what, if the world had been left as God made it, I could ha' seen my way, and held my own wi' the best of 'em." And so it comes that, while what the young minds especially need is training, what they get is learning. Moreover, if it is learning, not training, that is demanded, it is to those who give evidence of learning rather than to those who are best fitted to train the mind that the young will be entrusted; and, if there is a tendency in mere learning to repress originality and independence of thought, then the whole atmosphere and traditions of our schools will tend to foster bookishness and a blind surrender to authority; to bring out pedants and literary fops at the top of a school, and leave those at the bottom a crowd of muddle-headed Dundrearys. Whether this sort of thing ever happened in the past we can now hardly know, there being no schoolmasters to tell us; but it seems a real danger in the future if the Informationists are to have their way.

But, after all, is the Educationist ideal in any sense a possible one? We should not pay much heed to one who, descanting on the superiority of flight as a means of locomotion, should urge us to set about evolving wings. The difference, however, is that, whereas man has long been known as a featherless biped, he has never been considered altogether brainless. Now, there is more justification than we might at first suspect for Locke's analogy between the process by which the tumbler acquires command of his limbs and all their physically possible movements and that process by which a thinker acquires the control of his ideas and the power to follow out their various trains. These trains of ideas are to all intents and purposes an instrument over which the

man obtains the mastery by effort and practice, just as his limbs are instruments which the tumbler gradually learns to use. This ideational mechanism, we may say, is put together by association. A naturally calls up B, which has so often followed it; the smell of beans makes "thoughts of bacon rise"—at least it did for Southey, who, perhaps, loved that dish; and talking of dishes recalls the spoon, which it has chased so long, &c., &c. What this mechanism is when left to itself we see to some extent in reverie, dreams, or delirium. Again, we see it working when imperfectly controlled in the rambling rigmarole talk of a country bumpkin or of a man in his dotage, where the crowd of ideas that attend the mention of a familiar place or person detain, or perhaps divert, the narrative, so that the original thread, as we call it, is hopelessly lost.

But there are, in all, three ways in which these complex trains of association may be interfered with, and in the same three ways new links of association may be formed. One of these is by the impressions made upon our senses. Thus a vivid flash of lightning may entirely change the course of our thoughts, and may afterwards become associated with what was present in our minds at the moment it occurred; and it was of course by orderly successions of such sense-impressions that our earliest and firmest trains of ideas were formed. Again, the flow of ideas may be interfered with by any discourse, spoken or written, which has any sort of significance for us. In listening to a speaker, or in reading a book, we are really allowing another person to play, as it were, new tunes upon our "ideational mechanism," if we may for a moment compare this to a sort of musical box; and if we are sufficiently attentive, and his tune sufficiently coherent and impressive, its several parts may be so firmly associated in our mind as to form a more or less permanent addition to our *répertoire*.

But now it is important to note that in both these ways we are comparatively passive: we have to be awake and attentive, and no more: the ideas are put in order for us, the tune is played, and we do but follow. The third way in which our ideas may be interfered with, and rearranged, is in thinking out for ourselves, instead of merely following or understanding what another has thought out. Here we make our own tune; that is to say, keep playing and trying backwards and forwards, up and down, till the tune is there. This is much

harder work, but not impossible work for any sane human being, as we shall see if we look at it for a moment a little more closely. All thinking, strictly so called, may be represented as a quest or search among the stock of ideas we possess for some idea or group of ideas which we shall know as what we want when we have found it, by its relation to some idea from which we start; much as we should know that a particular key on a bunch was the one we were in search of by its opening a particular lock. All this we are familiar enough with in solving problems, guessing riddles, and the like. Now the process of search, stripped of all details, consists simply in following out the various trains of ideas that offer themselves till the right one presents itself; in at once abandoning any given train as soon as it is seen to be leading us away from the end of our search; and in steadfastly refusing to entertain the most inviting side-trains that, as we say, would throw us off the track. And this is all the power we have, all the power any one has; the highest thinking and the humblest is nothing at bottom but such discursive selection or intellection, running to and fro, rejecting what does not fit, and attending to what does fit or promises to fit. And all the effort involved consists in withdrawing attention and so repressing the unsuitable trains, and in concentrating attention so as to render more vivid and distinct those that seem relevant. Whatever be the physical progress underlying this effort, it is certain that strength and endurance of this kind can be obtained by exercise, and in no other way; and the power and the patience to sustain such efforts have probably been all the secret there ever was in many of the greatest achievements of human thought. It is undeniable that some men start with more mental strength than others, as they may too with more bodily strength; and that in some the individual ideas are exceptionally vivid, and their movements unusually rapid, just as in some men the flexibility of their limbs and the fineness of their muscles may from the outset exceed the average. But to talk of the inspiration of genius, if by this is meant not that the works of great men excel those of the rest, but that they are produced without effort and by a sort of happy chance—this is assuredly a vain superstition—and plainly contradicted by facts. Faraday, thinking doubtless of himself, said:—

The world little knows how many of the thoughts and theories which have passed through the mind of a

scientific investigator have been crushed in silence and secrecy by his own severe criticism and adverse examination; that in the most successful instances not a tenth of the suggestions, the hopes, the wishes, the preliminary conclusions have been realized.

But the man from whom we learn most in this respect is Kepler: he is for psychologists what Alexis St. Martin was for physicians; his mind was so transparent—or rather he made it so by his writings—that one can see all its workings. Kepler compared himself to Columbus and Magellan. As they describe not only the lands for which they set out, but narrate all their wanderings in getting there, so he sets forth not only the astronomical discoveries for which competent people account him a genius, but also exposes the many erroneous trains of thought he had worked through first—matters which, as Whewell says, other persons conceal from the world. And this has been done so fully as seriously to damage his reputation with those who knew more of knowledge as a product than of the processes by which it is ascertained and established.

But Whewell, in his "History of the Inductive Sciences," shows much more insight in his estimate of Kepler:—

What is Invention, he asks, except the talent of rapidly calling before us many possibilities, and selecting the appropriate one? It is true that, when we have rejected all the inadmissible suppositions, they are quickly forgotten by most persons; and few think it necessary to dwell on these discarded hypotheses . . . as Kepler has done. But all who discover truths must have reasoned upon many errors, to obtain each truth; every accepted doctrine must have been one selected out of many candidates. . . . Kepler certainly was remarkable for the labour which he gave to such self-refutations, and for the candour and copiousness with which he narrated them; his works are in this way extremely curious and amusing, and are a very instructive exhibition of the mental process of discovery. But in this respect, I venture to believe, they exhibit to us the usual process (somewhat caricatured) of inventive minds: they rather exemplify the *rule* of genius than (as has generally been hitherto taught) the *exception*.

But to what end, it may be urged, and, perhaps, with some impatience, all this reference to genius and discoverers? Simply to bring out the fact, for such it seems to me to be, that far the most important difference between such men and others is a moral and not an intellectual difference. It is not so much that they have more ideas, more of the raw material of thought than other men, as that they have more activity, more energy, more patience in using that material. Those who have walked through Swiss valleys have, I dare say, noticed some clothed with well-cultivated fields,

and others, physically their exact counterpart, yet comparative wastes; the difference being solely due to the varying amount of industry and enterprise possessed by their respective inhabitants. So it is in intellectual matters: all men have the material for vastly more thinking than they do, but few will be at the trouble to turn that material to account. Great discoverers, no doubt, have often had not only more industry and more patience in manipulating their ideas, but also more ideas to manipulate—this, however, to a large extent as the very consequence of previous industry. And as with a bigger abacus you can do a bigger sum than you could with a small one, or at least do it more easily, so, *cæteris paribus*, the man with five talents' worth of ideas, whether they be a gift or acquired, can do more than the man with one. But it is a pestilent heresy to suppose there is any difference of kind, under cover of which men may lay the blame on Nature, and, as Locke says, "complain of want of parts when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them."

And yet in one sense it is true there *is* a difference in kind between the men who habitually use their own wits and those who are content to carry about the products of other people's: there is a difference in kind, but it is an acquired difference. The one has lost by long neglect a power which the other has improved by exercise; as the Indian fakir, whom we may regard as furnishing the antithesis to Locke's tumbler, has lost altogether the ability to move limbs which were once like those with which the tumbler performs such marvels. It is to prevent the atrophy of this power by which a man may marshal and control his mental trains, and to develop it by well-directed exercise, that should be the paramount end of intellectual training. As to the desirability of such training, and the difficulties in the way of it, much may be said; of its possibility there can be no question.

The Informationists seem to assume that it is not desirable, but this is a matter that requires to be discussed. I ventured to say, just now, that their position was a mistake, and a natural mistake, and I do really think that it has been taken up, as a matter of course, as the only obvious one, rather than deliberately adopted after an examination of the alternative. It would hardly be a caricature of this position if we were to formulate it after this fashion:—Division of labour is the characteristic of an advanced society. Not all men have a talent for

music or painting, not all have the time for it; let those who have become composers and artists: it is enough for the rest to appreciate their work when it is done. It would be a bad thing if every man were his own doctor or lawyer; why should every man be so specially trained just to think? Surely it is better to leave this to those who are best fitted for it, and let others be content to make use of the results. In a certain University town where I happened to be a good time ago, I remember hearing a story which showed that this doctrine, whether held by teachers or not, was certainly held by some of the taught: to wit, by those called passmen, who are content with the lowest degree, as distinct from the classmen, who strive for honours. Now, there was a certain private tutor or coach—in build, you must note, more like a colossal Jupiter than a man—who had a great reputation among these sluggish minds, the ground of which was thus expressed by one of them:—"You know, it's just this way: if you go to M—, he'll try to show you the reason to think it this; if you go to N—, he'll prove to you that it may be that; but the big 'un, he always tells you straight what it *is*." And this brings out exactly the difference between education and instruction; whereas, under the educative process, the pupil is pre-eminently active, in being instructed, as distinct from trained, his attitude is comparatively passive and receptive. In the one case he does himself what, in the other, is not only done for him, but done for him without his knowledge. To instruct or impart knowledge is an art depending mainly on logic and rhetoric; in giving information, we seek to save the recipient the trouble of thinking, as far as we can. And, to this end, what we have discovered in one order and by one method we impart in another. The object being to save the reader's or hearer's time and effort, we avoid the roundabout, tentative route of our original exploration, and take the shortest cut to the result. In merely imparting knowledge, we endeavour as well as we can to gauge the calibre of the recipient's mind, and to break up what we have to teach into such morsels as he can take in. And if we have gauged rightly, and the recipient was interested, we have added to his store of knowledge, but not necessarily to his power of acquiring new knowledge for himself and others.

Nay, there is no small danger, if we are sufficiently skilful at this art of mental foraging and cookery, that the said recipient may lose both the

power and the inclination to improve his own mind in any other sense than to store it with such information as is brought within the grasp of his present means of ready comprehension. And this, alas! is all that a good many people mean by improving their own minds or the minds of others. Sir J. Lubbock describes a species of ant—one which it would never do to send sluggards to, albeit its name is *Polyergus*. It has been fed and cared for by slave-ants of another species so long that one of them, which he kept alone, showed no signs of eating in the midst of plenty, and would certainly have been starved to death had he not put in a slave, which at once fell to, washed and brushed the idler, and filled his mouth with food. Now, I am not sure that there are not some people in the world who bear some resemblance to this ant—diligent readers of science primers and literature manuals who would see nothing new and learn nothing fresh from all the wealth of Nature and Art, if left to themselves. For, in the application of his knowledge, and in the acquisition of knowledge which is above his present powers of comprehension, a man must use his wits; but in the mere reception of what he can now understand there is very little more concerned than passive attention and

memory. Division of functions and the saving of trouble must be excellent things; for the sake of them we are willing to depend upon our fellow-men to such an extent that, if the social machine were to break down, we should, many of us, be more helpless and more destitute than savages. But, I suppose, no one would contemplate with complacency the prospect of any amount of ready-made thought, however useful or entertaining, obtained at the price of a mind, flaccid and enervated, strong enough to be led, but too weak to move alone. New knowledge, it must be admitted, often sets men thinking, but chiefly among those who were in the habit of thinking before, and who perhaps, as self-taught men, have had to do a good deal of thinking to make that knowledge their own. Over against these must be set those who are fattened for the examination market, or pampered by periodicals and magazines. Not in this fashion can we remain as Milton described us in his day:—"A nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to."

(To be continued.)

JAMES WARD.

The Peacock's Feather.

NOW, I am going to tell you quite a true story; it begins on a haycart, and ends in the highest heaven.

The haycart is just coming in from the fields, and on the top of it sits little Dick amidst all the fresh hay, that smells sweeter than tea and tea-cake. He had a cap on of green velvet, with a magnificent peacock's feather stuck in it. Mother had fastened it there herself, and for this reason, and because the cap looked altogether lovely, with its green and blue and golden hues, he loved it better than anything else he possessed. Suddenly, when he had almost fallen asleep in the sweet

hay, a gust of wind came blowing across the fields; without much ado, it lifted the cap off Dick's curls and dropped it on the ground. Dick, though he had always been known as a daring little fellow, at first sat thunderstruck; but, realizing the loss of his dear cap, he jumped after it from the big cart. For some time he saw nothing but purple night, and it seemed to him as if heaven shook and thundered. He did not feel the ground at all; only a fearful shock in his head, which would not cease. It made him imagine himself in an empty cask rolling along a dark passage; his legs felt such a long way from

his body. But at last it became light; thousands and thousands of silvery stars danced through the purple night. And among the stars he saw his peacock's feather flying; and it grew larger and larger, and shone in its lovely green, blue, and gold, like a many-coloured swing. And in the swing, behold! sat his darling Mother, with blue angel's wings, and the green velvet cap on her beautiful long hair, soaring upwards, higher and higher. Here little Dick began to cry, because his mother would not look at him, and he felt such a pang and sadness that he stretched up his little arms, higher and higher, till they overreached the silvery stars—when all at once heaven lit up, for now Mother looked at him, into his

innermost heart. He had to close his eyes. When he opened them again he found himself on Mother's lap, who smoothed his hot curls, and said tearfully: "My naughty, naughty boy!" But on the grass beside her lay his velvet cap, with the peacock's feather stuck in it; and as, wonderingly, he stretched out his hand for it, his Mother's face grew as blissful and radiant as it had looked just now above the stars, and she kissed and kissed him. It was then, you see, that little Dick realized that he had tumbled off the hay-cart, and had reached the highest heaven which—he knew now—lay on earth.

RICHARD DEHMEL (Translated from "Die Zeit" by Mrs. HERZFELD.)

What to Teach for the Next Three Months.

'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

When daffodils begin to peer,
Oh, then comes in the sweet of the year.

IS there any Kindergarten in which Agoonack is not a personal friend? She is an exceedingly useful little person to introduce after Santa Claus. There may be doubts about Santa Claus and his reindeer, but Agoonack's sledge and its team of dogs are realities.

It is curious to notice the absolute faith which some children have in Santa Claus; while others, sometimes much younger, boldly proclaim: "Santa Claus is just fathers and mothers." The very imaginative will tell you a fortnight before Christmas: "Santa Claus must have started now." It would clearly be unreasonable to suppose that any one could travel in a reindeer sledge from the

North Pole to England in one night. You may also be informed, in a confidential whisper, that "there are little elves in the chimney now—funny little men, with pointed caps"; then, still more confidentially, and with a solemn nod, "and they're watching—they're watching to see if you're good."

Before coming to Agoonack, however, some of us might like to spend a little time over the toys which Father Christmas—"who must be real, for I saw him in a Christmas bazaar"—or Santa Claus has brought among us. A good story for the weeks after Christmas would be "The Town of Toys," a story which came out long, long ago in one of the volumes of "Magnet Stories." That particular volume, at least, has been republished by Warne & Sons for one shilling. The "Town of Toys" is Nuremberg, and the story—authentic or not, we cannot say—tells how the first toy Noah's Ark came into being. The story had two effects in the old days: it made us touch our playthings with gentler hands, remembering the patient work that had been spent upon them, and it invested the quaint city of Nuremberg with an interest above all the cities in Europe.

The moral of gentle treatment for the toys can also be found in Mrs. Ewing's "Land of Lost

Toys," a story in the collection called "The Brownies." An appropriate game can be contrived out of "The Knights," in Miss Blow's "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder." Both the "Knights'" songs are set to the same tune, and the words of the second—

Here come riding the knights so gay!
Any good children here to-day,
Ready to ride with trumpet in hand,
To visit the happy children's land?

can be joined to a line of the second—

Then gallop and gallop and gallop away,
repeating—

To visit the happy children's land,

to finish the verse.

After an exciting gallop, when the Land of Toys is reached, it can be found to be the fairy land of little Louis Stevenson, "where all the playthings come alive," and each child can personate his favourite toy. The children would be quite ready for this, after Mrs. Ewing's story.

We find the story of Agoonack an immense favourite. Perhaps it charms the children because it presents a picture so utterly different from their own lives, or, as Froebel would say, because of the remoteness of the comparison. The round house with its tunnelled doorway, the curious dress, the strange food, the dogs and sledges—all are so very different. A particular interest centres round Agoonack's food. What *can* she find to eat? Before the reindeer came into the story an ingenious youth once suggested that "she could *make* milk if she steeped the skin of the big white bear in water." It was the same boy who wanted a name for Agoonack's people; and, "Eskimo" not having been mentioned, dubbed the tribe "the Goonaks." The "Northern Lights," too, excite great delight; and you foresee a storm when a five-year-old girl, with a will of her own, announces, with a decisive shake of her small head: "I'm going to sit up to see these Northern Lights. I've *quite* made up my mind." The Nannook of Agoonack takes a fresh form as the Great She Bear of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," who found "Baa Baa's" black wool so refreshing a change in the snowy whiteness of her Arctic home. We may chance to have more snow ourselves by that time than we altogether appreciate.

When the seal is the subject of interest, no story can be better than Rudyard Kipling's "Kotick," with its pretty seal lullaby. It is, of course, quite unnecessary to go into all the details

of killing and skinning, and some teachers may object to the fighting which goes on among the seals. But the seals are not commended for fighting; indeed, they are blamed for being so stupid that, as one boy said, "they even had to be pummelled before they would go to a safe place."

Kotick, who "felt faint and lazy all over, just as human people do when the spring is in their legs," may bring us back to spring, and we can welcome the "fair maids of February." If we like to keep up old customs, we can remember St. Valentine's Day, when the birds are supposed to pair. "Through wild March the thrushle calls," and there is a chance of our being fortunate enough to see a thrush building near us. Abundant worm casts are a sign of spring, and the children are always pleased to hear of the snails unsealing their doors. The enormous work done by the apparently useless worm suggests songs and stories of what little agencies can effect, and worms and snails accord with "February fill-dyke." When the buds on the trees begin to swell, "the sticky bud tree" is the favourite, and we must have daffodils "that take the winds of March with beauty."

I have not before this spoken of "Songs and Games for Little Ones," by Misses Jenks and Walker, but we find it the very best collection of children's songs. The words and music are so bright and simple that all our greatest favourites belong to this collection. Those who buy the book are sure to find the children enchanted with "Grasshopper Green," "The Song of the Bee," "Seven Little Fairies," "To the Great Brown House," "The Little New Year," and many another.

Palm Sunday comes on the very last day in March; so we can close the month with pussy willow. Great interest was taken in our pussy willows one spring, when, as they were coming "to town in their hoods of silver gray, their coats of brown," accompanied by some of ourselves, we happened to make friends with a very black sweep. He looked at the "palm" of his youth with longing eyes, and accepted some with much gratitude. No story ever met with more acceptance than the tale of how we met the sweep again after changing at a junction, and of the politeness with which he greeted us and finally parted from us. No visitor who admired our catkins was allowed to leave the Kindergarten without a "Tell *her* about the sweep, do!"

E. R. MURRAY.

	NATURE LESSON.	STORY.	POETRY, SONG, OR GAME.
<i>January :</i>			
Week 2.	Christmas Toys.	"Town of Toys" ("Magnet Stories"). "Land of Lost Toys" ("The Brownies," Mrs. Ewing).	"The Little New Year" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones," Jenks and Walker). "The Postman" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part II., Keatley Moore). "The Knights" ("Mutter- und Kose- Lieder," ed. Miss Blow).
Week 3.	The Reindeer.	"Agoonack" ("Seven Little Sisters," Miss Andrews).	"O Clap, Clap the Hands" ("Finger Plays," E. Poulsson). "Little Jack Frost" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones"). "The Tree in Winter" ("Songs for Little Children," E. Smith).
Week 4.	The Polar Bear.	"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" (<i>Child Life</i> , October, 1900).	"Skating" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part V.). "Sleighting Song" ("Songs for Little Children").
<i>February :</i>			
Week 1.	The Seal.	"The White Seal" (Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book").	"The Seal Game" ("Six Nature Games," H. A. Anderton. Charles & Dible.) "The Seal's Lullaby" ("The Jungle Book").
Week 2.	The Snowdrop.	"The Awakening" ("Earth's Many Voices").	"To the Great Brown House" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones"). "Spring Flowers" ("Music for the Kindergarten," E. Heerwart).
Week 3.	The Thrush.	"Philip's Valentines" ("In the Child's World"). "Birds of Killingworth" (Longfellow).	"The Postman" ("Child's Song and Game Book"). "Birds" ("Child's Song and Game Book"). "Fly, Little Bird" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones").
Week 4.	The Earthworm.	"The Little Worm that was Glad to be Alive," "The Little Hero of Haarlem" (both from "In the Child's World").	"What the Little Things Said" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones"). "Weather Song" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones").
<i>March :</i>			
Week 1.	The Snail.	"Agnia" ("The Story Hour," K. D. Wiggin). "A General Thaw" ("Parables from Nature," Mrs. Gatty).	"The Snail" ("Music for the Kindergarten"). "The Rain Coach" ("Songs for Little Children").
Week 2.	Chestnut Buds.	"God's Christmas Tree" ("Kinder- garten Stories and Morning Talks").	"See the Trees" ("Music for the Kindergarten"). "The Sap is Beginning to Flow" ("Songs for Little Children").
Week 3.	The Daffodil.	"Iduna's Apples" ("Heroes of Asgard").	"Spring Flowers" ("Music for the Kindergarten"). "Daffydown Dilly" ("Songs for Little Children").
Week 4.	Willow Catkins.	"Timothy's Shoes" ("The Brownies," Mrs. Ewing).	"Pussy Willow" ("Songs and Games for Little Ones" and "In the Child's World").

On Waste of Energy in Finding Fault.

IT is not at once evident that finding fault is useless; yet, I believe, a sympathetic study of human nature will lead to this conclusion. Finding fault is generally carried on in ignorance of the fact that each individual sees life from his own particular point of view, which is, in its turn, regulated by character and environment. To find fault with another is to express your own view of a certain shortcoming, not necessarily to make it visible to the offender.

But, unless your view is visible to him, your fault-finding is thrown away as regards any good it may do. The offender is merely irritated and vexed with you, and, in his turn, passes judgment on you for injustice and loss of temper. Any one will verify this from his own experience. The natural irritation against the person who finds fault plunges the unhappy offender still further into difficulties. Possible contrition is nipped in the bud by a sense of injustice; the mind, clouded by vexation, becomes incapable of perceiving the wrong-doing, and the experience that might have been so rich and fruitful in preventing a repetition of the offence is thrown away. Now, at first, the fault-finder is unwilling to admit that this sad result is due to his act. He sees the offender as a double wrong-doer; for not only has he committed the first wrong act, but he has now added to it temper and, possibly, untruth. The sequel is generally mutual misunderstanding and irritation.

It would be a comfort and help to many, I think, if they realized that fault-finding is not a duty owed to other human beings. I remember hearing, in my youth, the expression: "It is my duty to find fault"; and I think that this sense of duty has blinded many to the real facts, and prevented their solving the problem of how to guide those under them without incurring resistance.

The problem is simply how to economize force. We have before us two individuals who are centres of force. The one in authority has to act as the guide and regulator of the force of himself and the other. Let us take the case of a parent and child, and let us suppose that the child has committed some wrong act. The parent's tendency

is to expend his force in vexation and sorrow over that act, and in so doing to leave no time or opportunity to consider it from the culprit's point of view, which is certain to be a different one. The object to be gained is to convict him in his own eyes, to bring him to judgment before himself. When he feels and "sees" with his inner eye that he has done wrongly, then he will express contrition, and then will happen the greatest result of all—his wrong act will become a fruitful experience, a "stepping stone" of his "dead self" on which he will rise to "higher things." Is not this the ideal outcome of wrong-doing, the one we look and struggle for in ourselves? A great teacher has said that we ought to be able to say after wrong-doing: "I am glad I have done that, for now I shall never do it again!" This rather paradoxical truth indicates the attitude of mind which a parent should be in when confronted by his offending child. His whole available force, the sum total of his spiritual power should be concentrated on this one idea. He will then be in a fit state of mind to reach out to the other human being, who, in his turn, is in danger of misdirecting his force by using it up in temper and resistance. But, unfortunately, in moments such as these, the parent or the one in authority bubbles over with "righteous wrath"; his force, needed for that most delicate of all operations, the guiding of the human will, is expended in finding fault so vigorously that all the force in the child rises up in irritation and anxiety to protect itself against the storm. Generally the end is sulky submission and punishment. I believe this is a true picture of what happens in nine cases out of ten, through a want of understanding of the first principles of the laws of mind and a mistaken sense of duty. "We cannot see what we are not ready to see" is a deeply practical truth in psychology. If the child has not reached a certain stage of development, he *cannot* see that committing certain acts is wrong. Very early in life he can be taught the beauty and meaning of willing obedience, but it needs a long and careful training before other virtues equally obvious to the adult mind are evident to him. We do not sufficiently allow for

this immaturity of inner vision when we find fault.

I remember when, as a young mother myself, I asked my child if she did not know that untruth was wrong, and she answered "No," how utterly horrified I was at such elementary ignorance. The mind can only learn by gradual steps, by experience, by proceeding from the known to the unknown. We must prepare the way for the child's mind to travel by pointing to past experience, by illustrations, and guide him to form conclusions by the workings of his own mind. The child who has committed a wrong act needs to feel that his parents sympathize with him, that they will take the trouble to make him "see." The fact that he is expected to "see" and judge his act himself is an enormous help and stimulus to his mind, and prevents any sense of injustice and irritation. You, as it were, stand beside the motor power, the springs of action, in your child and help them to act. He feels your strength and love and that you trust his sense of right. At first, and even afterwards, times come when, as it were, the plan refuses to work. The child is cross, or in a temper, and you cannot "get at" him. But even then do not scold or find fault, but quietly show him that you are surprised he has not a better judgment. Let him go away and later on talk on some kindred matter and come round to his act again in a more indirect manner. Let him tell you what he thought himself of his act. Let him feel that you and he can talk of difficulties and faults without any personal annoyance, and as impersonal things that can be viewed from different points of view. In this way, you can build up ideals in your child, and you can lay the foundation of lasting frankness and confidence.

I believe fault-finding destroys what we most want to create, namely, the attitude of trust, the power of "coming to judgment." Children quickly respond to the idea that they are as sorry as we are when they have done wrong, and that they did not *want* to do wrong.

I think children need a large and generous treatment of their faults. If we remember how long *we* have been "in the making" (are we "made" yet?), our children will feel that we appreciate the fact that they are in the "making" stage—that if they fail this time, perhaps they will not next time. Then we can explain to them how fine it is to be able to "see" what is right and the beauty of goodness and truth, and point back to the time when they could not per-

ceive this. We can lead them on so surely "from the known to the unknown"; we can make their experience, their failings, and faults so fruitful to them that they will have the power to "see" with that "inward eye."

As far as I can judge, the carrying out of this ideal is incompatible with fault-finding. It causes a revolution in one's mind when one realizes that fault-finding is to be given up absolutely. Those who have renounced this clumsy method of dealing with children will have been startled to perceive how enormously fault-finding has become a habit and how violently one's mind rebels at having to give it up. It seems so simple and direct to find fault, and there is an end of the matter. At first we will not follow Nature's law, which points to indirect methods that touch the inner springs as the only way of growth.

Perhaps some one will exclaim: "Then, are we never to find fault? Are children to grow up doing wrong things with impunity?" On the contrary; though *we* are never to find fault, we have only shifted the office of judge from our own shoulders to theirs. Our object is to train their sense of right and wrong, to make them feel that there is a moral standard which we must all obey, and that failure in reaching it is a failure in growth and development for which they will suffer. We can point out that this is what we grown-up people feel in face of our own mistakes and failures, and how miserable and sad it is for criminals who are blinded by ignorance and want of the power to "see." It is not difficult to train children to appreciate the beauty of goodness, the universality of the law of "sowing and reaping," the joy of right understanding and judgment. It all comes out of the small experiences of daily life—the sense of being co-operators with their elders in crises of wrongdoing and struggles to overcome difficulties of temperament.

The question of punishment solves itself when the fault-finding habits are given up. One sees it in its true light as a reminder, and, as such, one can explain its uses to the children. I think, with infants under four or five, the whole moral law can be wrapped in one—the law of obedience—and, in teaching it, a few prompt and vigorous punishments for disobedience are helpful. If the child sees that disobedience always results in ejection from the room, if the necessity for obedience is upheld

from the earliest years, its beauty and meaning explained constantly and with many illustrations, there will be no difficulty either in enforcing it as the child grows older or in bringing him to judgment in his own conscience when he fails in it. Have we enough considered in this question of fault-finding that the offence *may* be due to ourselves—that we may have dealt too much with the “do this” and “don’t do that,” without cultivating the ideal of right in the child’s heart and imagination? After all, it is the ideals of men and women that help them more than anything else to right action; and why should the same thing not be true of children, only in a more elementary way?

We are often in too great a hurry to realize how slowly the ideal grows: we condemn so quickly, and forget how, even we, with our greater light, fail and make mistakes. When we begin to watch ourselves in finding fault, and try to put ourselves in the offender’s place, feeling after the means that shall best help him to “grow” and induce him to “see” and “judge” his fault for himself, we shall be astonished at the change in our method of dealing with him. I speak from experience. Then comes the time when we can say to the child: “There is no need to punish you; you are as sorry as I am, and I know you won’t do it again.” Or, if the fault has occurred often, and you feel a reminder, in the shape of a punishment, is necessary, you can say: “I know you are more sorry for what you have done than for the punishment. The pain is in your own heart, for something you have hurt there. The punishment will help to remind you; and so you will take it well, knowing that I give it to you to help you to remember.” The culprit becomes, in fact, a co-operator with you. I have often heard a child say, between his sobs: “I am not crying a bit for the punishment, but because I am so sorry I did it.”

Then there is an earlier stage, when the child has done wrong, and had to be punished, and *won’t* see. This lasts until the temper has subsided, but, by the same rational way of treating the offence, pointing out that you thought he would be able to see the “why” and the “wherefore,” he gradually does come to “see.” I believe that the educator should not be satisfied that he has done all he can in a “crisis” until the child is entirely on his side, and convinced that he has done wrongly. This process means quiet patience and sympathy with his standpoint, and ability to talk

over the matter without any “goody-goodyism,” appealing to his sense of reason and fairness. The feeling that you and he are really co-operators, that you are on the same side, is invaluable; and, in course of time, the child will not like to find that his judgment and vision are not where you expected them to be.

Fault-finding with grown-up people, which appears also in the light of a duty to some people, is, I am sure, as futile and as mischievous as it is with children. It is, perhaps, easier to some to speak from the adult standpoint, and, therefore, to be more quickly sympathetic and tactful than when dealing with children. They do not dream of “coming down like a sledge-hammer,” realizing the probable resistance they would meet with better than they do in the case of children, who cannot show the inward antagonism that has been roused. It is, however, a mistake, I am sure, to find fault in either case. There are times when sharp speaking seems to be effectual with people who are entirely uncultivated and elementary in all their stages of thought. Not to do so may be taken as a sign of weakness and indecision, for they have so long been led by bit and bridle, so hardened, that the perceptions are slow and dull and difficult to reach. But I maintain that such sharp speaking and “outside” methods are not the influences that will build up and train even these people. They may have to be used, but, in the end, it will be the gentleness and kindness, the sympathy and efforts to understand, that will alone be the formative methods. They must be the rule, the other the rare exception.

It is curious to see how often members of a family fail to grasp the futility of fault-finding. It has prevailed so much as a “duty” throughout the early home-life that the same view of it obtains in later years. What a boon it would be, what a help to family love and unity, if fault-finding were abolished and looked upon, from the years of the teens onwards, as quite unnecessary and mischievous! Young people would then be confident of their parents’ sympathy and understanding, and, perhaps, would be more anxious to consult them when they were in “scrapes” than at any other time. They would be sure of help in unravelling difficulties, and they would, above all, be sure there would be *no condemnation*. This does not mean that there would be any condoning of what is wrong, but there would be the steady sympathy and effort to help the other’s vision, so that he might *himself* “come

to judgment." Consider, too, amongst brothers and sisters, how far happier would be the relation between them if each were given credit by the other for living the highest ideal he "sees" and knows! The interference, the want of mutual respect and reverence, that now so often mars family life would vanish, and the "live and let live" principle would promote individuality and confidence. The fact that their actions and opinions are respected by each and all, however divergent they may be, the general understanding that if an individual is to live true to his convictions he *can* only act according to his stage of thought, makes for tolerance and prepares the way for the open mind.

To thine own self be true,
And it shall follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man

is an injunction agreed to by many, but practically contradicted when people try to convince others by external pressure.

Of course, the "art" in the delicate matter of touching the springs of action in human beings without fault-finding, lies in the appreciation of the sacredness of individuality and of the extreme subtlety of that operation described by Froebel as "germinating the thought within." It is an art in which we can train ourselves, and one that will, I am sure, be acquired more and more as people understand the *practical use* of knowing laws of mind.

I know a woman—"a beautiful soul"—who has acquired this art to perfection, and she has received the confidences and guided the moral intelligence of numbers of her own and the younger generation. Confidences and confessions of all kinds are poured into her ear, men and women of all opinions go to her for advice; yet never by any manner of chance does this gifted woman find fault or condemn, never does she judge. It might be supposed that such an attitude would lead to a namby-pamby softness, to an indifference and easy tolerance that would

take the edge off the pleasure of human intercourse; but this supposition would only show how little we understand the evil and stunting effect of fault-finding on companionship, how difficult it is for us to conceive of inspiring friendship and confidence. We are not even aware how fault-finding robs us of joy in each other, and we even credit it with giving zest and point to human intercourse! My "beautiful soul" never finds fault; yet she never ceases to take the most practical and deeply sympathetic interest in each and all of her friends. She has that rare gift of stimulating spiritual activities, of holding up a mirror, of germinating thoughts and ideals. Yet her mind is keenly critical, her judgment intuitively correct, and her standard of truth and goodness so exalted that she makes incessant, though silent, demands on the highest self of all that are honoured with her friendship. It dawned slowly on the mind of one of her friends that she never found fault. This omission, where there seemed so much need for it, struck her friend as unusual, and she begged for a reason, and this was the answer: "When I was a girl I was the eldest of many, and I noticed the bad effect of fault-finding on them. I considered the matter deeply, and I resolved I would give it up as being useless and mischievous. As years rolled on, experience of life has confirmed me more and more in my opinion."

This answer seems to me to be worthy of the consideration of all thoughtful people. I think it may even carry conviction to some who might hesitate to entertain my propositions, for one wise woman's experience will appeal to many who would fear to trust to an abstract principle. Practical psychology—*i.e.*, the laws of mind scientifically stated—will be found to be a greater help to morality than the old-fashioned educationists will yet admit. To find fault is to ignore those elementary laws, and, as such, it is doomed to failure and, we will hope, to extinction.

ISABEL A. MARGESSON.



Cereals.

RICE WHEAT, AND MAZE.

IT has been said of the Gramineæ that they contain in their herbage, and especially in their seeds, nutritious principles which entitle them to the first rank among plants useful to man. The staple food of more than four-fifths of the human race is formed from the small grains of various grasses.

The Gramineæ form one of the most natural groups of plants. They belong to the class Endogens or Monocotyledons. Grant Allen has shown that wheat ranks by descent as a degenerate and degraded lily. But should we not rather say "specialized"? For what the grasses may have lost in beauty of colour—they are still lovely in form—they have gained in utility.

Though known to us here chiefly as lowly herbs, almost completely covering the surface of all but the most barren soils with a natural pasture, grasses in warmer regions have a more tufted character, and in tropical Asia some species of Gramineæ become arborescent. Familiar examples of these giant grasses are the bamboo (*Bambusa*) and the giant reed or "Provence cane" (*Arundo donax*) of South Europe.

But it is of the cereals—those grasses whose seeds abound in starch, azotized matter, and phosphates, and which are consequently of such great importance to mankind—that I wish to write.

We may begin with rice, which is one of the most important of these, supplying, as it does, food for a greater number of human beings than are fed on the produce of any other known plant. The common rice (*Oryza sativa*) is a marsh plant, and it requires a temperature of from 60° to 70° Fahr. to ripen its grain. It grows wild on damp, rich bottoms in tropical and sub-tropical climates.

Throughout the Chinese Empire and in India, as well as in all the great islands of the Indian Archipelago, rice is the principal, and frequently the only, food of the great mass of the population. In India rice has been cultivated everywhere from ancient times. The marshy nature of the soil at the mouth of the Indus must have been favourable to its growth.

In the Southern States of America this grass is extensively grown; the grain from South Carolina being considered the best. Its culture

there did not begin before A.D. 1700, when, it is said, it was accidentally introduced.

In Hehn's most interesting work on the "Wanderings of Plants and Animals" I read that at the close of the fifteenth century the cultivation of rice on a large scale was tried in Italy. A source of wealth seemed open to the people, and the peasants applied themselves with eagerness to the new culture. But it was soon found that the whole country was being converted into an artificial swamp, and that fever and malaria increased to a fearful degree. The Government then interfered. In South Italy, where the heat and danger are greater, the interference of the authorities was more active, and the planting of this cereal is now limited to a few uninhabited districts. But in Venetia and Lombardy the cultivation of rice is in a flourishing state, and yields a considerable surplus for export.

Oryza is one of the grasses which has six stamens.

The beautiful Chinese manufacture known as "rice-paper" is erroneously supposed to be made from *Oryza*. Its substance is, however, the much flattened pith of *Aralia papyrifera*, a plant closely allied to our ivy.

Perhaps the most important food plant of temperate regions is wheat. The varieties of *Triticum vulgare* are numerous. The commonest kind, the winter wheat, is biennial in its habits—that is, it is sown one year and flowers and fruits the following year; another variety, the summer wheat, is an annual, being sown and perfected all in one year.

The native country and origin of this plant have ever been a subject of speculation; but the experiments of M. Fabre, corroborated by Prof. Buckmann, seem to prove that the *Ægilops*, a grass of South Europe and parts of Asia, is the origin of our present wheat. Of the earliest attempts at the cultivation of *Ægilops* all traces are now lost, but we can gather that its tillage must have continued in some unknown Western Asiatic region for some time before the neolithic period, for three varieties of wheat were cultivated by the lake-dwellers, who also possessed two kinds of barley and two of millet. It differed much already from the wild *Ægilops* in size and stature; but, at the same time, it was far from

having attained the dimensions of our modern corn. So large is the grain of the *Ægilops* in its wild state that the peasantry in Italy sometimes gather it. They set fire to handfuls of this grass, and the seeds thus roasted drop out, ready for eating. I have myself often examined this interesting plant in the neighbourhood of Nice, and tasted the seeds.

In Celtic times England produced so much corn as to be called the "Granary of the North." Now we import grain from all parts of the globe, chiefly from the United States and Russia. We also receive it in small quantities from India, Austria, and Roumania. The finest of the European kinds is from Danzig.

It may be interesting to note that the northern limit of wheat in Europe follows the Caledonian Canal in Scotland, cuts Norway about latitude 63°, and in Russia follows the parallel of 60°. Thus we see that it is especially a plant of the temperate zone. In the tropics wheat is cultivated only in mountainous districts, where the land is sufficiently elevated to be of the proper temperature.

The best wheat-growing soil in England is formed by a rubbly yellowish limestone which extends right across the country from N.E. to S.W. This formation goes by the appropriate name of "corn-brash."

Puccinia graminis, a parasitic fungus, which occurs in almost every part of the world on grasses, and especially cereals, is one of the most formidable diseases of corn.

A passing mention of the uses of the dried culm, or straw, in the manufacture of hats, should be made. In this country, the district round Luton is where straw-plaiting is mostly carried on. Wheat grown in Tuscany is very suitable for the purpose: hence we get the celebrated Leghorn straw hats, which rival those of Panama in fineness and high price. The stems of cereals contain a great quantity of silica.

The Indian corn, *Zea mays*, probably ranks next to rice as the grain which affords nutriment to the largest number of human beings. This giant grass is a native of tropical America, whence it was introduced to the Old World. Columbus

found this grain in Hispaniola, and it was grown all over America wherever agriculture was practised and the climate permitted. Maize has penetrated even to China and Japan, and to the negro tribes in the very heart of Africa, who have never seen a European; and it now feeds a large part of South Europe and the Levant.

Some of the finest samples which have reached Britain in the cob or ear have been grown in Australia. In North Italy *polenta*, or maize porridge, is the usual food of the peasant; and maize, especially in the fertile plains of the northern parts of the peninsula, rivals wheat. *Polenta* may be a very wholesome food when eaten in moderation, but the exclusive use of maize-porridge brings on the dreadful disease known as *pellagra*, which has devastated certain districts of North Italy. Goethe, in his "Italienische Reise," foresaw the dangerous effects of this monotonous diet. In India this cereal is also extensively cultivated, and the roasted cobs are sold in the principal thoroughfares of the towns.

To economize ground and save bean-sticks, the peasants on the Riviera plant a scarlet runner at the foot of each plant of *Zea mays*. The dried leaves and sheaths are used on the Continent for packing; and I have often seen mattresses stuffed with this substance. *Zea* is one of the monœcious grasses, the staminate flowers being borne in a tuft on the summit of the plant. The pistillate inflorescence grows below in the axils of the leaves. The cob is surrounded by a shiny green sheath, and bears at its apex a tassel of silky yellow styles.

How tenderly true to Nature is the legend of Mondamin, friend of man!—

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward:
Then another and another,
And, before the summer ended,
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And, in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud: "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

OLIVE B. C. CASEY.

Parsi Children.

NO golden haze of an Eastern mystery, such as adds charm to the unlettered child of the Indian *zenana*, hangs round those Parsi children who throng one part of Bombay. Eastern they are, indeed, in origin, but now, in all but birth, they typify the curious blend of West with East which is the product of this century, with its Western education grafted in Asia. From the far mountains of Persia, the survivors of an ancient persecuted religion, these Parsis fled to the Western shores of India twelve hundred years ago, before the cruel sword of the Mohammedan invader, doomed for ever, in striking likeness to the Jews, to live as an exiled nation in the midst of an alien people. Until this century, although always faithful, on the whole, to the teaching of Zoroaster their prophet, the purer rites of their sun-worship had been combined with many more superstitious rites borrowed from their Hindu neighbours. Like them, the Parsis had been impeded by those bars to all national progress, child-marriages and the seclusion of women.

The last fifty years have seen great changes. With a bound, as it were, a nation numbering some 60,000 has broken the shackles of Eastern custom, and has sprung forth ready to absorb all, or almost all, that Enrope can offer.

Hence it comes that in talking of Parsi children we shall mention Kindergartens, High schools, Colleges.

Almost from the beginning of this century there had been among Parsis a growing appreciation of the fact that *boys* should be educated, and by 1849 there was established a series of schools, under a committee, where most of the education was free, and the sons of poor Parsis were accepted in preference to richer ones. But in that same year, 1849, the education of girls was struggling for its very existence. Several men who were keenly interested in the subject met, and, finding that they could not as yet expect any general support of such a revolutionary idea as that of educating girls, they resolved to attack the task personally, and four of them agreed to throw open their houses, and themselves teach from 7 to 10 a.m. each day, without accepting any remuneration. The schools opened with forty-four girl pupils.

Passing over the intervening years, in 1895 we find that in Bombay there were 2,915 girls attending primary schools (vernacular), and 800 attending secondary schools (vernacular and English), while something like twenty were taking a college course in medicine or arts. At the same date the number of Parsi boys under education was about 12,000.

Such statistics may seem uninteresting; but, if we wish to obtain any grasp of the wonderful progress of the last fifty years in this one nation of Parsis, and gain from it hope for the far more difficult problem of the education of the Hindu and Mohammedan millions, we need something based on real facts.

Now let us picture the actual Parsi child, with its olive skin, large eyes, and quick bright look. If its early babyhood could be described, our pity would quickly go out towards it, for there is much connected with that stage of life which can only be called "barbaric." Turning, however, to that which is merely superstitious, next comes the important occasion when the astronomer is called in to cast the child's horoscope, choose its name, and prophesy its future life. Solemnly he sits on the floor, making mystic signs, while the women watch with awed glances, the men shrug their shoulders, but let the women indulge in this nonsense if they like, and the children make fun of the "Joshi," while their mothers try to impress on them the solemnity of the occasion. As we may imagine, the "Joshi," knowing the full history of the family and its connexions, is able to make some fairly good guesses as to the child's future, enough of which may come true to keep up his reputation.

From that time onward Parsi children develop much as English children might, only racing about in very much more airy attire, for they often wear most quaint little muslin or silk garments shaped exactly like a T, until they are old enough to don the uninteresting dress which Parsis have adopted for their children instead of the pretty silk trousers and embroidered tunics of their more Eastern days. Nowadays quite small boys are to be seen going about in whole snits of grey tweed dittos, exactly like miniature men, with an embroidered smoking cap on their heads, while their small sisters wear the ugliest dress

imaginable, like an English child's dress, with the skirt forgotten. Happily, as soon as a girl is grown up, she exchanges this for a silk *sari*, which, with its soft folds of delicate colouring, covers her from head to foot, making a gathering of Parsi women one of the prettiest sights possible.

Such a gathering we might see if we went to the one and only great ceremony of a Parsi child's life—the "Navjot" ceremony (the most sacred and important rite of the whole Parsi religion), by which a boy or girl is admitted as a full Zoroastrian. This may take place any time between the ages of seven and eleven, but must not, at the latest, be delayed beyond fifteen.

All the relations and friends gather together in some great house or hall, the men in the stiff long white garments and white sashes and hats of full dress, the women in their loveliest *saris* and jewels, and in presence of them all the child is invested by the priests with the white muslin shirt (*sudrah*) and fine thread of seventy strands (*kusti*) which betoken a full Zoroastrian. In this ceremony, as in most of the few which the Parsis keep up, there are, unfortunately, religious customs much to be deprecated. It is only fair to the Zoroastrian religion to say they do not really belong to it, but have been grafted on to it from the surrounding Hinduism.

This sacred shirt and cord are the distinguishing marks of a Zoroastrian, and a Christian Parsi woman can be distinguished from her old companions by not having the lower half of this muslin shirt coming out over her skirt from under her bodice. Many of the older Parsi women, though, are shaking their heads now at the degeneracy of their race; for some of the younger men are growing careless about the wearing of the sacred cord, and harrow the hearts of their mothers by their seeming apostasy.

The secret of this lies a great deal with modern education. Boys and girls of the upper classes are sent to high schools where English books open out a new vista of ideas to them. In most of these schools absolutely no teaching in their own religion is given them. Of all the many Parsi schools I visited, only one had any religious teaching, and that was restricted to children under eleven. As these schools are all either endowed by Parsis, or are Government schools, the children are not taught Christianity either, with the inevitable result that the mass of the younger Parsis of to-day are practically without

any religion whatsoever; and, if they still keep up the outward forms, it is merely because of the outcry at home among the elder women if they openly profess their atheism. At home, where our standard of public morality has been raised by centuries of Christianity, we can scarcely imagine what the demoralizing effect of this loss of any religious faith is in a country such as India.

This need, as we deem it, of the Parsis for religious education has, in part, led to the foundation of a work of which it may be allowable in an educational magazine to give a few particulars.

The "Missionary Settlement for University Women" was started definitely in Bombay, in the autumn of 1897, with a staff of four workers, representing the womens' colleges of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and London. At first it aimed especially at reaching the elder Parsi girls who had passed out of the Alexandra and other High schools, but did not wish to go on to College. Very soon we found that it was not only girls of that age, but some married women, too, who wished to take advantage of its classes, and many an amusing and interesting experience have we had of these elder pupils. Sad to say, very few of the number of girls who wished to come to us have been allowed to do so by their orthodox mothers, for fear of the Christian "contamination"; but slowly, by ones and twos, they come, and many show intense appreciation, not only of the actual teaching, be it music or French or English, but of the Bible teaching, which is so utterly new a revelation to them.

Such elder pupils, however, are rather outside the limits of child life, and before closing we will turn to the English-speaking school for upper-class Parsi children, which, for over a year, was held in our bungalow. Theoretically, it was for Parsi girls; practically, it became a most cosmopolitan school, for it had four English children, two Hindus, and six Parsis, and half the number were boys.

One member of the Settlement spent part of her holidays in studying Kindergarten methods as well as is possible in backward India, and then, with the help of an English girl just passed out of school, she began work, and for a year these small children rejoiced in drilling and action songs, brush painting, the "three R's," and Bible stories, and alternately harassed their teacher with their naughtiness and rejoiced her with their loveliness, as any English children would do. But

after the summer holidays a great sorrow befell the Settlement in the death of this member, Miss Boyland, and the school had to be closed, as already one other "Settler" had been compelled to return home, and the other two were so fully occupied with the other pupils and the large amount of social work carried on besides, that it was impossible for them to take up the school work. Should we some day again have a strong

enough band of workers, the school might be reopened, but there are great difficulties to be surmounted in competing with the good schools founded by the Parsis themselves; indeed, nothing but the conviction of the really deep need of Christian education would lead us to desire in any way to compete with schools which, considering the general state of Indian education, are wonderfully efficient.

UNA M. SAUNDERS.

Territory.

Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.—BLAKE.

In their games children make all things out of any; a staff becomes a musket, a splinter of wood a sword, any bunch of cloth a puppet, any crevice a chamber.—CARLYLE'S "Wilhelm Meister."

WITHIN.

DO we grown-ups realize, I wonder, what we relinquished when our legs and arms grew long and we put off pinafores? At all events, we imagine we do; it is the correct thing to refer to the "innocent days of childhood" and its "freedom from care."

But the people who say that sort of thing are generally those who could not give you one lucid reminiscence of their own childhood, and would not go back to the pinafores stage on any consideration. They usually prefer to contemplate the child from afar. Although there are reminiscences which do not somehow coincide with the "innocent sunny child" theory, what "good times" went to the making-up of our book of days! Verily, we were inheritors of the earth! The magnificence of the landed wealth of an Astor or a Westminster pales in comparison with our territorial claims. We dispensed with time altogether—what was Greenwich to us who could sail to the North Pole and back in an afternoon, and traverse miles of prairie between tea and bed-time?

Our stock game was "Desert Islands." It held supreme sway through the fluctuations of favour for many other games. It was suitable to all times and seasons; it could be played both out of doors and within. If the day did not turn out fine, then the raging sea of the school-room carpet raved and roared round the battered ship of the school-room table turned upside down. Arthur,

muffled to the chin in his great-coat, laboured strenuously at the school-room hassock, impaled, through a convenient hole, on one of the upturned legs; I threw our cargo of sofa cushions and pillows overboard to lighten the "doomed vessel," while May prepared the raft of a disused mantel-shelf. Our efforts were vain, and we struck with "terrible violence" on the dreaded rocks of the sofa. Arthur, undismayed, fastened the life-belt of a superannuated garden hose round his body, and "prepared for the worst." Our remaining stores were bundled on to the raft; and, entrusting our lives to this frail cockle-shell of hope, we followed, and, after infinite peril, with the aid of a walking-stick, reached *terra firma* near the window.

We had landed upon a wild and desolate-looking island; before us the rocky coast spread through the doorway into the passage, till it merged, and was lost inland, in the thickly-wooded scrub of the night nursery. Now the real business began. There was much to be done, of course—a cave to find for temporary shelter; a hut to build; flotsam of the wreck to be secured; food to be provided; above all, we had to *explore*.

I was a strange, anomalous being on these occasions—now a man, now a girl, as the exigencies of the game demanded. May was *always* the devoted sister, who stayed at home and prepared food, and minded the shanty—an office against which she distinctly rebelled, except when it involved the extra feeding of Arthur.

We had to go out and "shoot things" for "food"—we scorned to use any such civilized terms as "breakfast," "dinner," or "supper"; it was always "meals" or "food." Of course we should find coconuts and yams. A few crusts of bread artistically scattered about the rooms served

our purpose for the latter. We had our own special recipe for cocoanuts. Failing the real, much-to-be-desired article, small gingerbread nuts were the recognized substitute. You took two of the nuts, and just licked the bottom of each, and stuck them together—*there* was your coconut! What could be more simple? These were hidden away in secret places, to be found later, with much surprise and rejoicings at the fertility of the island. If only you set your mind to it, you found everything you wanted on a desert island. Had we not the testimony of the Robinsons to go upon? Once, and once only, were we the proud and thrilled possessors of a real coconut. It belonged to May; it had been a birthday present. We always wrote out lists of urgent needs near birthday time, and on one occasion May's list ran thus:

"Wot I want for my burthday
A Bible and
A Coco-nut."

Arthur and I reaped a benefit from the latter, and the coconut did valiant service on many islands, for the desert blossomed and grew groves of cocoanuts by virtue of that solitary fruit.

We played "Ship," of course, and "Bay of Biscay"; but such games were independent of "islands," and purely of a nautical character.

One afternoon a brilliant idea seized me, and I conceived a simple and speedy method of acquiring wealth. Arthur and I would become charcoal-burners. Visions of log huts, a free, unfettered life in solitary leafy woods, with mysterious fires for ever burning in their cool depths, floated hazily through my mind. Besides, what easier way could there be of earning a living? You just got some wood, and burnt it, *without* burning it up, and *there* was charcoal—charcoal I knew was simply black wood burnt through and through—and then you sold it.

I expounded my scheme to Arthur, and we stove out the bottom of an old wooden pail of May's (we were quite sure she didn't want it any more), and removed the guard from the school-room fire. Then we began to make charcoal. It was certainly a thrilling process, and entailed much poking and raking and banging and extinguishing of too ardent flames.

"You mustn't let it burn up," I explained, "and there must be no white showing."

The afternoon wore away, and so did our piece of wood; it charred, but would not char all through. My faith in the practicability of the

occupation began to wane. If it takes so long to char one small piece of wood, I reflected, how long would it be before we had enough to sell? Finally, we split our pail bottom in halves, and finding it still most unmistakable white wood, gave up the experiment in disgust.

"It's no good; we can't be charcoal burners," I said; "let's play 'Coal Mine.'"

The school-room table was long-suffering and serviceable. After all these years I am inclined to look back in memory upon its scored and chipped surface, and to feel sentimental. We had then, I remember, a real affection for it, and protested vehemently on one occasion when the Parents suggested replacing it by another of more seemly exterior. Had it not been a ship, a coach, a cottage, a raft, and more things besides, and should it pass into alien and unappreciative hands? Never! We pleaded for the table, and it remained. It was indispensable in the construction of a coal mine. You got all the shawls and cloaks and coverings you could, and hung them round three sides of the table to exclude all light. At the fourth side was attached the tall school-room guard, which fitted across, leaving a space. This was the shaft down which we let ourselves, regretting it was not deeper. Arthur carried a stumpy round pencil box, with some string arrangement, for a Davy lamp.

The contents of the coal box were next turned out under the table, and arranged to the best advantage round the sides of the mine; after which we amused ourselves hammering and banging the lumps of coal, filling small boxes or baskets, to which we had previously attached string in order that they could be let up and down through the shaft.

There was an element of danger in playing "Coal Mine," lest Jane should come in and find the coal on the floor; but we hid the scuttle under the sofa, and covered over the mouth of the shaft if we heard any one coming. Discovery would mean prohibition, we were quite sure; but at present no one had told us *not* to play "Coal Mine," and we meant to clear up the coal ourselves, and, as I explained to Arthur, the school-room carpet was already so shabby it wouldn't be much the worse for a little coal dust, so that the Parents ought not to mind.

But the lurid delights of "Coal Mine" paled before the rising sun of a new game that bade fair to out rival all others. This was "Arctic Regions." The papers just then were full of the Arctic

expedition; the Parents talked about it, Arthur and May and I intently studied all the pictures in the *Graphic*, and we strove for accuracy in our details.

The delight of "Arctic Regions" was that it entailed so much preparation, and involved a great deal of dressing up. I envied Arthur for being a boy. He had a long overcoat, and could turn up the collar, and a cap with flaps that came down over the ears; these, with thick woollen gloves and an extra pair of stockings over his boots, completed his equipment, and he made a creditable, though diminutive, reproduction of the man carrying the lantern through the snow to one of the sheds where an Esquimaux dog, with prick ears and pointed nose, was gazing pathetically out of the door. It was our favourite man, and we loved the dogs; and the man looked so kind, we could not reconcile his humane looks with the dreadful rumours we heard from the Parents that the men ate some of their dogs; such base ingratitude was not to be credited! We could not have dogs in the game, but we had sledges.

May and I used the guard, and piled in heaps of things; but Arthur, with great ingenuity and plodding industry, made a lovely sledge out of the mantel-board. He wound string and skipping ropes round and round it, and took much time and immense trouble over its construction. Arthur never minded spending hours over making

things and arranging them to do just what he wanted. That was because Arthur was what Phyllis called "so fearfully practical!" She said it in a tone that slurred Arthur's character. It was quite impossible to get anything out of Arthur's sledge when it was made, or to sit in it yourself, but it looked just like a real sledge, so that didn't matter; ours *would* look a guard, and though May and I piled on as many clothes as we could, we didn't *really* look like Arctic explorers. There were some drawbacks to "Arctic Regions," however; it was a very warm game, and there were so many things to put away afterwards: for it was an unwritten law in our school-room that we cleared up our muddles. I don't know what Phyllis did on these occasions: she *never* played the games, and wasn't a bit interested in "Desert Islands." I fancy she read Grimm in the dining-room, or dressed dolls, or did something quiet. She said she shouldn't like to play those sort of games if it made your hair as untidy as mine. Menie was too young to hunt and explore, but May privately adored Arthur, and would have followed his lead to the death, when permitted; for I usually "made up" the games, and there were occasions when May was sent to play with Menie.

C. A. M.

(To be continued.)

Physical Education.*

I FEEL I must begin with an apology for the hackneyed subject of my paper. In these days physical education is a subject very much to the front. It is always discussed when education generally is spoken of. Some form of it is supposed to be compulsory in all our elementary schools. In the last "Special Reports on Educational Subjects" issued by the Education Department, seven papers are on this question alone. As "games," it plays a large part in the life of every schoolboy, and the prevailing topic of conversation among young men is the football or cricket match, about to take place, or just over.

So-called entirely new methods of training

whereby the body may be brought to the highest state of physical perfection fill the air. Heaven-sent systems are vaunted which are guaranteed to cure all deformities and diseases to which the human frame is heir, and the result of pursuing which will be the evolution from the most unpromising material of a Diana or a Venus, an Adonis or a Sampson. All this is of course exaggerated, but it points out the wide-spread, deep-seated conviction that exercise in one form or another is one of the needs of our present mode of life, and that on the strength and vigour of our men and women our future place among the nations must depend.

One cannot, of course, promise bodily beauty

* A lecture delivered before the Froebel Society on September 27, 1900.

or marvellous strength to every one taking up systematic exercise, whatever form such exercise may take—the limits of muscular power, and of form, are determined by many causes, among which, probably, heredity is the most important. Exercise cannot change the fundamental proportions of the body, nor make from a short stout person a tall slender graceful one—at least, not in the life of the individual. All that muscular work can do is, if it is well chosen and well applied, to cause the body to develop regularly, as it was intended to do by Nature under the best possible conditions.

I might define physical education, therefore, as work done with the definite object of developing individuals to their highest possible physical condition, of grace, strength, and beauty—probably no two people reaching the same standard, yet all increasing their strength and ease of movement, and being better fitted to encounter the stress and strain of life and to endure the work that falls to their lot with the least possible physical inconvenience. "Life is not to live, but to live well," and one can only live well when work is actually enjoyed, as work falls to the lot of most. To sum up, then, physical education should have for its ideal the production of very good health, ease and grace of movement, complete energy, and symmetry of the body—all these being necessarily accompanied by courage and self-reliance.

I need hardly dwell on the fact that this ideal state is no new object in the world's history. The Greeks in the zenith of their prosperity sought it, partly from love of beauty in the abstract, partly because they realized that to obtain good citizens you must first aim at producing a good animal, as Herbert Spencer has said: "To be a nation of healthy animals is the first condition of national prosperity." Can this ideal healthy body be obtained without systematic cultivation of the physical powers, by the ordinary avocations of business and pleasure? Savage races who live hunting, pastoral, or fishing lives, almost always in the open air, depending for all the necessities of life on their muscular work, do doubtless find in their daily life all that is required in the way of exercise—the free out-door life, the wandering from place to place in search of food for their cattle, the excitement and strain of the chase, cultivate their powers of endurance to the utmost.

In civilized communities it is only the leisured classes that improve and maintain their physique by such methods; but they cannot be taken as fair

samples of the community—they form only a very small minority. Mr. Grant Allen called them "the survival of the barbarian hordes that once peopled the world." Nearly every one else suffers from a deficiency of exercise, and bears in the body the marks of the usual occupation—the slight deformities induced by the habitual position. The vitality is lower than it should be; reserve materials, such as fat, are stored up in the tissues, still further limiting and retarding the work of the organs. The standard of strength is lowered, too, by the fact that all the resources of science are devoted to keeping delicate children in the world and rearing them to manhood and womanhood, instead of allowing them to die, as they would in a less humanitarian age. Thus the number of sickly children reared in every class of the social scale is increased, and as a child tends to be, roughly, an average of the physique of both parents, the posterity of such children will inherit a weakened constitution, tending to further degeneration, unless measures are taken to counteract this hereditary tendency.

Further, the majority of children spend the greater part of their youth in school—during the years when their bodies are most prone to assume and perpetuate bad positions. Lateral spinal curvature, for example, is a condition that develops during school life—not because it is school life, but because lateral curvature is developed usually between the ages of seven and eighteen, and then most children are at school.

Unless we propose to put an end to education altogether, and turn our children out, like young colts, into the open air, a certain amount of sitting over books and learning lessons is necessary; but the greatest amount of care must be taken to prevent the formation of bad habits in sitting, standing, and walking, both by teachers and by parents.

The formation of bad habits, leading to deformity later, may begin before a child can walk. A nurse may carry a child unevenly, and always on the same arm, thus pushing up the hip bone; or it may be allowed to lie in bed with too high a pillow. A little later the child may, unless very carefully watched, contract a host of habits, all militating against symmetrical growth—*e.g.*, standing on one leg; sitting cross-legged; it may be allowed to sit on a chair not high enough for the table at which it writes; to carry weights in one hand or on the back; to sit at a piano, or while reading, without a support for the back.

All these commonly assumed bad positions would probably have little effect on the body of a person who had finished growing, or on the child, if he varied the leg, on which he stood—or the hand in which the weight was carried; but naturally we all—man, woman, and child, do the thing which comes easiest to us; and the choice of which leg or which arm does the work is determined probably by some little initial weakness in the opposite limb. On the ordinary child, therefore, these habitual bad positions have a disastrous effect. During growth a large portion of the skeleton is cartilaginous, *i.e.*, consists of a pliable gristle, which is year by year being converted into hard unyielding bone. Deformities are very easily produced, and though not nearly so easily, can be corrected if taken in time; but if the pressure on one part caused by bad position is continually exerted, then the cartilage and the gradually forming bone begin to alter in shape and make the position a permanent one—ligaments which hold the bones together begin to shorten on one side and lengthen on the other. Muscles shorten and get stronger on one side, from constant use, while on the other they are lengthened and permanently weakened.

From this it follows that one of the most important points in any physical training is that exercises must be corrective of commonly assumed bad positions, and should consist very largely in movements of flexion and extension of all joints, especially those of the vertebral column, that the normal mobility of these parts may be maintained. Shortened ligaments and muscles must be stretched, lengthened ones contracted and shortened.

To see how the whole body will be affected by the contraction of the muscles, let us examine exactly what goes on in a muscle at work. First, the blood flows with greater activity through the blood-vessels, and the muscle becomes hotter; if it continues contracting, the quicker circulation and raised temperature are propagated to the vessels of the adjacent muscles next to the large arteries, and, finally, to the heart itself. The quicker beat of the heart means a more frequent supply of blood to the lungs, and this necessitates a quicker rate of breathing, by which more oxygen is introduced into the blood—much more than is actually required by the acting muscles—and in this way a store of oxygen is laid up in the blood. The effect of this oxygenated blood is that

it stimulates every organ to which it is supplied, and, in consequence, every organ does its work more energetically, glands secrete more actively, so that digestion, among other functions, is better carried on. The muscles can do more work, and quickly recover from fatigue. The brain, too, shares in the benefit, and its operations become clearer and stronger.

The supply of blood being quicker, more nutrition is carried to every part; and thus each and every organ is better nourished—the muscles get larger and stronger, are under better nervous control, and the bones to which the muscles are attached share in the increased nutrition; and, if the exercise is moderate and well arranged, the growth in the cartilaginous parts is stimulated, and the body reaches its full stature. An improved carriage, a firm, light, and assured walk are the results of the strong muscles holding the bones in the best possible positions. The lungs enlarge and become more vigorous, as deeper inspirations are necessary, and the air seeks out all the air-cells, inflating those which usually lie collapsed, so that there is no unused corner of the lungs where the germs of disease may lurk. The importance of large lungs on the general health of the body is incalculable; and the strictest attention must be paid to breathing during exercise. Movements quickening the respiration must always be included in exercises for children, such as running, leaping, skipping (backwards), &c.

The effect of exercise on the brain and nervous system is well marked. It is recognized now that it is conducive to brain work, not only because the flow of blood is more rapid and of better quality, but because the development of the brain itself depends on muscular activity—the never-ceasing activity of a baby is a very great factor in the growth of its brain; indeed Sir J. Crichton Browne says that so important a part does movement play in brain development that if a child were wrapped in swaddling bands that prevented all movement, the result would be an idiot. This idea receives confirmation from the fact that imbeciles and idiots improve mentally by cultivation of their physical powers. Fidgetiness, therefore, is, or should be, the natural state of all children, and should by no means be repressed; but a legitimate outlet should be found for it.

The old idea was that the student was a person with a poor physique, pallid and emaciated, while the athlete was a fool, with nothing but his muscles to recommend him. These extremes may

occur, but are usually the result of undue attention being paid to one or the other. I do not for one moment assert that good intellectual work cannot be done by a person with a feeble constitution, but only that he would do still better work if the body were stronger.

A boy or girl with a strong, healthy, and symmetrically developed muscular system, with a body well under the control of the will, has a decided advantage mentally over the weakly child, since brainwork exhausts the strong less than the weak. Another point too arises here. We hear a good deal about "overpressure" among children at the present day. Well! who are the children who suffer from too much intellectual work? Very rarely the boy or girl in perfect health physically, with a well trained body, because the brain in such a child is well nourished and well supplied with pure blood; it is probable that such a really healthy brain cannot suffer from overpressure, as directly the brain is fatigued sleep is induced, and the brain rests. Of course, there must be no artificial stimulation by coffee or wet towels, &c., or then the worst results may follow.

The child of whom one hears complaints of overwork is usually anæmic, with a badly nourished brain, to which sleep does not come easily; and, though I agree that in such a case mental work should be stopped or slackened for a time until the body becomes healthier and stronger, still the best preventive of overpressure is to be sought in out-door exercises and games, in gymnastics, and in the most nutritious food the child can be induced to take.

The compatibility of good intellectual work with great muscular activity is well illustrated by an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*. At Corpus Christi College, Oxford, there are about fifty men, all of whom read for Honours. This small College supports a football eleven, a football fifteen, a cricket eleven, an eight, and a Torpid—the sum of these teams amounts to fifty-five; so there can be few unathletic men in this College.

It is often said that all necessary ends of exercise are obtained by "games." I don't think any one can believe more strongly in the value of games than I do; but I should deny that they can supply the need of gymnastics altogether. First, very few games exercise all the muscles. Rowing and swimming are, perhaps, the best; but you can hardly call them games, and they can only be pursued for a very

small part of the year. Secondly, games do not offer the gradual systematic training that is necessary for the delicate, and such children cannot be so carefully watched in games to see that they do not become over-tired as they can in a gymnasium. Again, games may, or may not, develop strength; but care is not taken that during the work done the body is held in its very best possible position. The attitude assumed is that which makes the exercise most easy. A third point is that in a gymnasium the weak, the timid, and the idle are all equally looked after. The first two classes are not capable of taking an active share in games without detriment to their health, and the lazy can, and will, shirk them altogether. In training of both boys and girls these two branches of physical education must supplement each other. For very little children such games as are played in the Kindergarten are probably sufficient.

I am far from claiming that a formal system of training can take the place of games. The "formal system" aims at developing all the muscles equally and gradually, and this harmonious development will make the individual a much more useful member of society—a person whose muscles respond readily to his will, and who, therefore, will be able to act at once in an emergency. But, after all, the object aimed at is, to a certain extent, a selfish one—the good (improvement) of the individual—and very little thought for others enters into it, except, perhaps, in class work, when *esprit de corps* may be an incentive to good work. Games, on the other hand, cannot be properly carried out without a forgetfulness of self, in working for a common end. Individual display is condemned; and for the good of the game self-sacrifice is often necessary. Control of temper, repression of impatience, and consideration for others are learnt from games when they are properly carried out. My point is that physical education, in order to produce its best effects physically, mentally, and morally, must include systems of training and out-door games.

Various objections have been advanced against gymnastics for children, especially for girls. It is sometimes said that exercise stunts the growth—and so it does if excessive and violent, or disproportionate to the strength of the individual; but that is no argument at all against the rational systematic cultivation of the bodily powers. It is said, too, that girls lose their natural grace and

become masculine. Is gracefulness, then, incompatible with perfect bodily control? Surely awkwardness results from lack of bodily control.

The following are attained by a well chosen course of movements: increased mobility of the joints, greater muscular strength, and better health—results surely to be desired by woman as well as man.

Systematic training is, if possible, more necessary for girls than it is for boys, as there is a good deal of difference in physique between them. Up to the age of nine years the sexes are about equal, the girls, perhaps, being a little superior in muscular control; at thirteen the girl is superior to the boy in height and weight; but at fifteen the boys begin to exceed the girls in height, and, though the chest measurements are about the same, the boy can inhale a larger quantity of air, due, doubtless, to the fact that the boy, from a more active life, is using every portion of his lungs. The girls, too, are now very inferior in muscular strength—50 per cent. of them fail to reach a standard that 90 per cent. of the boys exceeded. The superiority becomes more marked as they grow older, and between seventeen and thirty-five the lungs of the average boy can hold 90 cubic inches more air than those of the average girl; the strength of chest and arms is more than double.

Undoubtedly, much of this disparity between the sexes is accounted for by a natural physical advantage on the part of the man; but the disparity is too great to be accounted for in this way altogether, especially as savage races show a much greater equality between the sexes, and there is no doubt that much of the difference in civilized races is caused artificially. Girls and women have, as a rule, a much smaller and more constricted waist—this has possibly been induced by the practice of wearing stays, a practice dating back to 360 B.C., when Hippocrates vigorously rebuked the ladies of Cos for interfering with their breathing powers by tightly compressing their ribs.

There is no anatomical difference in this region in the girl and boy; the skeletons are alike, the muscles and organs are the same, and have identical functions. If the hips are broad and large, so should the waist be, if the muscles which join the upper part of the trunk to the pelvis have nothing to constrict them. A tight bandage round a man's waist will diminish his physical powers by a third, and the function of all his

organs is impaired. When we consider that most women have worn such a constriction from their youth upwards, it is possible that much of their inferiority is due to this cause. The decrease in the lung capacity caused by even the loosest stays is 33 cubic inches.

Gymnastic training all through school life does very much to improve the physique of girls; and it is to the revival, or rather the introduction, of gymnastics for girls during the past twelve or fourteen years that we may attribute the rapid physical improvement that has taken place; but, although there has been more attention paid to this subject, the application is still in its infancy.

Now for the points which should characterize gymnastics for children. As the time allotted to the subject in English schools is small, none must be wasted in unnecessary exercises, but each movement must have some defined physiological value, such as that of enlarging the chest and therefore the lungs, of flattening the back, of holding the head erect, &c. No movement may be chosen merely for its spectacular effect. The movements must be equally adapted for the very weak and for the strong; the only thing to be considered in choosing them is the physical well-being of the children.

The best of all exercises are those which we call "free" movements—the body is supported firmly on the legs so that the spine has no tendency to assume a vicious position in order to maintain an abnormal equilibrium, and the exercises consist in successive movements of flexion, extension, &c., of the legs, trunk, arms, pelvis, and neck. No weights are held in the hands; so each limb does work in proportion to the strength of its own muscles, for it moves only its own weight. There is a perfectly measured contraction of all antagonistic muscles, and no tendency to predominant contraction of flexors over extensors and *vice versa*, and in consequence no tendency to draw the bones into abnormal positions. The movements should not be so much violent athletics as "poses" in which the body is made to assume the best possible position. Great attention must be paid to the abdominal muscles, which are very little used in ordinary walking, standing, or sitting; but the strength of which is of the highest importance in the functions of everyday life.

Gymnastics for children should not attempt to make large muscles, nor should children be allowed to perform feats of strength and skill—

those can be reserved for the professional acrobat. Harmonious development must be aimed at, so that step by step with muscular improvement the heart and lungs may grow stronger. Very large muscles are usually developed at the expense of some other part, and you may have an individual with enormous muscular strength accompanied by weak organs.

Development must not be hurried; the motto of physical training should be "Slow and sure." Spasmodic, violent, and long continued exercises are useless, and often attended with bad results.

Every lesson, however simple, should bring into play every group of muscles, so that the effect produced is not local aching, but general slight fatigue. The large strong muscles, like those of the legs, should get the most work; so most of the exercises should be "ground" exercises. In some systems of gymnastics, especially the German, nearly all the apparatus used tends to make the arms try to do the work that the legs naturally do—it is all apparatus for suspension, tending to develop large arm and shoulder muscles, and producing the so-called "gymnastic stoop."

Of course some apparatus is necessary to provide variety, but in the Swedish system the movements are usually taken with straight arms—the object being more to straighten the spine by the weight of the body than to perform strong movements by means of the delicate and small arm muscles.

Parallel bars should never be used by children—for small boys and girls the effect is that the shoulders are pushed up, the head depressed be-

tween the shoulders, and the chest compressed and contracted; the starting position is radically wrong, the arms supporting the weight which should naturally be borne by the legs, and the resulting fatigue is entirely local.

Progression in movement should be very gradual indeed, so that as the muscle increases in power there is a corresponding increase of power in lungs, heart, blood-vessels, and digestive organs, without the least danger of strain. Again, with little children there should be no competition—this is ensured by the work being taken in classes, and all apparatus work being carefully watched.

Movements should be as simple as possible consistent with a sufficient amount of work. No good object is served by very difficult exercises—the resulting fatigue is far more mental than it is physical. Movements are better taken to command than to music. The best results are obtained even in a simple movement by the concentration of the will on the exercise: the bending and straightening are both more complete, and you get the brain, by means of the nerves, brought into more intimate connexion with the muscles. Thus the muscles in time respond more readily and easily to the will, and greater self-control and self-reliance are produced. Clumsiness and awkwardness generally are only signs of want of nervous control over the muscles: and for improving this there is nothing like exercise to command. Exercise to music becomes completely automatic; though music may be taken with such natural automatic movements as walking, once the correct way of walking has been taught.

M. STANSFELD.

The Old and the New Education.

Ni fedrent gyfrif fawr, ac ni fedrent ddarllen dim, na thorri eu henwau, na thynnu llun. Ond yr oeddynt yn adnabod llais pob aderyn, gwyddent enw pob blodeuyn, yr oeddynt yn hoff o'u gilydd ac yr oeddynt wedi dysgu dweyd y gwir.—O. M. EDWARDS.

THIS is an optimistic age. The eloquence of the scientific seer has fallen upon us.

We listen with unctuous complacency to his words as he tells us that this is the age towards which all creation has moved, and that this great upward march of humanity has culminated in us—you and me—the last triumphs

of Nature! Whatever exists must be good; for it has "*survived*." Its existence has justified its appearance. And so we sum up our assets in the balance of life and find that we are thoroughly solvent. Automatically we frown at the pessimist who comes along and shakes his head and dolefully insinuates that physically, at any rate, we are fast degenerating. "Your schools," says the pessimist, "are sapping rapidly the physical vitality of the race. Look at the physical sterility of your thinkers and the stunted forms of your city school-children!

Cities themselves can and do kill a family in three generations; with the schools they will do it in two." I do not intend worrying you, my dear reader, with a general criticism of modern life; but I do want you to spend a short time with me comparing education or training in the olden days with the training of to-day, more particularly the training of our little ones.

We are told that these Welsh children of long ago knew the voice of every bird and the name of every flower. They were trained to love each other and the truth. Can as much be said of our modern training—a couple of thousand years later? Some of us think that we have been in this respect progressing backwards!

How many of our schools teach children to know the songs of the birds and the names of the flowers? It is true that "object lessons" are given ostensibly for this purpose amongst others; but some of us know how often the spirit of Pestalozzi flies from these displays, affrighted at the unforeseen developments of his beneficent endeavours. As for teaching our tiny ones the Golden Rule and to love the truth, our time is so full of controversy as to catechisms, religious instruction, &c., that there is left but scant opportunity to cultivate the moral side of the child. Our religious difficulty (even though it be but the creation of a disordered imagination) has stifled moral culture, and the teacher is so hemmed in by sectarian jealousies that he dare not speak with unfettered mind to the child of these things which are so essential to right living.

We have taken from the trainer his most efficient tool for character-building—namely, the moral basis of a sound curriculum. Not catechisms, so much as sound morals, are needed. Surely the teacher is *in loco parentis*, and, if you give him your child to train, then trust him all in all. Let us not limit the teacher's endeavour to the training of mechanical dexterity in the manipulation of figures. The school should be not merely a place for the acquiring of certain more or less useful arts; but it is a shop in which characters are chiselled out—not by the teacher, remember, but really by the child himself. An educational system which ignores moral culture is worse than useless—it is fatal to high ideal and fine character. A school which does not lay greater emphasis on "right living" than on "right thinking" cumbereth the ground. And the foundation of this "right living," this only satisfactory

system of training, is an intimate knowledge and love of Nature. Perfect life is life in harmony with its environment—*i.e.*, Nature. All imperfection of character is a discordance—a lack of harmony between man and Nature. And remember that many, if not most, of these discordances or imperfections are due to ignorance of Nature.

Ignorance, rather than being an excuse, is a crime in the eyes of Nature. Hence our fathers found by sad experience (that best of teachers) how necessary it was for them to know Nature in her diversity, and so their system of training arose.

Where are we? Our system of training is not sufficiently natural: it is too artificial—so much so that, perhaps, much of the disease and unhappiness in all forms to-day is due to this system itself, which is a relic of that mediæval scholasticism that deified the word and degraded the thing. The handiness of old-world manhood, the instinctive resourcefulness of old-world motherhood, the bright gladness of old-world youth, and the curiosity and inquisitiveness of old-world childhood have all disappeared, leaving in their place but the precocious *gamin* with his face full of weariness and his mind lacking altogether the sprightly vivacity of old-time children. Words, words, filling the heads of the little ones with clattering cymbals instead of with real thoughts, real ideas. The children are as visitors to Ghostland, wandering amid intangible shadows and hollow noises. By their dulled eyes, their weary voices, one sees how they long for the grasp of some kindly hand that will lead them out of this immaterial plantasmagoria, out into the world of things.

We must hark back again to Nature. Despite the preaching of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel, we are in some respects as far away from a natural system of training as ever. Let us return to our fathers' ideals. We must lead our little ones out into the fields; we must wander with them up hill and down dale, by rushing rivulet and receding tide. Our hill-sides shall be our class-rooms sometimes; there we will train them to know and to love every flower that blooms and every wind that blows; they shall watch the fleecy cloud scudding across the sky, and the timid hare and wily fox shall be friends who will tell them tales of Nature-wisdom. So shall our children come to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—that trine aspect of an

eternal one-ness. The voice of the birds shall be more than music to them—it shall be an inspiration to better things. They shall know, and so love, their land; out under the blue sky we will tell them stories of how the good Lady of Snowdon lived and Llywelyn died; poems of Ceiriog and Islwyn shall we give them, as dear treasures of the mind; songs, too, rich and melodious as the babbling of mountain streams shall be theirs; all that our land can give our children—its children—let it give. Do not let our children imagine that their land has nothing to give them; what it cannot give, nought else can. We will show them how the plant that does not send its rootlets deep down into the earth is torn away by the first gust of wind; whilst its neighbour, with its roots reaching deep into the soil, stands gently swaying to the winds of heaven. Instead of repeating “twice two are four,” they shall count for us the petals of the primrose or the rays of the starfish.

Instead of bothering their little minds with

the horrors of an artificial alphabet, we will show them all things that are beautiful around them and tell them the name of each; then, perhaps, some day we will tell them of deeds that were good and noble, and so they will come to recognize and to know, and, perchance, to do them. And as for other things, we will teach them to know the different shapes of leaves and different colours of birds; and they shall draw these forms in the sand of the sea-shore or playground, and, perhaps, later on, with pencil and crayon.

Let us, finally, give up the idea of a standard coinage in education; Nature refuses definitely to allow her diversity to be obliterated by any system, however mechanical. Let us, further, give up the idea that our children are grown-up folk; we then shall see how foolish it is to talk to them in the language and thought of adults—to expect them to recognize religious truths and dogmas which even adults, to judge by their actions, have not yet been able to appreciate to the full.

R. E. H.

From Old Students.

SOME BIRDS OF ARGENTINA.

I HAVE just returned from a long visit to an *estancia*, in the Southern part of Argentina. The *estancia* itself is sixty-six miles from the nearest railway station, and we drove that distance in a *galea* (as the coach is called), taking from 3 a.m. till 6 p.m. to accomplish it.

But the beauty of the “camp” when we arrived was worth any journey, however tedious. The *estancia* is surrounded by natural woods, and in every direction are large spaces of standing water. It is of the denizens of wood and water that I should like to tell you, but, of course, in an unscientific way. I remember the first evening riding on horseback quietly through a *laguna* to a place where the birds would probably be preparing for night. It was a glorious sight—the sun setting over the distant camp, casting a crimson glow on the water, and just beside us countless flocks of birds—waterfowl of all kinds and sizes, spoonbills, storks, herons, egrets, seagulls, tern, duck, geese, swans, and others. Suddenly, catching sight of us, they all rose, a glorious mass of colour, calling and screaming to one another; but shortly after all settled down again.

One of the most curious birds is the “chaja.” It is peculiar to Argentina, and is classified among the screamers. At a distance it is somewhat like a small ostrich, of a slaty-grey-blue colour, with longish thick pink legs, and feet armed with sharp claws. On each wing it has two curious sharp horns, which are apparently of little use. Its nest is placed among the reeds

of the *laguna*, and the young swim quite well. It obtains its name from the peculiar call—“cha-ha-a.”

It seemed almost unreal to see spoonbills and storks in their own element. A flying spoonbill is most beautiful, as all the shades of the plumage are shown to perfection. The upper surface is pink, tinged on the wings with crimson; the under surface is a deeper shade of pink; the neck is white, and the tail a beautiful orange. Unlike the chajas, which are usually seen in couples, spoonbills are nearly always in flocks. I have seen between forty and fifty standing by the water's edge together.

The beautiful white egret is, I believe, South American. It is pure white, and, I think, perhaps more graceful than any bird I have seen. When flying, its beautiful long white neck is curved backwards over the back; when standing, the head is held erect. The birds usually are gregarious, like the spoonbills. The egret at once reminded me of that ludicrously stately and solemn bird the stork. There are two kinds, the ordinary stork, and another with a dark head and white body and wings. These birds are always in pairs; if one bird happens to be alone, one has only to look up to see the mate soaring towards her. One must say soaring—a stork scarcely flies. He raises himself in the air by taking three little runs with outspread wings, then flaps his wings thrice and soars away, with his long pink legs held out stiffly behind him. Like the heron, when waiting for food he stands so stiff in the water he might be a stone, until he sees some tit-bit;

then snap goes his long beak, and he is very much a hungry stork. The herons I saw were all small, and of a uniform slate-grey colour.

But the swans and the geese! Flocks of them, making the water look absolutely dream-like—there they were, gliding about among the little water-fowl and duck and snipe, looking like beautiful fairy princesses. There were simply thousands of them—nor were they voiceless.

The black-necked swan is peculiar to South America. Its neck is a beautiful blue-black, all the rest of the plumage being white. It gives a peculiar harsh cry, and, on the wing, a guttural note. Its nest is built among the reeds, and is large and muddy.

The geese are quite white except for the black tips to the wings; in other respects they resemble the black-throated swan. The flight of a swan is unmistakable—the head thrust forward, the legs straight behind, and

the wings flapping heavily. The swan is not graceful on the wing, but on the water it is without a rival.

We saw a few beautiful flamingoes. The plumage is of varied colours. The neck is pale pink, the back and chest are white, the wings rose-pink and tipped with black. We were told that sometimes the flamingoes were to be seen in large flocks.

Another bird peculiar to Argentina is the “teru-teru,” one of the lapwings. It is considered a great nuisance, as it makes a great deal of noise, and also, one sometimes dashes up suddenly in the face of the horse of a rider, and flies off screaming “teru, teru, teru.”

I hope I have managed to give you a slight idea of the beauty and charm of the birds among the *lagunas* of Argentina. In my next paper I will speak of the equally beautiful birds of the woods.

C. A. CLARKE.

Reviews and Notices.

The School and Society. By Dr. J. Dewey, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Chicago, U.S. (University of Chicago Press. London: P. S. King & Co.)

This little book consists of three lectures “delivered before an audience of parents and others interested in the University of Chicago Elementary School.” We are glad to see the day when a professor of philosophy and pedagogy claims a place for an elementary school—including Kindergarten—in the front rank of University activities. “We want,” says Dr. Dewey, “an intimate union here, so that the University shall put all its resources at the disposition of the elementary school, contributing to the evolution of valuable subject-matter and right method, while the school, in turn, will be a laboratory in which the student of education sees theories and ideas demonstrated, tested, criticized, enforced, and the evolution of new truths.”

Pioneers in education, then, are no longer to be left to struggle single-handed against custom, prejudice, ignorance, and lack of means; the assistance and support of the most advanced scientific thought of the age, the wealth and prestige of great Universities, are to be at their service—at the service, that is to say, of the child. Surely, by thus establishing centres of recognized and responsible leadership, much should be secured towards an enlightened and stable educational progress.

Some writer has said that the English people will not accept new wine unless it is put into old bottles; and we fear that the term “new education,” used by Dr. Dewey to express the reconstruction of school methods and curriculum demanded by the rapidly changing social conditions of these latter days, may prejudice English readers against his theories. Anything in theory emphasized as new we are apt to conceive as prob-

ably either visionary or unnecessarily revolutionary. Now, the reconstruction of elementary education that is taking place at the present time in America springs, to a large extent, from the efforts of the most intelligent and far-seeing members of the community to prevent occasions for revolution, for social catastrophes.

They think that the schoolroom of to-day—its limited and formal activities, its narrow circles of thought, its cultivation of passivity and receptivity—does not tend to fit the child adequately to take his place as an active, thoughtful, self-controlled member of a complex democratic society. In Dr. Dewey's words, “the school has subordinated living to learning”; the new education must reverse this, and make the schoolroom a scene of stirring child-life: “living primarily, learning through and in relation to living.” “Upon the ethical side, the tragic weakness of the present school is that it endeavours to prepare future members of the social order in a medium in which the conditions of the social spirit are eminently wanting.”

Thus, the centre of gravity in this elementary schoolroom is changed from reading and writing, with so-called intellectual pursuits, to industries. Cooking, weaving, sewing, carpentry, gardening, the making of things useful to the community, arouse and direct the energies of the children; while out of these occupations spring incessantly problems that call for investigation in the discussion class or experiment in the laboratory. Comparisons instituted between their work and its results, and similar occupations as carried out by various races, furnish opportunities for the beginnings of historical investigations.

It is interesting to note how greatly this important educational experiment has been influenced by modern investigations into anthropology. Froebel, for instance, perceived the

universality of the weaving process and its educational value. Dr. Dewey can command the whole range of weaving industries—from the grass mat of the savage to the richest Eastern carpets and silks—from which to select patterns and material for his children. Similarly, the life of primitive races has suggested how to direct usefully the building instincts of the child and his tendency to model in sand and clay; while the first historical studies take the form of constructing in detail the conditions of different forms of savage life.

It is in this direction that the follower of Froebel will note the greatest divergence from Froebelian methods, and the question then arises:—Had Froebel lived in this century, and followed with keen enthusiasm the reconstruction of old, and investigation of new, sciences, consequent on the application of the principle of evolution—a principle which, however dimly seen, nevertheless greatly influenced his own system of thought—would he not have shot ahead of all other educationalists in gathering new material and adjusting new methods? We quote a passage from the final paragraph of the book to show how essentially harmonious is the spirit of this "new education with that we know as Froebelian":

The everyday work of the school shows that children can live in school as out of it, and yet grow daily in wisdom, kindness, and the spirit of obedience—that learning may, even with little children, lay hold upon the substance of truth that nourishes the spirit, and yet the forms of knowledge be observed and cultivated; and that growth may be genuine and thorough, and yet a delight.

The Secondary School System of Germany. By Prof. F. E. Bolton. (Edward Arnold.)

Now that English statesmen are beginning to take as the subject of their public addresses the inferiority of education in England to that in other countries, as Lord Rosebery did at Glasgow last November, we educationists may hope that the slow-moving people of this country may at last be stirred to take steps to improve their system of education. But there is a great deal to be done before we shall see any satisfactory results, and we must first instruct our masters, the electors, before we can expect the Governments—whether imperial or local—to do their duty. Englishmen are, as a rule, so self-satisfied, and have such a good conceit of themselves, that they are very slow to believe that any other people can do better than they do in anything whatsoever. But of late years the logic of hard facts has been forcing upon them the recognition of their inferiority to foreigners in their educational systems, and, if those who are in earnest on the subject would only read and study the books which Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing in his "International Education Series"—of which the volume under present notice is the latest—they would better understand the reasons and the remedies for that inferiority. The series is edited by Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Edu-

cation, and to those who know him, if only by reputation, the fact that he gives personal attention to every single volume of the series is a sufficient guarantee of its trustworthiness and excellence.

It would require several pages of this magazine to deal adequately with the subject of the book under notice, which, so far as we know, is the only book in the English language which gives a *comprehensive* account of the secondary school system of Germany. Many people know something about it, and talk glibly about *Gymnasien*, *Realschulen*, and *Mittelschulen*, as if they knew all about them, because they happen to be able to pronounce their German names. But even these, if they will read Prof. Bolton's book, will find out how little they know of the system embodied in those schools; while to those who are now seriously devoting their attention to the important question of secondary education in England, his lucid account of the German system, his wise and impartial criticism of its merits and faults, and his eminently scientific treatment of the subject ought to prove invaluable.

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The Message of Froebel, and other Essays. By Nora Archibald Smith. (Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co.)

We are always glad to have help in doing the very best for our children, but some of us on this side of the Atlantic feel rather ashamed at times to find that so much of what seems best and most suitable comes from America. It is rather restoring to our self-respect, in reading this little volume by such a well known writer as Miss Nora Smith, to find that we can *give* as well as take. It is not at all a matter of jealousy, but life ought to show, and, if we are educationally alive, we should express ourselves.

"The Message of Froebel" is a collection of short essays, after the style of Miss Smith's "Children of the Future," and two of these show much appreciation of the original work being done by "Sister Grace," in Bermondsey. One paper is on "The Guild of Play," and one on "The Guild of Brave Poor Things."

The essay on "Our Nursery Tales" is very interesting, as well as useful, and shows a wide knowledge of literature for children. Other essays are "The Message of Froebel," a witty, though earnest, answer to Mr. Stephen Glynn's article in the *Cornhill* on the modern parent: "The Spirit of Reverence," "The Unsocial Child," "Dame Nature's Play-School"—all helpful and pleasant reading.

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Old English Singing Games. Collected by Alice B. Gomme and illustrated by Edith Harwood. (Geo. Allen.)

Mrs. Gomme's books require little advertisement, and this new collection is as charming as the older one. Miss Harwood's illustrations are particularly quaint, and are sure to please the children. As for the games themselves, opinions

will differ as to whether or not they are the best play material for children; but there cannot be two opinions on the subject of their value historically, or as to the propriety of rescuing and preserving them. They are a mine of wealth to those who are engaged in "Guilds of Play," where the great numbers make spontaneous games an impossibility; and it is interesting to see that the book is dedicated to Mrs. Kimmins, "who has made so many children happy by means of these old games."

Some of the games are very old friends, such as "Nuts in May" and "Oranges and Lemons." Others, we fancy, are not at all well known; for example, "Booman," which is most interesting as introducing funeral ceremonies, though we should never think of introducing such a game to children. "Draw a Pail of Water" is one of the prettiest traditional games we have seen, and this and "The King of Barbaree" should be great favourites, the latter having special attractions for small boys.

Mrs. Gomme gives very plain directions for playing the games, and the music is well harmonized, without in the least spoiling the simplicity which makes the tunes so attractive to children. The book is very handsomely got up, and there is no necessity for tiresome peering at words or music to the detriment of eyes and temper. We imagine many a copy must have been sold during Christmas week.

The Child's Song and Game Book. Part V. By H. Kentley Moore, Mus. Bac., B.A. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Mr. Keatley Moore's books are so well known and so indispensable that they are almost beyond criticism; and this new part contains one or two songs which will meet with a particularly warm welcome. We have been longing for a "Coal Miner" game for years, and here is one with plenty of action. "Skating"—which we were kindly allowed to publish in *Child Life*—is already a favourite in some Kindergartens. A "May Day" song will also prove most useful; and "The Weathercock" should make a good game. Another song which the children will love is "A Water Riddle," with its reference to all the forms water can assume, and its chorus of "Water, water; nothing but water." We are not sure about "Dolly's Doctor," as play with a doll seems to us to belong to free play among a few children; and the drama of "Dolly's Illness," with its old-fashioned slate-pencil powders and new-fashioned taking of temperatures, is one that wants material and scope for conversation, and should not be tied down to the limits of a set game.

But, just because we use Mr. Moore's "Child Song and Game Book" so constantly, we would venture to suggest that less elaboration would be a boon. The songs sometimes have too many verses; there is very often a change of key and of time, and the song is sometimes too dependent on an accompaniment. We think the songs that children love best are those which are short and

simple, with possibly a good deal of repetition or chorus. Those are the songs that children sing in play-room or cloak-room, and the songs which the mothers ask leave to copy, for "Connie is always singing it at home."

Free-Arm Drawing for Infants. By John H. Stevens. (Price 3s. 6d. net. Philip & Son.)

This book claims rather too much in its title, but it may give teachers a good many hints in the right direction. The work in chalk is good, but we see little need for the chequer lines. Mr. Stevens says, in his preface, that the squares he has seen used in infants' schools were too small, and that he has followed the advice of teachers and inspectors in enlarging these squares to one inch. Certainly the enlarging is an improvement, but we think it is a pity that chequers were used at all. In his introduction Mr. Stevens makes some sensible remarks about "niggling" work, and the chequers are apt to produce just what he fears, and to take away the freedom he desires. The best copies seem to us those which are round or ovate, e.g., ball of wool, potato, apple, &c., which are to be worked round and round somewhat after the fashion in which a little child scribbles when he is really free.

The other objects are familiar enough, no doubt, and will please the children; but the representation is that of an adult—not the result of a child's observation. Probably Mr. Stevens is afraid to depart too far from the accustomed path, but there is still far too much convention; and too much accuracy is required in most of these copies to fairly deserve the name of *free-arm drawing*.

The Child's Picture Grammar. By Rosamund Praeger. (George Allen.)

This book is a piece of excellent fooling, which will appeal to grown-up people much more than to children. Young and old alike will be delighted with the illustrations. Since the Grin of the Cheshire Cat, of "Alice in Wonderland" fame, we have not seen anything more fascinating than Miss Praeger's "Abstract Nouns." Parents who buy this book will not be disappointed; but they will soon discover that it is not intended for the schoolroom.

Inductive Geometry for Transition Classes. By H. A. Nesbitt, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

In the preface we are told that this little book is intended for children of eight to twelve years of age. We are thus enabled to understand Mr. Nesbitt's use of the word "transition," which, to a great many teachers, describes the bridge from Kindergarten to first form. The exercises and problems are arranged in very satisfactory sequence, and the wording is admirable in its simplicity and clearness. We heartily recommend this contribution to class-room works on inductive methods, and we believe it will be found very useful to Kindergarten students and lower-form mistresses.

Object-Lessons in Elementary Science for Standards I.—III.

By A. H. Garlick and T. F. G. Dexter, B.A., B.Sc. (Longmans.)

This is a new edition of a valuable collection of notes of lessons, the subjects of which are selected from the circular of the Education Department dealing with

object-teaching. The lists of apparatus and of localities for outdoor work are most useful, and the small illustrations excellent in their way. The suggestions for special work in observation are good, but the dangers of the "information lesson" and of hasty generalization are all too evident. The "common things" of Nature are made all too common when they are treated mainly from the point of view of lessons in language and form. We want more life and love, and a more living realization of the connexion of structure and function; but this will depend upon the teacher who can wisely make use of the hints and suggestions supplied in these handy little books.

The Story of London. By E. S. Symes. (Edward Arnold.)

We heartily recommend to our readers this admirable little history of London. Parents and teachers will find it exceedingly useful in arranging for excursions in Town; for, while they themselves go to the larger books of Loftie, Hare, and Besant, their boys and girls will find this a very readable guide and companion. They will come across many of the old stories of the general English history; but to find them in their local connexion will add to them fresh life and interest.

The Junior Temple Reader. Edited by Clara Linklater Thomson and E. E. Speight, B.A. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

This is a collection of folk and fairy stories, children's poetry, play rhymes, and animal stories for school and home reading, and is a most admirable attempt to introduce children to some of the best literature of the world. The material has been chosen chiefly from classic sources, and with due regard to intelligibility and simplicity of language. The editors have endeavoured to preserve in some degree the spirit and grace of the originals. The illustrations and the type are excellent, and we rejoice to welcome such an addition to our school library.

A Short History of Ancient Greece. By Henry Johnstone. (Nelson & Sons.)

This little book, as the author tells us in his preface, "contains absolutely nothing original except the *mistakes*." He has made great use of Mr. Oman's excellent short history, and has contrived to get into a still smaller space a children's version of the imperishable story. The book is copiously illustrated, and is written in a simple and interesting style. We are inclined to take up Mr. Johnstone's suggestion of "the *mistakes*, which are my own," and to ask whether it is not indeed a *mistake* to present history to children in this compressed form. Surely, for school work at this elementary stage we shall not need a text-book of this kind, but vivid and dramatic pictures of men and manners, given by a teacher who has gone to original sources for his material. And, for a child's own reading, shall we not rather lead him to Homer and Plutarch than offer such an uninspiring view as that contained in a short history?

The Story of Alfred the Great. Told by Walter Hawkins and Edward Thornton Smith. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

This little book is written to bring before the general reader an account of the great King, the thousandth anniversary of whose death we shall this year commemorate. The story is told with care, and with calm and loving admiration of the man who, alone of all our English sovereigns, is called "the Great," and who might, with equal appropriateness, be termed "the Good." Authorities have been consulted, and nothing is set down as fact without careful verification; but the commonly accepted stories are told as giving us the

popular impression made on men by Alfred's life and character. The illustrations are good and the type excellent.

Philips' Typical Object-Lesson Pictures. (George Philip & Son.)

Series II. consists of a set of six diagrams in illustration of Plant Life, under the following headings:—(1) Different kinds of Roots; (2) Different kinds of Stems; (3) Shapes of Leaves; (4) Flowers and their Parts; (5) Different kinds of Fruits; (6) How Seeds are Scattered. The drawings are carefully executed, and the colouring is, on the whole, good. Teachers who cannot prepare their own diagrams will find these sheets of great value, and we heartily recommend them to our readers.

Barbara's Song Book. By Cécile Hartog. Pictures by John Hassall. Words by Ellis Walton (George Allen.)

This is a book which, in its dainty picturesque elaborateness, its pretty assumption of infantile airs, its carefully contrived simplicity, will charm many grown-up people. All the little folk will love its pictures; some will enter into its thoughts; a few will possibly accomplish its graceful tunes. But the difference between it and such a book as J. W. Elliott's "Nursery Rhymes," for instance, is essentially that between the modern pantomime and the stage version of "Alice in Wonderland." The one is the work, and, occasionally, very delightful work, of a grown person who has essayed the task of amusing children; the other is the work of a grown person who has for a time become a child again—a child with wonderful gifts of imagination and skill, but yet a true child. The children are, of all people, quick to see the difference, and, besides the children, perhaps the students of Kindergarten methods. Other good people will wonder why so pretty a thing, so simple, so child-like, fails to win the hearts of the little ones. For this book appears to have these merits, and for grown-up use we may warmly commend it. Those delightful Watteau-style china shepherds and shepherdesses—do we not all love to possess them, though we know perfectly that they are not the real thing? So here, much as we enjoy them, Miss Hartog's subtle harmonies, and flats and sharps, and dots and jumps, are only cleverly masquerading as simple; and Miss Walton's artificial thoughts in elaborately plain words belong to an un-Froebelian world, where, as she tells us:

"Lessons are easy
And sums come all right,
Where dolls ne'er get broken
Nor boys ever tease."

A dream-world, where children even dream that they can exist without their mother! It is these girl-children who "wear their best dresses whenever they please," and coquet with boys, and learn lessons and "sums"—the children of the rapidly passing sophisticated type for whom "Barbara's Song Book" is written and thus splendidly produced. "Some would choose fair Phyllis," others see where "the primrose opens wide its starry eye"—all wear their best dresses, none go to the Kindergarten. The pictures by John Hassall are altogether delightful, however—his work rings true. Jack Frost painting the window-pane, the children blown by the wind, the dogs racing after the hat, the little girl being put to bed by her mother, and the rest, are one and all a joy to see. They have the real simplicity of colour and line that children love—a simplicity only gained, as we well know, by an infinitude of pains. *Somma ars est celare artem.*

Battledore and Shuttlecock. By Chris. G. Berlyn.

(Both Notations. Curwen & Sons. 1s.)

This book is, on the whole, an attractive collection of twelve Kindergarten games. Some of the subjects are specially well chosen, as "The Blackberrying Excursion," "The May Queen," and "The Seaside"; and experience tells us that there is no doubt as to the children's enthusiasm in playing about railway stations and trains, skating, snowballing, and the work of the Fire Brigade. The words, however, are in many cases disappointing; the lines seem to suffer from the necessity of rhyming, and, though spoken words in games are sometimes a natural addition, and we see no objection to these being in verse, the short recitations given here with every game suggest monotony. From the way in which many of the games end, it would seem that their performance before an audience is being kept in view. In two cases the need of a meal forms the excuse for finishing the game, while suggestions for the exit of the children are given. The music is simple and tuneful, but wanting in variety. The element of monotony is again introduced by the frequent passing of voice and accompaniment into unison.

English History. By E. S. Symes. (Edward Arnold.)

This little book will certainly fulfil the author's intention, and awaken the interest of boy and girl readers. The illustrations are excellent, and the choice and arrangement of material are, on the whole, good. We especially commend the frequent reference to great works of literature, and are grateful for this enforcement of the principle that history and literature should go hand in hand, each helping to reveal the other.

Picture-Books for Little Children. (Nelson & Sons.)

It is not the fault of publishers like Messrs. Nelson & Sons if little children of the present day do not have good books. Before us lie five of what the little ones call "picture-books," in which the illustrations are excellent in drawing and colour, tell their own stories for the babies who cannot yet read, and depict subjects which interest every child. The "reading" (as the children call it) attached to the pictures is simple, clear, and natural, and any stories contained in the books deal with children's subjects in children's ways. Judging by the impression made by these books on our own little ones, we feel sure that their authors have children of their own, and know just what children like. The titles of these five books are: "A Happy Family," "Baby's Picture Gallery," "The Iron Horse," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "The Farmer's Friends."

The Young Paper Toy Maker. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

When we opened this book, our fingers itched to start at once colouring the pictures and cutting out the figures and making them stand up; but we resisted the temptation, because we had no children with us at the time. On the very first opportunity that presented itself—a wet day, when the little ones had to stay indoors—we set to work, with the result that we found in the book what we were told to expect, viz., "a delightful occupation for children of all ages." The book contains twenty-five pages, on each of which are several different figures and designs, and with it is supplied a box of Brown's crayons—all for the price of one shilling!

The Grey Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

This is the sixth of the delightful series of fairy books which Mr. Andrew Lang has edited and Messrs.

Longmans have published, and it is as interesting as its Blue, Red, Green, Yellow, and Pink sisters are. The tales in this volume are derived from many countries—some, even, from various parts of Africa. Perhaps they are more gruesome than the simpler tales in the other volumes, and more suited for adults than children, on whose impressionable little minds some of the horrors might have too strong an influence. But they are delightfully told, and are fascinating in their vivid verisimilitude, while the illustrations by H. J. Ford are marvels of fancy and exquisite in execution.

The Romance of the Earth. By Prof. A. W. Bickerton. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

In this little book of 180 pages Prof. Bickerton tells in clear and simple language the wondrous tale of the origin of this terrestrial globe, its beginning, formation, and growth; of the processes of life, both animal and vegetable; of the marvels of the human body, so "fearfully and wonderfully made"; of evolution, which solves the secret of the connecting links in the great organic chain of life. In his modest preface he admits that "most of the statements (in the book) are the accepted truths, many of them the commonplaces, of science." But they are not so familiar to the man in the street, or the general reader, or even to the ordinary trained teacher, that such a narration of them as Mr. Bickerton gives loses any of its "romance" in the telling. What the verdict of the trained scientist might be we know not. But for us—that "reading public" whose favourable verdict he specially hopes to receive—this little volume is full of interest, instruction, and delight.

- (1) *How to use Plasticine as a Home Amusement.* By Wm. Harbutt, A.R.C.A. (Chapman & Hall.)
- (2) *Plastic Methods for Plastic Minds.* By Mrs. Wm. Harbutt. (Chapman & Hall.)

These two little books are designed to serve as simple guides in the art of modelling. The former, which is by the inventor of Plasticine, not only gives general directions for the use of that material, but specific instructions for the production of twenty-eight models, each of which has a full-page illustration to itself; so that the amateur, whether child or adult, can produce the modelled object with comparative ease. The great advantage of this method of instruction is that the learner will find, as Mr. Harbutt tells us many of his pupils did, that he can model, though he never knew he could till he tried. From our own experience of several children to whom we gave a box of Plasticine we can bear this out.

Mrs. Harbutt's book is intended to be a manual for teachers. It contains a number of lessons, simply and clearly explained, and illustrated by well executed plates, which we have tested for ourselves and found fully adequate for the purpose of instruction.

A box of Plasticine in four colours, with board, tools, and other requisites, can be obtained from Mr. Harbutt himself or from his publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, for 2s. 6d. (2s. 10d. post free), and, with these books, would make a charming present for an intelligent child.

The Wild Animal Play for Children. By Ernest Seton Thompson. (David Nutt.)

"Let's play bears." We all know this time-worn expression of the nursery necessity to personify animals, and, the demand creating a supply, Mr. Seton Thompson has given us an organized and fully arranged wild animal play for the children to act. Whether an overcoat tossed over the back of a crawling boy, and the gaps filled in by imagination, would not serve the child's purpose as well, it would be ungracious

to inquire, and, from the adult point of view, it is a most welcome thing to have here, ready to hand, the wherewithal to amuse a large party of children with the holidays in front of them. It is all made very straight and plain. First, the seventeen characters are named and their costumes fully described, from the "Angel of the Wild Things" to "Vixen" (the fox), "Bingo" (the dog), and "Lobo" (the gray wolf), &c., &c. Then come full directions for stage settings and diagrams for positions, and, finally, the recitations, interspersed with reading parts for the smaller performers. The book, with its full illustrations and

incidental music introducing the animals' noises, leaves no point untouched.

Language Lessons for Junior Classes. (Edward Arnold.)

This is a cheap series of three little books containing exercises in spelling, transcription, word-forming, and sentence-forming, avoiding, as far as possible, the use of grammatical terms and grammatical rules. To a wise teacher who will apply the method and vary the matter, so that language lessons may not be isolated from the rest of the work and life of the school, these little books may be found useful.

Froebel Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

NOTES AND NEWS.

CONFERENCE.

We hope to publish full particulars of the Conference held on Thursday, January 10, in the next issue of *Child Life*.

LECTURES.

The following lectures have been arranged to be given during the Spring:—

"The Teaching of Natural Science to Children," by C. W. Kimmins, Esq., M.A., D.Sc., on Thursday, February 28, at 8 p.m.

"Reverence," by Claude G. Montefiore, Esq., on Wednesday, March 27, at 8 p.m.

Both lectures will be held at Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, W.C., and are free to anybody who is interested in education.

We may point out that Miss Stansfeld has kindly allowed us to publish her lecture on "Physical Education," which was delivered last September, in this number of *Child Life* (see page 40). Miss Yelland's lecture on "How can we begin the Teaching of History?" will be published in our April number.

CLASSES FOR KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

The Saturday classes for Kindergarten teachers and students at St. Martin's Schools, Charing Cross, recommenced on Saturday, January, 12, and will continue every Saturday

morning until March 30. Particulars of the classes are as follows:—

1. "Gifts and Occupations, and the Principles underlying them" (10.30 to 11.30). Lecturer, Miss Nuth (of the Camden House Training School for Kindergarten Teachers).

Syllabus of Course.—The Theory and Practice of Gifts 1 to 6, Tablets, Sticks, and Rings, also elementary work in Form and Number teaching.

2. "Blackboard Drawing" (11.45 to 12.45). Lecturer, Miss E. C. Yeats (author of several books on Brushwork, and lecturer on that subject at the Froebel Educational Institute).

Syllabus of Course.—The Human Figure, Cows, Horses, and all the larger Animals: Flowers in season.

Fees (payable strictly in advance): For one Course, 17s. 6d.; for both Courses, 27s. 6d.

No examination will be held, and no certificates awarded at the close of the session. The Classes are primarily intended for students who wish to take the Examination for the Elementary Certificate of the National Froebel Union in July, 1901. At the same time it should be clearly understood that the Classes do not cover the whole ground of the Examination. Their object is merely to supplement the private work of those students who are unable to go to a training college, and to give practical hints and suggestions to those who are already engaged in teaching.



Institute and Club Notes.

MICHAELIS GUILD AND FROEBEL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

DURING an unusually busy term two very successful students' concerts were given, under the able management of Miss Drake. The Debating and Dramatic Society has ceded its session in the interests of the National Froebel Union Examinations.

These trying solemnities over, the College immediately became a scene of festivity. On Thursday, December 13, through the kindness of Madame Michaelis, we all enjoyed a most delightful dance.

Mr. W. Mather, M.P., was present, and kindly addressed a few inspiring words to those students who have finished their college course, subsequently presenting to each a book of her own choice.

On Friday, December 14, the first-term higher students entertained the fourth-term students at a most enjoyable tea-party.

After a most bountiful and tastefully arranged tea a dramatic performance was given, entitled "Good for Nothing"—certainly a misnomer in the case of the performers. This was followed by dancing and games, the whole terminating with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

To many of our number the close of the year brings the ending of their college days—delightful days to which, in after life, they will always look back with much gladness, with some regrets, and with deep gratitude.

The date of the next Michaelis Guild meeting has been fixed for Saturday, January 19, at 3.30 p.m.

There have been two weddings this autumn among the members of the Guild. Miss Morna Carrick, whose energy and dramatic talent made her a valuable member of the Debating and Reading Society at College, was married at Ealing on Saturday, October 27, to Mr. Gilbert Stickland. The marriage of Miss Lilian Tebbutt to the Rev. S. Udy took place at Ewell on November 14.

We hear that Miss Dorothy de Grave, another member of the Guild, is now studying at Holloway College.

THE NATIONAL FROEBEL UNION.

THE following is a list of successful candidates in the examination held by the National Froebel Union in July last :—

ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE.

Certificate of Distinction.

Davies, M. R.	Knight, F. E.
Howell, M. B.	

Certificate.

A'Beur, J. M.	Barker, E.
Allen, M. K.	Barkworth, G. E.
Allen, F.	Bates, M. M.
Allen, E. M.	Bell, M. R.
Andrews, M.	Bevan, F. E.
Aston, N.	Biggs, I. W.
Austin, G. E.	Boesch, G. H.
Ball, S. C.	Boord, F. A. N.

Bowyer, L.	Kemp, E. M.
Brealey, A. F.	King, A. C.
Brown, M. A.	Langton, B. E.
Capstick, M.	Lawrance, H.
Cavill, G.	Lee, M.
Chambers, E. S.	Lett, E. M.
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THE SESAME CLUB.

THE year that is just opening has begun smilingly for the Sesame Club. The membership list is full, and the sphere of the Club's influence has touched its high-water mark. It is more and more becoming the home for discussion of problems, educational and otherwise. Here the parent's point of view can be brought closely into touch with the educator's point of view, and, each leaving the other, we may reasonably hope that good progress towards finding the best possible course in guiding our children will be made.

To further this end it is suggested that letters dealing with some of the difficulties and objections which parents feel to certain methods and school arrangements should be invited, and answered from the other point of view. This paper discussion, without nervousness or heat, will perhaps be even more helpful than the verbal debates, from which, owing to the fear of speaking in public, some thinking persons are debarred. We hope, therefore, in our next number to take a step in this direction.

The lectures and debates which took place in the October to December session were found very interesting, and were well attended. That on "Interpretations of Native Life in India," by Miss Margaret Noble (Sister Nivedita), gave us a view of India from within—from the native rather than the stranger's point of view. "Travels in Central Africa," by Mrs. French Sheldon, produced a very entertaining evening, and the lantern illustrations were good. A debate, opened by Canon MacColl, "That Moral Considerations cannot be legitimately divorced from Dramatic Art, including Novels," naturally led to animated discussion, "art for art's sake" finding supporters to combat the opener's points. The session closed with a most interesting illustrated paper on "Music in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, who gave point to the lecture by showing some of the musical instruments belonging to the period, and by having some charming old English songs sung.

At the meetings on Wednesday afternoons in the Ruskin Room, there were some noteworthy papers. Mr. A. Sonnenschein read a paper entitled "An Exposition of the only Method of Teaching to Read in English," in which he explained his well-known system. It was good to see notices in the daily papers drawing attention to this lecture; though it was somewhat trying to teachers who for so many years have followed this method to have it termed "new." Still it shows how long a thing takes really to permeate and be realized, and makes us sure that the aim of the Club in bringing these things to notice is good. Another interesting paper was on "Garden Cities: the way to Health, Prosperity, and Happiness," by Mr. Ebenezer Howard. Mrs. Ashton Johnson's paper, "That the Mother is not necessarily the best Trainer of her Children," naturally gave rise to animated debate.

The meetings of the British Child-Study Association (London Branch) are taking place on Friday evenings.

A most useful and interesting course of ten lectures by Prof. Earl Barnes on "Child Study," in which he will deal with the various types—the thinking, the moral, the working, the political child, &c.—will commence on January 15, at 8.30 p.m. (Fee, 10s. 6d. per course to members, who may buy tickets for friends.) This will be almost our last chance of hearing Prof. Earl Barnes, as he is about to return to America.

L. B. NEILL.

NOTES FROM THE MARIA GREY
TRAINING COLLEGE.

THE first term under our new arrangements has come and gone, and the work has been abundant and engrossing, full of interest and vitality. We have taught geography, grammar, and mathematics in our own school, and arithmetic and geography in the Board schools. Besides this, each student has had the opportunity of teaching a subject chosen by herself.

A feature of the term has been the regular courses of lessons given to classes of children, for our benefit, by the College staff. These lessons have been given both in our own school and in the boys' grammar school which has lately been built opposite the College. We have found it a great help to watch good continuous teaching, instead of occasional specimen lessons. Most of these courses will be taken by students next term.

Our laboratory has been fully equipped, so that satisfactory preparation for real science teaching is possible. We have a fair proportion of science students among us this year, and next term, among other subjects, experimental lessons will be given in the Board schools.

A new side issue has appeared in the form of a society called the Eustoplas, whose members consist chiefly of that very common type of person who used to be musical, but, from lack of time and energy, has had to give it up. The chief instruments in vogue have been the piano, violin, and human voice. Whispers of a 'cello have been reported.

The hockey club has secured a field near the College, and the team has been very energetic, though frequently much hindered by bad weather. In the match against the High School, at the end of term, the honours fell to the latter. Much help was given to new members by a lecture on the game from Miss Bramwell.

The Debating Society has done its best to call forth what oratorical powers lay in embryo. Non-professional subjects have formed the chief themes of discussion, and the session closed with an open debate on "Friendship," to which lecturers and non-members were invited.

A farewell was given by the present students to the out-going students just before the end of term; it took the form of a dramatic entertainment, "She Stoops to Conquer," by the Hall residents, and a dance. The histrionic abilities of the actors, their adaptability to their parts, and their very artistic and suitable costumes called forth great admiration and enthusiasm from the audience. The band of the Eustoplas ably contributed to the music.

BRITISH CHILD-STUDY ASSOCIATION,

THE seventh session of the Cheltenham Branch of this Association opened on October 14 with a lecture by the Rev. R. Waterfield, Principal of Cheltenham College, on "Public Opinion." Since then two meetings have been held. At the November meeting Prof. Muirhead, of Birmingham, lectured on "Psychology and Education"; and at the December meeting T. G. Tibbey, Esq., lectured on "Children's Fears."

Mr. Waterfield's lecture was an essay on that difficult subject, moral education, and referred chiefly to that stage of education at which public ethical opinion, especially the public opinion of the school community, acts as a drag on the work of the educator. In the earliest stages of life public opinion supplies the only

code of morals to which the child has to make its actions conform. But when the child becomes a member of a wider social circle than that of the family or the nursery, public opinion, which still endeavours to maintain its old position as arbiter in morals, usually becomes a hindrance to the moral progress of the individual. This question of the true position of public opinion in later moral education is a very important one, but it does not come within the scope of *Child Life* to discuss it in full.

Prof. Muirhead's subject was suggested to him by reading a recent work of Münsterberg's, "Psychology and Life." The aim of the Harvard Professor's work is, as he says in his preface, to separate the conceptions of psychology from the conceptions of our real life. Psychology, he says, "is not at all an expression of reality, but a complicated transformation of it, worked out for special logical purposes in the service of our life." Much of Prof. Muirhead's lecture was occupied with the exposition of this statement, and with a description in some detail of the scope and methods of modern psychology. The interest of the statement, from an educational point of view, lies in its corollary, that though "the science has a right to consider everything from its own important standpoint," it "has nothing to assert in regard to the interpretation and appreciation of our real freedom and duty, our real values and ideals." These are Münsterberg's own words, and Prof. Muirhead quoted him in another place as comparing the psychologist who attempts to give practical directions to the teacher with a chemist who should offer a thirsty man, instead of water, two balloons, one full of hydrogen and the other full of oxygen. Prof. Muirhead did not attempt to deny this criticism; but he nevertheless urged that it should not deter any teacher from reading psychology. In defence of this position there is, of course, the main ground that the teacher, in becoming a teacher, does not lose the right of choice of subjects of intellectual interest. But there are also special grounds on which such a course can be recommended. Psychology is the theory, the science, which specially belongs to education. If the teacher is to teach as an artist rather than as an artisan, as a mechanician rather than as a mechanic, he can only do so in virtue of a sympathy with, and a comprehension of, the higher theoretical bearings of his work. In this way the mind is lifted and takes a new view of life. As R. L. Nettleship used to say: "Science vivifies things." Again, a teacher cannot nowadays escape psychology; it is in the air, and if he has no psychological knowledge, there are plenty of false psychologies about ready to lead him astray. Witness the false notions about memory-training still current among us. Or, again, consider the schism in modern English education, the classical sides and the modern sides of the public schools, the divorce between scientific and literary education in our Universities. However great the practical and monetary value of this division, there is no doubt that our students lose much in consequence of it—their life is not so well worth living as it might have been. All this would have been avoided if men had had a clear conception of the important psychological principle of the unity of the human mind. An improvement even in the methods of the Kindergarten would result from a sounder knowledge of psychology. He remembered once visiting a Kindergarten where the children had two pigeons in the room with them. He asked the children about the birds, and found they had plenty of knowledge about their parts and attributes, their "accidents," so to speak; but they had no names for the birds themselves. This tendency to an excessive intellectualism, a tendency

noticeable in many departments of modern education, would be neutralized if a knowledge of sound psychological principles were more widely diffused.

The third lecture of the session gave the result, or some of the results, of an investigation which has been undertaken by the lecturer, Mr. T. G. Tibbey, and some other members of the London Branch into the subject of "Fear." Papers were collected from several London Board schools written in answer to the request: "Write about anything of which you have been afraid." Some 1,300 such papers were examined, and some 2,200 instances of fear were classified. Besides these 150 reminiscent papers were investigated. The fears were arranged in eight classes. The most numerous class, nearly half of the total, were fears of animals, and, strangely enough, *wild* animals were often mentioned as real objects of dread. This result can only be due to injudicious object-lessons or to objectionable picture-books. Of course, in a case like this, the *bona fides* of the confession may be doubted. But the reminiscent papers, written by people of a more advanced age, left no reason to doubt that English children do sometimes go about in daily dread of lions and tigers. Another numerous class of fears was made up of fears of natural phenomena, thunder and lightning being often mentioned, especially thunder; for noise seems especially terrifying to the young child. Only seven cases of fears connected with conscience or religion were named. Fears of persons formed an important class. These fears were often imaginary, and due to the harmful methods of parents and nurses, who often tell children absurd and libellous stories about policemen and sweeps and other respectable and beneficent members of the community. Fears like these are not characteristic of the poorest class of children. Old before their time, these little people fear with discretion and judgment. They fear a fire in their crowded tenements or an illness for their father or mother; but they look calmly on the muffin man or the policeman, and, as a rule, have little fear of the dark; for they are too much used to it. The conclusion of Mr. Tibbey's lecture and the discussion which followed dealt with a good many other interesting points in connexion with fear, its origin, and its remedies. For certain fears the evolution theory—or, at any rate, some theory of heredity—supplies the only possible explanation. Why do some children have such a dread of fur; and why are other children so frightened of birds? As regards the remedy for fear, opinions are divided. Repress the physical reaction, the trembling fit, the tendency to run away, say some, and the fear disappears. Not in all cases, say others; for instances are known of some fears being overcome by yielding to them. Again, fear in some forms is necessary. Awe and reverence, the feeling of the sublime, are all connected with fear. It is only certain kinds of fears that are to be eliminated. One of the ends of education—the end of education, according to Aristotle—is to learn to fear in due proportion.

NORLAND INSTITUTE.—The Norland Institute for the training of gentlewomen as children's nurses has been removed to 10 Penbridge Square, London, W. Any one wishing to make inquiries respecting the training of the nurses is asked to communicate with the Principal at the above address, the nearest station to which is Notting Hill Gate (Metropolitan and Central London Railways).

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SUCH, SUCH WERE THE JOYS
WHEN WE ALL - GIRLS & BOYS
IN OUR YOUTH-TIME WERE SEEN
ON THE ECHOING GREEN



THE ECHOING GREEN

CHILD LIFE.

VOL. III.

APRIL 15, 1901.

No. 10.

Reverence.*

HONOURED as I was by the invitation to give an address before this Society, I nearly refused it. While taking much interest in certain aspects of education, I do not know enough to qualify me to lecture about them. But when finally a subject was chosen for me, and I was told by two dear friends, one of whom is not far from me this evening, that I was not to make any more fuss, but to come and have done with it, I could hesitate no longer. I did not want to make a fuss. The subject-choosers were, after all, at least as responsible for my shortcomings as I, and the subject chosen was immensely fascinating.

Reverence — that “angel of the world,” as Shakespeare calls it! I wish I could have given weeks to the study of it instead of hours. My best advice to you would be that on another occasion you should try to get one or two other lectures about it from really distinguished people. I should like to hear two persons talk about reverence—the one a philosopher, the other a philologist. If you could get such a person as the late Prof. Steinthal, who was both, to double the parts, all the better. Why reverence wants a philosopher, such as Prof. Alexander, to do it justice, is sufficiently obvious. Let me tell you what I have in mind by the need of a

philologist. Perhaps one or other of you may be able to pursue a little philology of the sort I mean off his or her own bat. Even when pursued in a fragmentary and amateurish sort of way, can there be anything more delightful than to trace the origin or history of words, especially of ethical words, of words with deep meanings, with delicate shades of significance, of synonyms which yet are not quite synonymous? Take, for instance, the word “reverence.” We all have a sort of rough idea what we mean by it to-day. How interesting to see whether its use in the English language has always been the same! Has its significance been more carefully or delicately distinguished from other psychical states or ethical feelings (I fear my choice of words is wholly untechnical and unphilosophic) which lie near to it, or which partly overlap it? Has its meaning, on the whole, improved or degenerated? Then we come to its etymology. We all know that it is a Latin word, and that the very word, or almost the very word, which means “I reverence,” means also, and meant originally, “I fear.” How interesting, then, if a Latin scholar would trace for us, if this could still be done, the steps by which reverence grew out of fear!

Is *reverentia* used in Latin quite in the same way as “reverence” in English? What

* An address given to the Manchester Froebel Society in November, 1900, and repeated to the Froebel Society in London in March, 1901.

are the *nuances* of difference? Are they all in the direction of improvement, or have we let go and neglected any element of value?

Again, how is "reverence" rendered in other languages? Take Greek, the language of Sophocles and Plato. Here your classical scholar would tell you there is no one word which exactly translates our "reverence." Is not that in itself an interesting fact? But he would also tell you of the word *sebas*, which can express certain aspects of reverence, and of another delightful and fascinating word *aidôs*, which may sometimes be roughly rendered by "reverence," but which is often not translatable by any one exact English equivalent. That suggests the possibility that there may be elements in our word "reverence," or rather in the quality which the sound expresses, lacking in Greek morality; or, again, that there may be elements in their *aidôs* which are lacking in our own. Can we help to enrich the connotation of a word? Thus may philology become mixed up with practical ethics. Nor must we rashly say that the thing is wanting because the word is wanting or absent. Biblical Hebrew, for instance, has no special word for reverence. Yet would it not be grossly unjust to say that the religious heroes of the Old Testament merely feared God, and did not reverence him?

Once more, what are the equivalents for "reverence" in modern and living languages? Would not our philologist here also have many interesting things to tell us? Is it not suggestive that in Dutch and in German the word for reverence introduces us to a totally fresh conception—no longer fear, but honour—and that while in Dutch this new conception supplants fear altogether, in German the word is formed by a combination of the two—*Ehrfurcht*, honour-fear. The evolution of *Ehrfurcht* would probably not be quite the same as the evolution of "reverence," but it would be scarcely less interesting.

It is difficult to give a definition of "reverence," and, though I may quote those of others, I shall not attempt one of my own.

In the year 1873 Canon Liddon preached a fine sermon on reverence at St. Paul's. He there speaks of it as the "instinct of truth, recognizing a greatness which claims its homage." The definition of the late Prof. Sidgwick is not dissimilar: "Reverence is the feeling which accompanies the recognition of worth in others." Undoubtedly we have here a frequent and even predominant feature in the meaning of the word as we use it to-day: it implies a confession of personal inferiority, a willing admiration of superior greatness or merit. Hence reverence is the arch-foe of conceit, the ally of a noble humility. And as conceit is the greatest barrier to progress, and one of the vilest of human failings, we can see at once that to instil a proper reverence is a sovereign aim of all true education.

But, though reverence usually implies admiration, the two qualities are by no means identical.

We admire that which we do not reverence; we reverence that which we do not admire. And this holds good in both directions. We reverence God, but we cannot be said to admire Him; and, for different reasons, what is true of God is true of a child. Reverence may be directed towards that which is, in a certain sense, below, as well as towards that which is above us.

Again, admiration when directed towards persons is more comprehensive than reverence. We reverence character; we admire capacity. We may reverence a non-moral quality, as, for instance, mental power; but the person who is possessed of the power we reverence only if he combines with it moral worth. We admire Napoleon—we do not reverence him. We admire what we do not necessarily wish to imitate even if we could; reverence almost invariably implies an ideal for imitation. Pure reason and pure malevolence, if the two together are no contradiction in terms, would be the Devil.

Assuming that reverence can be directed towards that which, in ordinary language, is both above you and below you, let us consider, in the first place, the reverence for that which

is above. "Our want of reverence," says Canon Liddon, "for a greatness without us will be the exact measure of our incapacity for securing it within. To aspire to greatness you must sincerely own it."

Reverence for that which is above you. But in what sense above you? Better than you; or also wiser than you, more cultivated; or with fuller opportunities as well of richer endowments; or with greater power than you, in authority over you, of higher position, more exalted rank?

The reverence of one human being for another began by these various senses of "above" being more or less mixed up and confused together. The honour and fear which were paid to the gods were also shown to those in whom, according to the famous passage in "*Wilhelm Meister*," "God images and reveals Himself—parents, teachers, superiors."

Now let us take the simplest of these classes. No one could deny the propriety of reverence to parents, and that it not only should consist in admiration, but, still more essentially, in honour. If it need not, and should not, comprise the lower form of fear, it should certainly include respect, and even that higher and sublimated form of fear which may best be designated as *awe*. Reverence for parents is not merely a virtue or a feeling suitable for youth, but also, if the parents survive, for manhood. And is there a more painful inversion of what we feel to be a right human relationship than when this natural reverence becomes impossible; when there is nothing in the parents which the children can respect, and when the honour of father and mother is only mockery and emptiness? Hence parental responsibility. *Mutatis mutandis*, much the same can be said of teachers. We all agree that children should reverence their teachers; that is, that they should respect them, and honour them, and even feel towards them a certain awe, a certain frequent sense of personal inferiority.

But, now, how about "superiors"? Who is my superior? Why should I have a superior?

Superior in what? Authority and superior place were doubtless partly attained by qualities which provoked respect. The stronger arm, the cleverer brain, put one man before his fellow. But in process of time real distinctions either vanish or seem the product of chance. Why should I reverence you because you happen to be richer than I, better born, and, therefore, perhaps, better educated, set in authority for no virtue or for virtues not essentially your own, while, all the time, in grit of manhood and grace of goodness, I may be your true superior? As regards parents and teachers, it is, perchance, desirable that there should be a certain halo of illusion; but why extend illusion beyond its proper sphere? The obvious explanation is that reverence for superiors has been inculcated and fostered by themselves for their own benefit. Let the ruled reverence the rulers, and never change places with them. That is rulers' morality. But does not true superiority lie in moral worth and mental capacity, and in these alone?

The difficulties which are thus suggested may be better understood, and their flank may, perhaps, be turned, by the following considerations. True reverence is no badge of servitude, but a prerogative and a privilege of our common humanity. It implies humility, but it also suggests aspiration. "The objective exhibition of higher goodness," says Dr. Martineau, "is the most powerful means of developing the latent sense of it; secret shame and nobler hope for ourselves flow down upon us from the greatness and sanctity of our spiritual superiors; our personal ideal stretches wider like their own shadow with the stature of the beings we behold." Just because we often seek to imitate that which we reverence, it remains for us an ideal. There are persons whose capacities, qualities, or characters we cannot possibly hope to imitate at all. Everybody would realize the folly of not reverencing the genius of Tennyson or of Watts, although we are utterly incapable of imitating it. So, too, in the sphere of goodness there are heights to which we can only look up, but which we ourselves shall never reach. It is a sign of

a smug or vulgar soul to be only able to recognize such virtue as is within its own grasp.

Wordsworth says in the "Prelude": "What one is, why may not millions be?" There may be a sense in which the implied answer is correct, but there is also a sense in which it is false. Men are not equal, and the less must reverence the greater. There is a good ambition and there is a false ambition. To recognize one's limitations may be as great a duty as the restless struggle to improve and to progress. The stimulus of reverence may often consist, not in wanting to be other than we are in place or function, but in doing our own lowly duties well.

We have already seen that outside the strictly ethical sphere there may be qualities which we reverence, though we do not necessarily revere the persons who possess them. This fact can be applied to the conception of authority. The principles of law, of order, and of government are great creations of the human spirit. But, at first, man is unable to distinguish between the principle and the persons who represent it. If he is to respect law, he must respect the lawgiver; if he is to respect rule, he must respect the ruler. Not yet, moreover, has reverence disengaged itself from fear. Only after long ages and deep experience do these developments take place. Democratic Greeks defined citizenship as the capacity and prerogative of ruling and being ruled, nor, in the eyes of their greatest thinkers, was that man capable of ruling who had also not learned to obey. The same persons may frequently alternate in their positions of ruler and ruled; as, for instance, I shall respect that man's ruling as chairman to-day who himself will respect mine to-morrow. What he and I respect, and even reverence, alike, is the principle of order, of law, of authority. Hence Belarius, in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," is not unjustified, even in speaking of the worthless Cloten, when he says:

Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low.

And though the ruler may be himself not reverend, though he may exploit the ruled to his own advantage, this does not prevent us from rightly feeling reverence for the superior, where, as Plato would say, he is a true superior, where the principle, as it were, combines with the person, and the person is a noble exponent of the principle. Yet in the passage from the mere fear of authority to a due reverence of its principle, in the good fight against bad rulers and iniquitous laws, there is an almost inevitable confusion. The revolt against bad authority becomes a revolt against authority in general, and the loss of fear involves a distaste for reverence.

It is this transition which is alluded to by Carlyle in a fine passage of "Sartor Resartus." "True is it," he says, "that in these days man can do almost all things, only not obey." (This is a characteristic Carlylean exaggeration, adopted, as we shall see, by his great disciple, Ruskin.) "True, likewise, that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule; he that is the inferior of nothing can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of reverence; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious independence when it has become inevitable; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted. Or what if the character of our so troublous era lay even in this: that man has for ever east away fear, which is the lower; but not yet risen into perennial reverence, which is the higher and highest? Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the God-like did he ever stand irreverent, least of all when the God-like showed himself revealed in his fellow-man. Know that there is in man a quite indestructible reverence for whatsoever holds of Heaven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the dullest clodpole,

show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship."

But once more the question presents itself: what is "higher"? What is the standard? In the twenty-first letter of "Time and Tide," Mr. Ruskin says that "a highly-bred court lady, rightly instructed in politics and literature, is a much finer type of the human creature than a servant-of-all-work, however clever and honest." Should the servant-of-all-work reverence the court lady?

We have seen that, in the reverence of persons, giant intellect or artistic genius does not supply the place of goodness. We reverence the intellect, but not its owner. So far as goodness is concerned, may not the servant-of-all-work be quite as distinguished and admirable as the court lady? May it not be argued that for equal "goodness" the servant is more to be revered than the lady? For the one to "keep straight" is easy. She is shielded from temptations and dangers; her path is smooth; virtue is delightful; to the other, goodness may involve a hard struggle and cheerless days.

The difficulty is real, but partly depends upon an inaccurate confusion. We should, and we do, reverence the lowliest virtue; goodness in humble place may be of greater merit than goodness in exalted station. On the principle that we are to reverence what is different from ourselves—to reverence a virtue which we cannot ourselves exhibit—the virtuous queen should reverence the virtuous peasant. But the peasant must also reverence the queen, and this not merely because the queen or the court lady has her own temptations, or that more is expected of her, but for other reasons as well. The first is an old story. Excellence is not merely a question of marks. He who resists temptation and does not fall may deserve more marks than he who, under the same circumstances, is not tempted, and does not turn a hair; but the second is probably a far finer creature than the first. The noble woman who always does

the right thing from a sort of divine instinct—just because she is one of the triumphs of the good God's varied workshop—is without doubt a far finer creature than the common ruck of us, who, if we do right at all, only do it after a lot of thinking and bother and struggle and fuss. The final standard of the superior, and of what we ought to reverence, is God. But God is never tempted. He is always good without the smallest difficulty. Nor is this all. There is a secondly. Given the goodness, and everything else counts as well; nay, it even purifies the goodness and increases it. The total product becomes superior, more admirable, more to be revered. If you ask what is the standard, the reply can only be that it lies in the judging consciousness of the best; the old Aristotelian answer. If you say: Then the best make their own standard, and judge themselves, there can be no rejoinder. It is so, and it must be so. There is no other possible court of appeal. An Australian savage would probably disagree with our standards, or wholly fail to understand them, but none the less shall we assert with confidence that our "higher" is better than his "higher," and our ways than his ways. If he acts up to his lights, I suppose he would merit as good a seat in the heavenly theatre as Dr. Martineau or Mr. Watts; but, be that as it may, we shall regard *him* as lower and *them* as higher. He will only then cease to be a savage when he begins to recognize his own inferiority.

At this stage, and bearing what has just been said in mind, I should like to put before you some quotations from Ruskin. Let us hear him first on the *greatness* of reverence:—"This is the thing which I *know*—and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also—that in reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living—great among the dead—and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die."

And again:—"A man's happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties

of others than in confidence in his own. That reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him; all lower animals are happy and noble in the degree they can share it. A dog reverences you, a fly does not; the capacity of partly understanding a creature above him is the dog's nobility. Increase such reverence in human beings, and you increase daily their happiness, peace, and dignity; take it away, and you make them wretched as well as vile." These words seem to me (to use Mr. Ruskin's favourite adverb) entirely true and valuable, but when our author goes on to say that "for fifty years back [he is writing in 1871] modern education has devoted itself to the teaching of impudence," he seems to degenerate at a bound into nonsense. Perhaps Ruskin had not sufficiently appreciated the teaching of his own master, or realized that what he called impudence was only a necessary stage in the evolution of reverence out of fear. J. S. Mill's words are doubtless true, and they do not merely apply to one kind of subject or to one class of persons:—"They [the working classes] will become even less willing than at present to be led and governed and directed into the way they should go by the mere authority and prestige of superiors. If they have not now, still less will they have hereafter, any deferential awe, or religious principle of obedience, holding them in mental subjection to a class above them."

The moral which these words (quoted by Ruskin in holy but unnecessary horror) suggest is that, if artificial reverence is on the wane, all the more requisite is it for true reverence to be increased. It is all the more urgent that education should instil into or evoke from children a reverence for what is truly to be revered, so that what they lose in traditional deference they may gain in the higher reverence of spiritual realities. All the more necessary is it that every kind of ruler should realize his responsibility, and be a ruler in very deed. The days of reverence for mock rulers and evil governors have passed away. Yet none the less is Ruskin right when he says that "exactly in the degree in which you can

find creatures greater than yourself to look up to, in that degree you are ennobled yourself, and, in that degree, happy; for all real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence; and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain." With a grain of salt it seems also true to say that a man's "best happiness is to consist in the admiration of powers by him for ever unattainable, and of acts and deeds by him for ever inimitable." Nor do I see that there is any valid reason why I ought not to reverence a noble nature or a noble life, even though elements of chance and of good fortune have seemingly helped in its production. It may be hard lines that I have not had those opportunities and environments, but, hard lines or no, the result remains the same. My best chance of improving myself is to recognize the superiority of others.

Before the law all men may be equal, and, in a certain sense, before God they may be equal too, but the mark of noble manhood is to recognize not my equal, but my superior. That in station you are above me does not prove that I am essentially your inferior. But the opposite truth needs to be equally emphasized: superior in station may also possibly mean superior in worth. And, if it does mean it—even if through no merit of yours—then, if I reverence your worth, I am no snob, and, if I do not, I am a fool.

Both Carlyle and Ruskin made reverence an essential feature in all true education. "To enlighten this principle of reverence for the great," says the former, "to teach us reverence and whom we are to revere and admire, should ever be a chief aim of education (indeed it is herein that instruction properly begins and ends); and in these later ages perhaps more than ever, so indispensable now is our need of clear reverence, so inexpressibly poor our supply." In a more definite, and therefore more valuable, passage Ruskin gives us useful hints as to how this teaching is to be done:—"To teach reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things:

firstly, by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect; next, by gathering for them out of past history whatever has been most worthy in human deeds and human passion, and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances, making this the principal element of emotional excitement to them; and, lastly, by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge, as compared with the attainments of others." It is noticeable that in this passage Ruskin accidentally omits one great source for the teaching of reverence—the book of Nature. Elsewhere he makes good the omission, as where he tells us in "Fors" that "intellectual education consists in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope, and love. These are to be taught by the study of beautiful Nature, the sight and history of noble persons, and the setting forth of noble objects of action."

Let us now turn to a different aspect of reverence with the object of tracking out its essential features more clearly. Juvenal's aphorism is celebrated: "*Maxima debetur puero reverentia*." The maxim is at least as old as Plato. "Let parents," said the great Athenian philosopher, "bequeath to their children not a heap of riches, but the spirit of reverence. We, indeed, fancy that they will inherit reverence from us, if we rebuke them when they show a want of reverence. But this quality is not really imparted to them by the present style of admonition, which only tells them that the young ought always to be reverential. A sensible legislator will rather exhort the elders to reverence the younger, and above all to take heed that no young man sees or hears one of themselves doing or saying anything disgraceful; for when old men have no shame, then young men will most certainly be devoid of reverence. The best way to train the young is to train yourself at the same time; not to admonish them, but to carry out your own admonitions in practice." We, however, do not mean by "the reverence of children" quite the same as Plato meant by

aidôs or as Juvenal meant by *reverentia*. Nor am I sure that Ruskin is sufficiently right when he says that the *maxima reverentia* is due not only to the innocence of children, but also to their inspiration. Their innocence is certainly one reason for our reverence, but it is an innocence of a peculiar kind. It is not merely negative, but positive, or rather potential. It suggests that behind the innocence of the child there is a further mystery on which our consciousness of it depends, or that beyond its innocence there is, or there may be, something higher or more profound. Reverence seems peculiarly associated with purity, and with that mystery in things which suggests the Divine. Hence it is that that sublimated form of fear which we call awe is so often a part of it. If we reverence the innocence of childhood, far more do we reverence the purity of womanhood. And we reverence it not as a merit, but as a grace. It represents to us life in its highest and most wonderful aspect, the culminating earthly manifestation of a quality which we believe to be a symbol and guarantee of the Divine—the guarantee of the Divine, and by the Divine guaranteed. For the mystery of life is only then to be revered—nay, is only then existent—if it culminates in and issues from God.

Akin to, and perhaps dependent on, the awe which most higher forms of reverence imply and demand is a certain tenderness or delicacy of mind, the manifestations of which are not without their charm. He who idly plucks a beautiful flower from its stalk and throws it on the path seems guilty of irreverence. So, too, he who scribbles his name on an ancient record, monument, or tomb. There are complicated reasons for our regarding such actions as irreverent. First of all they violate the reverence for beauty—an aspect of our virtue on which I have no time to dwell, but about which Mr. Rooper, in his admirable address on reverence in "School and Home Life," has many useful and telling hints to give us. Secondly, so far as the flower is concerned, we are again brought face to face with the mystery of life and of power. Thirdly,

the man who scribbles upon the monument or the ruin seems to transgress another peculiar form of reverence—the reverence for the past. I am not thinking here of any considerations which might separate the Whig from the Tory, but rather of those which the most convinced Radical ought to feel in common with the most convinced Conservative. The past, with its struggles and its tears, its achievements and its sacrifices, shall we have for it no reverence? We would fain show some gentle regard even for its wayward errors, its mistaken fanaticisms, its lost ideals, its foolish yearnings, its impossible hopes. It is this tenderness and delicacy of mind which show themselves, oddly enough, in both directions—towards the great and towards the little, towards the heroes of the earth and towards the human flotsam and jetsam which has encumbered its shores. True reverence should lead to toleration, or rather to that deeper recognition towards which, as Goethe says, toleration should be only a stage. The really reverent mind will feel sure that great causes are not rooted in nothing but error. He will seek to penetrate towards a better understanding of the great actors upon both sides of a religious or political arena. He will not care to rake up or dwell upon their petty failings or defects. With tender and delicate reverence, he will expose, if needs must be, their errors and weaknesses.

In our own time we are too near the actors to judge them correctly; we are too inflamed by party passion; unconsciously even to ourselves, ignoble motives corrupt our vision and our charity. But towards the past, reverence, as well as truth, may come into play; and not only can we seek to see more truthfully, but with greater width and greater tenderness, with more delicate insight, with more reverential understanding. I should like to tell you a little incident about a man with the most distinguished, and, perhaps, the most reverential, mind I ever knew. I asked him if he would come with me to hear two lectures which were to be given by a great scholar and theologian about Cardinal Newman. He refused. "I

know," he said, "what you will hear—first, a clear and admirable exposition of Newman's teachings; secondly, an equally clear and admirable demolition of them. Now, if Newman's teachings are only to be expounded in order to be demolished, why should I go to hear the exposition?" This tender and delicate soul felt a certain reverential shrinking from the cold analysis and cold refutation of the great man's work. It seemed to him a sort of desecration.

But this same delicate reverence towards the great is closely paralleled by a similar feeling towards imperfection and failure. It is the feeling which is indicated in Browning's lines:—

To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mark of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all, though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.

Reverence for what is under us, according to Goethe's difficult analysis of reverence and religion in "*Wilhelm Meister*," is the basis of Christianity. "What a task it was!" says he, "not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace, but also to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, to recognize these things as divine—nay, even on sin and crime to look not as hindrances, but to love and honour them as furtherances of what is holy."

We may not wholly agree with all that Goethe here says; we cannot be even certain that Goethe (for it is not put in his own mouth) agreed with it all himself; but we can appreciate its drift, its spirit. If the human soul is, indeed, a spark of the Divine—if God is, indeed, the Father of all men—then in no child of his, however debased, ignorant, and sinful, can we utterly refuse to recognize the Father. Without religion, reverence seems

impossible. The greatness of man throws a certain veil of reverence over his vileness. The purity of noble womanhood demands from us a reverential regard for the worst and basest of her sex. In our feeling towards her, we can partly apply a noble fragment of Epictetus about somebody who rescued a pirate: "I have shown this regard," said he, "not to the man, but to mankind."

It is only the reverent who can be stirred by thoughts "that do often lie too deep for tears." At the bottom of reverence there rests a sense of mystery—of the mystery of consciousness, the mystery of life, the mystery of the world. It is this mystery which must always be envisaged and dwelt upon with awe, and it is this sense of mystery which education must take care to foster and maintain.

All kinds of vices are due to, or are the mark of, its absence. It is the opposite of cheap conceit, of smug content, of vulgarity; it is absent from the baser materialist, the baser utilitarian, the baser man of the world. Its absence is the mark of the man who seems to have no soul. It is what Tennyson meant when he says:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell!

It is, I humbly venture to think, what Shakespeare meant when he makes Hamlet say:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

And it is what Coleridge means in a curious passage of his "Table Talk," the pith of which is independent of its technical and antiquated language; independent, too, of the usual complaint (no more justified in Coleridge's day, I fancy, than in Ruskin's) that reverence is a lost grace (the date is 1833): "There is now no reverence for anything; and the reason is that men possess conceptions only, and all their knowledge is conceptional. And as to conceive is a work of the mere understanding, and as all that can be conceived may be comprehended, it is impossible that a man should reverence that to which he must always feel something in himself superior.

If it were possible to conceive God in a strict sense, that is, as we conceive a house or a tree, even God himself could not excite any reverence, though he might excite fear and terror. or, perhaps, love, as a tiger or a beautiful woman. But reverence, which is the synthesis of love and fear, is only due from man, and, indeed, only excitable in man, towards ideal truths, which are always mysteries to the understanding, for the same reason that the motion of my finger behind my back is a mystery to you now—your eyes not being made for seeing through my body. It is the reason only which has a sense by which ideas can be recognized, and from the fontal light of ideas only can man draw intellectual power."

It is this sense of mystery, before which man must bow in reverence, that enabled Wordsworth to speak of humility and the reverence of self as a compatible combination:

Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy . . . Be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

We realize and reverence the marvel of our own personality, our own mental, moral, and physical powers, our own consciousness. To them, and to Him who made them, we feel responsible; in all humility, our own selves strike us with awe. For we are the temples and images of God.

In a difficult passage of the "Education of Man," Froebel points out how the aim of physical exercises is to make the body at all times implicitly to obey the mind. Without such cultivation of the body, education is imperfect. He regards it as essential for the attainment of true discipline (as we imperfectly translate the German word *Zucht*). The object of discipline is to make the boy realize in a visible form the dignity of man, and hence to obtain the highest respect (*Achtung*) for his own person and being. Bad manners, slouchy bearing, ugly habits, are all

calculated to diminish the possibility of realizing this dignity and of acquiring this respect. Froebel apparently goes so far as to say that it is precisely in this department of education that the educator should not hesitate to pass from admonition to punishment. Boyhood is the age of discipline. Only a harmonious cultivation of mental and bodily culture renders true discipline possible. Without much direct mention of reverence, so far as I have observed, Froebel's whole system, in all its parts, is based upon the greatness and the need of it.

Goethe, like Wordsworth and Tennyson, also ventures to speak of self-reverence. "Out of the three reverences," he says—namely, the reverence for that which is above, around, and below us—"springs the highest reverence—reverence for oneself—and these again unfold themselves from this; so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable—that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced—nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence without being again, by self-conceit and presumption, drawn from it into the vulgar level."

We may now once more revert to the opinion that the feeling of reverence is on the wane. Ruskin declared that the people of England have lost not merely the sentiment, but even the capacity, of reverence. Nor is it wonderful if for fifty years, as he insists, we have been teaching not reverence, but impudence. We found Coleridge, in 1833, fretfully complaining that "there is now no reverence for anything"; and I strongly suspect that, if we went back another forty or fifty years, and yet another, we might still discover some distinguished writer repeating the same mournful cry.

It is, however, a different thing when we find the same view maintained by a calm investigator and impartial historian like Mr. Lecky. That deeply interesting book, "The History of European Morals," was, I believe, first published in 1869, and, in its introductory chapter, the author takes the line that reverence is one of those distinctive virtues of a

particular phase of human history which is gradually passing away. The passage in question is long; but is so important and reasonable that I must quote it in full.

Reverence is one of these feelings which, in utilitarian systems, would occupy at best a very ambiguous position; for it is extremely questionable whether the great evils that have grown out of it in the form of religious superstition and political servitude have not made it a source of more unhappiness than happiness. Yet, however doubtful may be its position, if estimated by its bearing upon happiness and on progress, there are few persons who are not conscious that no character can attain a supreme degree of excellence in which a reverential spirit is wanting. Of all the forms of moral goodness it is that to which the epithet beautiful may be most emphatically applied. Yet the habits of advancing civilization are, if I mistake not, on the whole inimical to its growth. For reverence grows out of a sense of constant dependence. It is fostered by that condition of religious thought in which men believe that each incident that befalls them is directly and specially ordained, and when every event is therefore fraught with a moral import. It is fostered by that condition of scientific knowledge in which every portentous natural phenomenon is supposed to be the result of a direct divine interposition, and awakens in consequence emotions of humility and awe. It is fostered in that stage of political life when loyalty or reverence for the sovereign is the dominating passion, when an aristocracy, branching forth from the throne, spreads habits of deference and subordination through every village, when a revolutionary, a democratic and a sceptical spirit are alike unknown. Every great change, either of belief or of circumstances, brings with it a change of emotions. The self-assertion of liberty, the levelling of democracy, the dissecting knife of criticism, the economical revolutions that reduce the relations of classes to simple contracts, the agglomeration of population, and the facilities of locomotion that sever so many ancient ties, are all incompatible with the type of virtue which existed before the power of tradition was broken, and when the chastity of faith was yet unstained. Benevolence, uprightness, enterprise, intellectual honesty, a love of freedom, and a hatred of superstition are growing around us; but we look in vain for that most beautiful character of the past, so distrustful of self and so trustful of others, so simple, so modest, and so devout, which made its very illusions the source of some of the purest virtues of our nature. In a few minds the contemplation of the sublime order of Nature produces a reverential feeling; but to the great majority of mankind it is an incontestable, though mournful, fact that the discovery of controlling and unchanging law deprives phenomena of their moral significance, and nearly all the social and political spheres in which reverence was fostered have passed away. Its most beautiful displays are not in nations like the Americans or the modern French, who have thrown themselves most fully into the tendencies of the age, but rather in secluded regions like Styria or the Tyrol. Its artistic expression is found in no work of modern genius, but in the mediæval cathedral, which, mellowed but not impaired by time, still gazes on us in its deathless beauty through the centuries of the past. A superstitious age, like every other phase of human history, has its distinctive virtues, which must necessarily decline before a new stage of progress can be attained.

The reasons here given by Mr. Lecky for the decline of Reverence seem reducible to two. First, the influence of democracy; secondly, the influence of science. More than thirty years have passed since the history was written, and the democratic and scientific spirit have both become more powerful and more widely spread. Yet I very much doubt whether there is less reverence in the world in 1900 than in 1870, and there is perhaps some reason to hold that there is more. Reverence is not necessarily confined to one kind of political constitution or to one condition of society. Goodness and beauty and wisdom are in the world and are exemplified in man whether the franchise is restricted or wide, whether men till the ground by the plough or work in factories and mines. Genius and heroes are not confined to one era, and the due recognition and reverence of them are not incompatible with criticism or freedom. Authority and government and law and order can be revered equally well when responsibility and rule are shared by many as when they are limited to a few. It is possible to appreciate courtesy, exquisite breeding, grace of manner, and all the varied excellences that, in addition to sheer goodness of heart, go to make up a noble personality, even although the old feudal relationships have passed away. Though fear may go, awe can remain.

Yet, though I venture to think that true reverence need not be any the less a virtue of the present than of the past, it does not therefore follow that its production and maintenance may not be encompassed by peculiar difficulties. All the more must our educators and teachers look to it that by their teaching and example these difficulties may be rather stepping-stones than barriers. It is for them to prevent the growth of conceit, the real foe to reverence, as to all other noble and gracious traits of humanity. It is for them to cultivate tenderness and gentleness and respect, all of which will help to the desired end. They must break down the pestilential heresy that "one man is as good as another," and they must prove and illustrate the sanctity of law.

They have to form the inward harmony between the right desire to develop one's capacities to the utmost, and the wrong idea that the one end of life consists in beating one's neighbour. Above all, they must cultivate imagination, admiration, and awe. If any one could, and should, do these things, it is the disciples of Froebel. No one, in a sense, is more democratic than he; yet no one more reverential.

The mention of awe brings me to the second influence which is regarded by Mr. Lecky as detrimental to the growth of reverence. The scalpel of science, it is said, destroys the mystery of life. But is this necessary? The heroes of science are usually the most reverent of men. Unchanging law in Nature can provoke as much reverence as the belief in constant and irregular interference. Nor are the primal mysteries the less mysterious. Life, consciousness, the interrelation and interconnexion of matter and mind remain as marvellous and as awful as before. Two things, however, are true. Superficial science may be as dangerous as superficial philosophy. A great deal of the one, as of the other, may lead man back to reverence and to God. Secondly, with the utmost deference and diffidence, I would venture to maintain that, in the last resort, reverence does depend on a religious interpretation of Nature and of man. Are there not only two interpretations possible? One, that all which is is the purposed result of mind, and that mind, both in man and in God, is akin to goodness; the other, that all which is is a toss up—it has happened: it is; and that is all which you can say about it. Either interpretation has its difficulties, but only the first seems compatible with reverence. If all which is is a toss up, every difference is arbitrary. There is no more reason why I should reverence King Alfred rather than Charles the First. What we call moral law, and what we call the starry vault of Heaven, are alike the product of chance. Chance affects me with no awe; it may be inexplicable, but it is not mysterious; it compels no homage and admiration; it asks

and it receives no humility and no reverence.

Meanwhile, for those teachers who, followers of Froebel in this as in other respects, accept the religious interpretation of Nature and man, it becomes of intense importance to do all they can to cultivate in the children entrusted to them that fundamental sense of religious awe which is the condition and source of all true reverence. Reverence for beauty and wisdom and goodness in every one of their natural or human manifestations depends upon the reverence of God, which, to apply the definition of Coleridge, is the perfect synthesis of love and fear. Nor must teachers forget that it is not easy for little children to criticize and analyze holy and beautiful things without some loss of reverence and humility. They cannot yet distinguish—many grown-ups have the same difficulty—between the principle and its embodiment. The good and the holy and the pure must be absolute and yet particular; children cannot easily be expected to reverence the imperfect, to perceive the pathos of the struggle between the lower and the higher, to appreciate the law of religious growth,

or the many ways of the self-fulfilment of God. It is not difficult to apply these cautions to our treatment not only of the Bible, and of many religious customs and ceremonies, but also of history as a whole. If the great heroes, and the great teachings and actions of the past cannot yet be revered with their human admixture of imperfection, far better that the imperfection should be ignored than that reverence should be in jeopardy.

In Nature-teaching must it not be the same? Rivet attention on that which is awful through its beauty, its order, and its mystery, not through its horror, its abnormality, or its pitilessness. Beauty, goodness, and wisdom must first be appreciated and recognized, before the mind is strong enough to make explanations for, or to bow submissively before evil. We must learn to reverence God, in awe and love, for all that is good and wise and pure, before we can learn to reverence Him, none the less, and perhaps—such is the marvel of faith—even all the more, in spite of what seems or is ugly and evil. Then, throughout our lives, reverence may be to us still the radiant “angel of the world.”

C. G. MONTEFIORE.

The Antiquity of Children's Singing Games.

THE subject to which your attention is asked this evening is that of the Traditional Games preserved and played by children, and more particularly to those known as “Singing Games,” so called because singing the dialogue to a time forms one of their special characteristics.

I will first explain that by “traditional” I mean that large number of “games” or “plays” which have been handed down from one generation of children to another, and from parents to children by oral relation only—games that have not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, been written down and published until comparatively few years ago.

You will readily understand that if we must rely upon tradition for the words, tunes, and methods of playing children's games, it is possible to go back to the earliest times for the beginning of this tradition. If, therefore, we discover in these games relics of ancient customs, it is safe to conclude that tradition has brought the games down from the times when the customs were in full vogue. As a matter of fact there are all sorts of incidents in games which cannot be explained except by reference to ancient custom, and by examining these incidents we are enabled to add children's games to other traditional material which is being studied under the name of “folk-lore,” as

the chief materials for ascertaining the conditions of life of our earliest ancestors; in fact, I should like to put it this way to you, that in the children's games preserved by tradition we have in reality some of the most ancient historical documents.

All games seem to fall primarily into one of two sections: the first, dramatic games; the second, games of skill and chance. Now the game proper, according to the general idea, must contain the element of winning or losing. Thus the games of skill and chance are played either for the express purpose of winning property of some sort from a less fortunate or skilful player, or to attain individual distinction. Games of this kind are usually called boys' games, and are played principally by them; but beyond these generally recognized games is the important section of dramatic games, which are regarded as the property of the girls, and played principally by them.

These two sections are generally considered as the peculiar and particular property of each sex. Although this idea is borne out by a study of the traditional game, it will be found that the boys have dramatic games of their own, and the girls have special games of skill and chance. It has so happened, however, that the development in the case of the boys' games has been in the direction of increasing the rules or laws of a game, introducing thereby so much artificial variety that it is difficult to recognize these games as descendants of the dramatic originals. This has probably been the result of their use in school playgrounds; while the girls' games, not being utilized as a means of exercise, have been left alone, and have been unfortunately dying a natural death until now, when efforts are being made in various parts to revive them.

These dramatic games are very different from the boys' games or the games of skill and chance. In them personal distinction, feats of strength, use of weapons, are almost entirely absent. They are to all intents and purposes dramatic representations of purely domestic or public events. Girls have founded their games on customs and incidents belonging almost exclusively to the household and the everyday

life of its members, imitating, more or less accurately, the doings of the people on special days and at special times. Their games represent in play all the principal events of life, birth, marriage, death, and the customs incident to these; customs at feast times, fairs and festivals, on occasions of rejoicing and mourning, of sickness and health, of wealth and poverty. Some show traces of early religious thought and belief. These games have preserved, too, singing and dancing as customary to all events of public importance, and though the dancing has long since come down to advancing and retiring in lines and dancing round in circles, yet this is quite sufficient to indicate the ceremonial dances obtaining among people in an early stage of society. Singing and dancing are an integral part of those games, and cannot be separated from them without weakening or destroying the whole.

For the purpose of this lecture I am leaving untouched the so-called regular boys' games;—not because there are *no* elements of interest in them, for there are many: the well-known game of "prisoners' base," for instance, can be traced to a dramatic original; the simple game of "tig" or "touch" contains elements of an early custom, as likewise does the game of "conkers," played with chestnuts on a string;—but because the girls' games contain so much more evidence of the survival of ancient belief and custom preserved in a dramatic form.

By the dramatic game I mean a play or amusement which consists of words sung or said by the players, accompanied by certain pantomimic actions which accord with the words used, or, as I prefer to put it, of certain definite and settled actions performed by the players to indicate certain meanings, of which the words are only a further illustration.

In my memoir on "The Study of Children's Games" I have classified all these dramatic games under the incidents which show the customs and rites from which the games have descended. The customs shown in the games are, among others, those connected with marriage, love and courtship, funerals, harvest, sun-worship, tree-worship, foundation sacrifice,

witches, child-stealing, and divination. There are contests between two rival parties for the taking of prisoners and the possession of ground territory, and contests between animals of prey and their victims. Amongst these, those games dealing with marriage, love and courtship, funerals and harvest, are the most popular and the most widely spread.

These games dealing with these different customs are played in five distinct and different methods, each method having a special significance:—(1) The line form of game, played by the children being divided into two sides of about an equal number on each side, with a space of ground of about eight or ten feet between the two lines. The children in each line join hands, and advance and retire in turn while singing or saying their parts. (2) The circle form, played by the children joining hands and forming a circle, and all walking or dancing round together when singing the words. (3) The individual form, where the children take separate characters and act a little play. (4) The arch form, in which two children clasp each other's hands and hold their arms up high, and so form a kind of arch, beneath which all the other players run in single file; and (5) those games in which the players wind round another player until all are wedged closely together, and then unwind again, generally assuming a serpentine form in so doing.

I have arranged all the games I have collected under each of these methods. I will mention some of them, as they will probably be known to many of you, and then describe a typical form of each of those methods, and then the customs from which they descend.

Among the games played in line form are "Green Grass," "Jenny Jones" (one form), "Milking Pails," "Nuts in May," "Queen Anne," "Three Dukes," "Three Sailors," "We are the Rovers," &c.; in the circle form are the games of "Green Gravel," "Mulberry Bush," "Oats and Beans and Barley," "Wall-flowers," "Sally Water," "Poor Mary sits a-weeping," "Old Roger," "Round and Round the Village," "When I was a Young Girl," &c.; in the third form such games as "Fox and

Geese," "Hen and Chickens," "Mother, Mother, the pot boils over," "Mouse and Cobbler," "The Ghost at the Well," "Witch," &c., are included; in the arch form are played "Draw a Pail of Water," "How many Miles to Babylon?" "London Bridge," "Thread the Needle," "Namers and Guessers," "Oranges and Lemons," "Through the Needle Eye"; and in the winding up or serpent's coil form "Eller Tree," "Snail Creep," "Winding up the Bush Faggot." Some of these are doubtless old friends to many of you.

I have collected, from all parts of the United Kingdom, a large number of games and many versions also of each game. These have been compared and studied, and it is the result of the study of a few of these that I am giving you this evening. The first or line form of games is characterized by no one player being distinguished above his fellows; there are no distinct or separate characters to be played. All the players on one line say the same words and perform the same actions; all advance together and retire together. Each line stands still while the other line advances, retires, and has its "say." In this way questions are asked and answers are given. Questions and answers form, indeed, an essential part of the line form of game. The one line of players implies action of a party who are of the same opinion, and the line on the opposite side is a party who hold different opinions, and express these in words and by actions; so that in no game played in line form do we get unanimous action of *all* the players, but half and half.

These line games represent, in the main, a contest, and there are contests of different kinds—there is war or fighting between the people of two different parishes or border countries of different nationalities, and there are contests for wives of a more or less friendly nature. That the lines or sides indicate people who come from one country or district to another country or district is shown by the fact that a line is drawn in the middle of the ground, which line separates the territory of the two sides. Players can go as far as the line on their own side; but one step over lands them in the

enemy's territory. In a marriage game of the line form, the girl, when unwilling; is pulled across the line, and when willing she walks across to the opposite side. It is also clear that in the marriage games the party on one side represents young men, and on the other side girls.

In the second form all the players join hands to form a circle. This circle form is used in three ways. In the first, or simplest, class all the players perform the same actions, sing the same words all together. There is no division into parties, and no individual action or predominance. This method is adopted when a certain recurring custom is celebrated or a special event is commemorated. The event is described in pantomimic action, and accompanied with dance and song. In the second class the circle is formed, the players dance round together, and sing the same words; but the action is confined to first one and then two players, who are taken by "choice" from those forming the circle. This class is principally used for courtship, love-making, and marriage games. The two principal parties concerned usually have no words to say; though in some "love" games the centre player does express his or her own feelings in verse. In the third class of the circle game the players who form the circle act the part of "chorus" to the story told. There are also two, three, or four players, as required, who act parts in dumb show suitable to the character personified. In this class the circle personates both animate and inanimate objects. The circle is stationary—at least, the players forming it do not dance or walk round. They sometimes represent houses. A village or animals are usually represented, rather than people.

The circle games I consider to be survivals of dramatic representations of customs performed by people of one village or of one town—representations of the social customs of one place or people, as distinct from the "line" form of games, which represent an action between *two rival* villages or people. Thus I am inclined to consider the joining of hands in

a circle to be a sign of amity, alliance, and kinship. In the case of the line games, hands are clasped by all players on each side, who are thus in alliance against those on the opposite side. When hands are joined all round so that a circle is formed, all are concerned in the performance of the same ceremony. There is no division into parties—neither is difference of opinion shown, either by action or words, in circle games.

The third form, that of the arch, is played two ways. In the first way two children clasp each other's hands, and hold them up to form an arch. Under this all the other players run as if going through an arch or gateway, and the players are stopped by the keepers. Then a circle is formed, and all the players dance round together. In the second way two leaders form an arch as above, and all the players run under. These players are then caught, one by one, within the arch, and choose one of the two leaders, behind whom they then stand. A tug-of-war then ensues between these two leaders and their followers. In some forms of the arch game there is no tug.

The first of these—that ending with the circle or dancing round—indicates the celebration of an event in which all the people join, differing from the customs celebrated by the simple circle game by each person performing a ceremony in turn, signified in the game by going under or through an arch.

The second way, when the tug follows, represents a contest; but I do not think the contest is of the same kind as that of the line form. This rather represents the leaders of two parties who are antagonistic—who call, in the words of the rhymes, upon the people of a town to join one of the sides. Each player in the line is caught by the leaders, and has then to choose which of them he will fight under. The tug or pulling of one side over a marked line by the other side follows. This plan indicates a difference in the kind of warfare from the line contests, where territory is clearly the cause of the struggle and fight.

I will now describe the games that will be played, and the customs contained in them.

The best "line" game showing a contest is "We are the Rovers." It is purely a game of war and fighting between two parties of differing nationalities; probably originating in the border warfare so prevalent between Scotland and the northern parts of England, and between Wales and the border counties. One side, or line of children, state: "We are coming to take your land"; the opposite side, who call themselves Guardian soldiers, signify their "intention to defend the land"; each side declare their contempt for their opponent's leaders and for the men having authority over them; and after mutual defiance is exchanged, both sides get ready to fight, and the game ends with a mock combat, the victorious side taking the opponents' ground. This is played by both boys and girls.

Among the games played in line form are marriage games. One of these is the well-known game called "Nuts in May." This game is one of the oldest and most popular we have, and is typical of what is known as "marriage by capture"—marriage, that is, as the result of the taking of girls by force from one tribe by another. Those of you who know the game will remember that it consists of two lines of children, who stand facing one another. A marked line or a handkerchief is placed on the ground between them to define each party's ground or territory. One line of players announce their intention of gathering "Nuts in May." The opposing line ask, "Who will you gather for 'Nuts in May'?" The first line name a particular child whom they wish to have. They are then asked, "Who will you send to fetch her away?" A child is selected by the opposite side, and this child then goes to the marked line on the ground and tries to pull the "girl" who was asked for in the first place across the line on to her own side. If she succeeds in dragging her across the line, the captured girl remains on that side.

Now this is clearly a contest game between two parties, but it is not a contest of the same kind as boys' contest games, such as "We are the Rovers," the object of which is to obtain the opponents' ground; but the contest here is to obtain an individual for the benefit of the whole

side. A player is deliberately sent to "fetch" another player from the opposite side, and that this player is expected to conquer is shown by the fact that he is selected for this purpose, and also because the ceremony of "crowning" prevails in some versions. The game was formerly played by boys and girls. The boy, after he has pulled the girl across the line, places his hand on her head to complete the capture and to make a prisoner. This custom of "crowning" prevails in many boys' contest games where prisoners are made. If the crowning is performed, the capture is complete; if not performed, the prisoner may escape. The evidence of this game, I consider, points to customs which belong to the ancient form of marriage, and to what is technically known as marriage by capture.

In the game of the "Three Dukes," another marriage game of line form, the actions are more spirited and dramatic, and when played by boys the "Dukes" imitate riding and prancing of horses. The words of this game show three Dukes arriving at some place. They are apparently accompanied by trumpets, as the verses all end with the words "With a rancy, tancy, tee." They are met by a row of maidens, who ask them: "What is your good will, Sirs?" The Dukes reply that they "wish to marry." The girls suggest that one of them should be taken. The Dukes, after depreciating the girls, decide to have one each, and walk off with them. In some versions of the game the Dukes dance with the girls round and round, and in some they carry off the girls by pretended force.

In this game, then, I think we have a distinct survival or remembrance of the tribal marriage—marriage at a period when the people lived in clans and tribes, and when it was the custom for the men of one clan to seek wives from the girls of another clan. The game is a marriage game of the most matter-of-fact kind. Young men arrive from a place at some distance for the purpose of seeking wives. The maidens are apparently ready and expecting their arrival. They are as willing to become wives as the men are to become husbands. It is not marriage by force or capture, though the

triumphant carrying off of a wife appears. The suggested depreciation of the girls, and their saucy rejoinders, are so much good-humoured chaff and banter exchanged to enhance each other's value. There is no mention of "love" in the game, nor courtship between the boy and girl. The marriage formula does not appear, nor is there any sign that a "ceremony" or "sanction" to marry is necessary, nor does "kissing" occur. Another interesting point about this game is the refrain, "With a rancy, tancy, tee," which refrain, or something similar, accompanies all verses of all versions, and separates this game from others akin to it. This refrain is doubtless a survival of an old tribal war-cry.

There are other marriage games, which I cannot describe here, played in this line form, which indicate marriage by purchase and marriage by consent of others than the two principally concerned, and games in which the bridegroom has to select his bride from several maidens all dressed alike.

From these games, when thus taken together, we have evidence of the existence of customs obtaining in very early times, and the fact that these customs, namely, those of marriage by capture, marriage by purchase, marriage by consent of others than those principally concerned—in other words, marriage between comparative strangers—occurring in games played in line form, a form used for contest and fighting games, tends to show that line form is used for the purpose of indicating the performance of customs which are supposed to take place between people living in different countries, towns, and villages, or people of different tribes or of different habits and customs, also between men and women.

In considering this group of games it is obvious, I think, that we have elements of custom and usage which would not originate in a game, but in a condition of local or tribal life which has long since passed away. It is a life of contest—a life, therefore, which existed before the days of settled politics, when villages or tribal territories had their own customs different from each other, and when not only matters of

political relationship were settled by the sword, but matters now considered to be of purely personal relationship, namely, marriage. While great interest gathers round the particular marriage customs or particular contests indicated in this group of games, the chief point of interest lies in the fact that they are all governed by the common element of contest.

I will now turn to the circle games. Like the line games, they contain games which show marriage custom; but it is significant that they all show a distinctly different form of marriage. Thus they all show courtship and love preceding the marriage, and that a distinct ceremony of marriage was needful; but this ceremony is not the present Church ceremony. Two of the best examples are "Sally Water" and "Poor Mary sits a-weeping."

"Sally Water" is, I am sure, familiar to many. A circle is formed by the players joining hands, and another player kneels in the centre. The words are sung by the circle. They are:

Sally, Sally Water,
Sprinkle in a pan;
Cry Sally, cry Sally (*or* Rise Sally),
For a young man—
Choose for the worst, choose for the best,
Choose the very one you love best.

The child who is in the centre then chooses another from the circle, and they sing:

Now you're married, we wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy;
Seven years after, son and daughter,
Pray, young couple, come kiss together.

Here, it will be seen, the two principal characters have no words to say, but one chooses another deliberately, and the bond is sealed by a kiss, and in some instances with joining of hands. The circle of friends evidently approve the choice, and a blessing and good wishes follow for the happiness of the married couple, wishes that children may be born to them, and the period of the duration of the marriage for seven years (a popular notion of the time for which the marriage vows are binding). I have printed a great many versions of this game (about fifty), and note that in the majority of them "Sally" and "Water" are conspicuous words. In fact, they are usually

taken to mean the name of the girl; but on examining the game closely I think it is possible, and probable, that "Sally Water" may be a corruption of some other word or words, not the name of a girl; that the word "Water" is connected, not with the name of the maiden, but with the action of sprinkling which she is called upon to fulfil. The mention of water is pretty constant throughout different versions of the game. There are numerous instances of the corruption of words in the game, and the tendency has been to lose the sprinkling of water incident altogether.

The sitting or kneeling attitude, which indicates a reverential attitude, is found in nearly all versions, as are the words "Rise and choose a young man," and "Crying for a young man." This "crying" for a young man does not necessarily mean weeping; rather I consider it to mean "announcing a want" in the way "wants" or "losses" were announced or "cried" formerly by the official crier of a town, and in the same manner as in games children "cry" forfeits; but losing this meaning in this game, children have substituted "weeping," especially as "weeping" with them expresses many "wants" or "woes." The incident of "crying" for a lover, in the sense of wanting a lover, appears in several of these games. The choosing is sometimes "to the east" and "to the west," instead of "for the best and worst." Now the expression "for better for worse" is an old marriage formula preserved in the vernacular portion of the ancient English Marriage Service, and I think we have the same formula in this game, especially as the final admonition is to choose the "one loved best." Then come the very general lines of the marriage formula occurring so frequently in these games, "Now you're married, we wish you joy," &c.

The other circle game showing marriage—"Poor Mary Sits a-Weeping"—is another game similar to "Sally Water." Here "Poor Mary," as the child in the centre is called, announces her own want of a sweetheart in words: "I'm weeping for a sweetheart." The circle say: "Rise and choose one." She chooses, and the marriage formula succeeds. There are some

other marriage games of this kind, in which the making and eating of a particular food or pudding is mentioned. This food is to be prepared by the bride, and she gives it to the bridegroom to eat. This, although called a pudding, refers, of course, to the bridal cake and the old custom of the bride preparing it herself and giving some to her husband first. This eating together of the same food by bride and bridegroom forms an essential portion of marriage customs among the savage and semi-civilized.

Another well known game is "Jenny Jones." This takes us to funeral customs. It shows the death of a girl and her funeral; but it is more than this. From a comparison of very many versions, and from the fact that it is played in "line" form, I find it to be not only a ceremony of burial, but, in the first place, the courting of a maiden or maidens by one or more suitors. Opposition to this suit is made by the mother or guardian of the girl, who puts forward different domestic occupations as pretexts for refusal. The girl's illness, dying, and death follow, and then her burial by her friends. A special colour is selected for her burial clothes, red, blue, green, yellow being rejected in favour of white or black. White is usually selected, because "white is what the dead wear"—white formerly indicating the burial of a maiden.

The children stand in line form. One child kneels behind another; this is Jenny Jones. She lies down when said to be dying and dead. The line of children advance and say:

We're come to see Jenny Jones, &c.
She's washing, then starching, and ironing, ill,
dying, and dead.

The line ask what they shall wear for the funeral, or what shall they dress her in? When she is dead two children advance, lift up the dead Jenny, carry her a little distance, lay her on the ground, stand round her in a circle, and dance round the grave or sing a dirge. In one game one child takes up some dust in her hand, and sprinkles it over the dead Jenny, saying:

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
If God won't have you the Devil must.

In some places, after Jenny is thus buried, she jumps up and runs after the other children. They call out: "The ghost! the ghost!" and run off to avoid being caught by this spirit.

One of the circle form of games in which all the players perform the actions and sing the words is "When I was a Young Girl." All the players perform actions indicating the principal events of their lives from girlhood to old age. When young, enjoyment in the form of dancing is represented. In present-day versions going to school is taking the place of this; then actions denoting courting, marriage, nursing a baby, and occupations which women perform; the death of the baby and of husband follows, and the woman takes in washing, drives a cart to support herself, and finally gets old. There is little doubt that this game owes its origin to those dances, originally sacred in character, in which men and women performed actions, accompanied with song and dance, of the same nature as they wished or intended to perform seriously in their own lives.

In another circle game—"Old Roger"—the circle of players is stationary. The circle sings the words describing the story, and four other players run into the circle in turn, and act their several parts in dumb show. The story is the planting of a tree over the grave of a dead person by relatives and friends, and the spirit connexion which this tree has with the dead. The spirit of the dead "Old Roger" enters the tree, and resents the carrying away of the fruit by the old woman by jumping up and making her drop the apples, possession of which would give her power over his soul or spirit.

In this game we notice that the children who form the circle act as a "chorus" to the play. That is to say, they tell you in words the meaning of the actions performed by the others. In old plays there is often a part called "chorus" which narrates in song the progress of events in the play. In this children's game the four principal characters—"Old Roger," "Apple Tree," "Wind," and "Old Woman"—act their part in dumb show. You may remember that, in the old play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," introduced by Shakespeare into his

"Midsummer Night's Dream," one player is "Moonshine" and another stands for "Wall," and crooks his finger to form the hole through which unhappy lovers see each other and hold their loving discourse. There is also a character in that play called "Prologue," who narrates to the audience the story; and I consider in this game and similar ones children have unconsciously preserved to us some early methods of acting, as well as the old belief of the connexion between a dead person and the trees and flowers planted on their graves.

In "Round and Round the Village" we have the suggestion of an event being celebrated by a periodical festival. The words "as we have done before" which accompany all verses indicate this, and it seems possible to suggest that we have here a village festival at which marriages and betrothals took place. The incidents in the game can be compared with incidents in early village custom. The children in this game, as in "Old Roger," act the part of "chorus" to the story; they also personate a village and houses.

In the arch form of game are played "London Bridge," and "Draw a Pail of Water," as likewise is "Oranges and Lemons." "London Bridge" is played first in line form; then an arch is formed, and all the players run under; one is caught, and then the circle is formed again. The story is that London Bridge has fallen down. All kinds of things are suggested, from "penny loaves," "iron bars," to "gold and silver," as the best articles to rebuild it. These are all rejected as useless, and then suddenly a prisoner is taken, and ransom is suggested. Now it is a custom among savage and uncivilized peoples, to kill a prisoner when new buildings are erected, in order that blood may be shed. This shedding of the blood of a human victim is said to appease the earth deities who resent new buildings being erected and the earth being disturbed. Numerous instances of this custom are given in legends of old castles and buildings, and particularly of bridges. Water spirits are also appeased in this way, to allow a bridge to be made to cross the streams. In my account of

the game I have drawn attention to the incident of a prisoner being taken as indicative of the widespread custom known as the foundation sacrifice, because of the suggested difficulty of getting the bridge to stand when the prisoner is taken. I have given some instances of the custom, and the tradition that the stones of London Bridge were bespattered with the blood of little children, and that the mortar was tempered with the blood of beasts. In stories where a victim is offered as a foundation sacrifice, the victim, often a prisoner, is sometimes forced to enter a hole or cavity, left on purpose in the building, which is then walled or built up, enclosing the victim. In some cases lottery is used for this victim; in others, as in Siam, mentioned by Tyler (*"Primitive Culture,"* i. 97), it was customary when a new city gate was being erected, for a number of officers to lie in wait and seize the first four or eight persons who happened to pass by, and who were then buried alive under the gateposts. After these customs of human sacrifice had ceased to be enforced, animals were slaughtered instead; and later still the ceremony was gone through merely as a ceremony, the person or animal seized upon being allowed to escape the extreme penalty by paying a money or other forfeit; and it is this later stage which is, I think, represented in the game.

If the game of "London Bridge" shows us a survival of the custom of foundation sacrifice, another game played in a similar manner, called "Draw a Pail of Water," is indicative of another primitive custom, namely, the worship of holy wells. The game is in a very decadent state, and in its present form it is generally played by children creeping under the arms of two or four others, who clasp hands and sway backwards and forwards with one or two other children enclosed in them, and then all bowing to the ground. The swaying movement represents, I believe, the drawing of water from the well. The incidents of the game are, judging from the words of the many versions:—(1) drawing water from a well; (2) for a devotee at a well; (3) collecting flowers for dressing the well; (4) making a cake for presentation; (5) gifts to

the well [a gold ring, silver pin, and other articles]; (6) command of silence; (7) the presence of a devotee at the sacred bush; (8) the reverential attitude (indicated by the bowing and falling on the ground); and (9) the devotee creeping through a sacred bush or tree (signified by the creeping under or getting enclosed within the arms of the leaders). These are all incidents of primitive well worship.

Dressing holy wells with garlands and flowers is very general still; cakes were made and eaten at Rorrington Well, Shropshire, and gifts of pins, buttons, and portions of the dress, as well as small articles worn on the person, are general offerings; silence is enforced in many instances, and sacred trees and bushes are to be found at nearly all holy wells. Offerings are sometimes hung in the bushes and trees, and sometimes thrown into the well.

Of the other form of the arch group, the best type is the well known "Oranges and Lemons," which I feel sure is too well known to need describing. In this game two players, sometimes chosen by lot, clasp hands and form an arch. They have each a name, which is secret. One is called "Orange," the other is "Lemon." They sing the words of the game-rhyme, and the other players run under the arch in a long line or string. At the close of the verses which ends with the line "Here comes a chopper to chop off your head," one of the string of players is caught and asked which she prefers, orange or lemon. She chooses, and is told to stand behind that leader who took that name. This is repeated until all the players have been separately caught, have chosen their side, and are standing behind the respective leaders, holding on to each other by clasping each other's waists. A line is then drawn on the ground, and both sides pull; each endeavours to drag the other over the line. The tug is generally continued until one side falls to the ground.

Now this is an undoubted contest, but I do not think the contest is quite of the same kind as the line game of contest and fighting. The line form is one of invaders and invaded, and the fight is for territory. In this form,

"Oranges and Lemons," it seems to me that the game indicates contest and a punishment, and, although the sequence is not clear, as the execution precedes the contest, that is not of particular importance in view of the power of the old baronial lords to threaten and execute those of their following who did not join their armed retainers when required. All rhymes of this game deal with saints' names and with bell-ringing. Now the only places where it would be probable for bells to be associated with different saints' names in one area would be the old parish units of cities and boroughs. The bells were rung on all occasions when it was necessary to call the people together. The "alarm" bell tolling quickly filled the open spaces and market-places of the towns, and it is a well known fact that serious contests and contest games between parishes and wards of parishes were frequent. The names "oranges" and "lemons," given to the leaders in the game, usually considered to be the fruits of these names, are, in my opinion, the names of the "colours" of the two rival factions.

The passing under the arch in this game is not absolutely necessary in order that the players may exercise their choice of leaders; nor is the "secrecy" which is observed necessary either. Even this may have its origin in custom. It may signify the compulsory attendance of a vassal, under pain of punishment, to serve one side, or the taking prisoner and condemning to death for serving on the opponents', or losing, side. An idea is current that it represents cutting off the last person's head—the last of the string or line of players—and, in some places, the last one in the line is always caught instead of one whom the leaders choose to enclose in their arms. Of course, a "laggard," or late arrival, would be liable to suspicion and punishment, and this idea may be suggested in the game; but I do not think that the game originates from the idea of catching a "last" player. The passing under the arch can also be attributed to the custom of compelling prisoners to pass under a yoke to signify servitude, and the threat of execution would follow attempt to escape or disobedience.

Again, prisoners were offered life and freedom on condition of joining the army of their opponents.

In the fourth class of game there are several distinct characters, and the game partakes more of the nature of what we should call a play proper, and may be considered an outcome of the circle play. There are several characters, usually a mother, a witch or old woman, an elder daughter and several younger children, a ghost, and sometimes animals, such as sheep, wolves, fox, hen and chickens. The principal characters (not more than two or three) are played by different children, and these, having each a part allotted to them, have also a certain amount of dialogue to say, and corresponding actions to perform. The remaining characters, whether children or animals, merely act their part when action is required, and have no words to say. The dialogue in these games is short and to the point. It has not been learnt from written sources, but orally, and as long as the main idea and principal incidents are not departed from, the players may, according to their capacity, add to or shorten the dialogue to heighten the situation. There is no singing in these games; though there is what, perhaps, might be called the remains of rhyme in the dialogue.

The fifth form, "winding-up games," is where the players join hands in a long line, and wind round and round one player at the end of the line—usually the tallest, who stands still until all are formed in a number of circles, something like a watch-spring. They then unwind, sometimes running or dancing, in a serpentine fashion until all are again in straight line. These games probably refer to the custom of encircling trees as an act of worship. They differ from the circle game in this way—the players in a circle game surround something or some one. In the "winding-up" game they not only surround, but attachment, or "hold" on the thing surrounded, has to be kept.

The fact that these games lend themselves to such treatment as I have suggested, and the fact that I am obliged to use the terms "district," "tribe," "localities," obliged to speak of

a state of contest between groups, of the sacred encircling of a tree, and of other significant usages, go far to suggest that they must contain some element which belongs to the essential part of their form. An element is present which does not necessarily belong to games, or which belongs to other and more important branches of human action; and it will depend on what this element is as to what can ultimately be said of the origin of the games.

It will be noted that in speaking of the customs involved in these games, I have shown marriage and funeral customs existing under a very different state of affairs than at present. It does not follow that because young maids marry in the manner indicated in the games, or that persons were buried under such conditions, there was no religious authority or significance for them; but it is important to bear in mind that we are not dealing with present-day observances nor with the religion of the present Church. In all these games it is most significant that the marriage ceremony, sacred rite, social custom, or whatever is contained in these games, does not take us to the religion of to-day, but to non-Christian rites. The only non-Christian rites are pre-Christian, and these games, therefore, take us to pre-Christian religious or social customs, and this is sufficient to stamp them with an antiquity which alone would testify to the importance and value of studying this branch of folk-lore.

In order to complete the study of children's games, it is necessary to inquire why these games have lasted—what is the controlling force which has preserved ancient customs in the form of games? The mere telling of a game or tale from a parent to a child, or from one child to another, is not alone sufficient. There must be a force inherent in these games which has allowed them to be continued from one generation to another—a force that must have been as strong as or stronger than the customs which first brought the games into existence, and this force I consider to be the dramatic faculty inherent in mankind.

The love of the dramatic is immensely strong in children, and this natural instinct to

dramatic action in children is paralleled by the same instinct in grown-up people when in a state of culture where they are chiefly dependent upon their natural capacities for existence. Evidence of this natural dramatic power in savages and the semicivilized is abundant. They advance in lines, dancing, gesticulating, and singing, while others sit and look on; they dance in circles, joining hands; they go down on all fours, imitating animal postures and noises; they wear special masks, special dresses and ornaments—and all this has significance for their audience.

There were still surviving until comparatively recent times among the peoples of Europe ceremonial dances, accompanied with song and action, some in connexion with religious services and some in connexion with the more ordinary affairs of life. Representations in pantomime of the different actions used in the ceremonies of sowing the grain, its growth, and the consequent reaping, binding, and carrying the grain are still practised in different parts of the globe.

In times of joy and mirth, sorrow and loss, victory or defeat, weddings and funerals, plagues and pestilences, famine and plenty, civilized and savage alike danced, acted, and sang their griefs and their joys. The gods of all nations have been worshipped by pantomimic dance and song; their altars and temples are encircled by their worshippers; and, as the occasion was one of fear or joy, and the god entreated or terrified by his followers, so would the actions and voices of the dancers be in accord. When once certain actions were recognized as successful, fitting, or beautiful, they would tend to become repeated and stereotyped, and the same form would be used for other gods, other occasions, and other customs where the requirements were similar or the same. The circle dance, for instance, after being performed several times would necessarily become a part of the religious customs or ceremony, and form a part of the ordinary religious observance. It would become particularly associated with the place where it was first instituted, and might be used to inaugurate other festivals. We know

that the early Christians, when taking over to their use the temples and altars of their so-called heathen predecessors, or when erecting a church where a temple had previously stood, held their worship there and performed their dances to their God as the heathens had done to theirs. The custom of encircling a church on its festival day existed until lately in several parishes in England, and this could only be a descendant of the custom once held sacred of all the followers of one belief demonstrating by their action in group form the fact that they all believed in the same thing, and held together, by the clasp of hands and the dance round, their determination to hold to and keep to it.

If these customary dances obtained and have survived in religious ritual to the present day, is it not to be expected that we should find survivals in dance form of non-religious customs which also impressed themselves strongly on the minds of the people? Births, marriages, deaths, the sowing and gathering in of the crops, the protection of cattle from disease and animals of prey, the necessity for water and fire for the house and the village, have all helped to surround these things with ceremonials which have lasted, and been transmitted from generation to generation, altering to suit later ideas, it is true, but preserving through all some trace of the events which first called them into existence.

The study of children's games takes us, therefore, into several departments of research.

Many traces of customs that do not belong to modern life, customs that take us back to very early times, indeed, are brought before us. The weapons are bows and arrows, the amusements hunting and hawking; animals are found in such close relationship with human beings as only very primitive conditions of life would allow; contests between men and women occur in such a way that we are taken back to one of the earliest known customs of marriage, that known as marriage by capture; then from this stage to a later, where purchase or equivalent value obtains; then to a marriage with a ceremony which carries us back to the earliest forms of such ceremonies. That such customs can be suggested in connexion with these games goes far to prove that they, in fact, originated the game—that no other theory satisfactorily accounts for all the phenomena.

In looking for the motive power which has caused the continuity of these customs to be practised as amusements, we have found that the dramatic power inherent in mankind supplies the necessary evidence, and from this stage we have been led to an interesting point in the early history of the drama and of the stage. It is not, therefore, too much to say that we have in these children's games some of the oldest historical documents belonging to our race, worthy of being placed side by side with the folk-tales and other monuments of man's progress from savagery to civilization.

ALICE B. GOMME.

Ideals of Training for Kindergarten Teachers.*

IT was with great pleasure that I accepted an invitation to write a brief paper on this subject, partly because of the debt which I felt myself to owe to Froebel and his followers, partly because of the importance of the subject for the future of English education. It is my business to observe and study many different types of schools and the outcome of their teaching; and it is impossible to do this

without becoming more and more convinced that in point of *inspiration* and living *energy* we depend almost entirely—at least in regard to the education of young children—upon the Froebelians, and, in a less degree, upon the Herbartians. For some weeks lately there has been on view in Manchester an exhibition of school-work and school-appliances from the United States of America. On my last visit

* A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Froebel Society on March 18, 1901.

to this exhibition I happened upon a shrewd critic whose work lies in educational administration of a severely practical kind. He called my attention to the fact that it was impossible to get into the Kindergarten section because of the crowd of teachers and students there, who were not merely *looking* at the photographs and pictures, but were examining the whole exhibit in detail, making notes and sketches, and, in a word, *feeding* on what was to be seen, with evident enjoyment and profit. "I have noticed repeatedly," said my friend, "that the Froebelian teachers have an entirely different way of looking at education from that of any other body. What we want in our schools is not so much this or that alteration of machinery or method, but the *new spirit*, the Froebelian idea of education."

I was all the more impressed with this testimony, because it came from one who is in the habit of "measuring up" facts and forces in education with a strict aim of getting certain definite things accomplished, and who would have no sort of sympathy with any enthusiasm which did not prove its vitality by effectual achievement.

I believe we may take it to be as certain as any proposition of the sort *can* be, that the teaching of Froebel is the most powerful spiritual force now at work in the education of little children, and that this is even more plainly true in Germany and in America than it is in our own country.

The question, therefore, of the ideal of training for Kindergarten teachers does not present itself to me as simply a technical problem for a rather small section of the teaching profession, but rather as the bigger problem:—How can the study and practice of Froebelian ideas be so organized, that what is already a strong and healthy influence in our education may reach its maximum of energy, with least of friction and of loss through disconnexion and maladjustment with the remainder of the system of forces?

The problem thus stated is one of extreme complexity because of the great variety of cases which we must carry simultaneously in

mind when we address ourselves to its solution. We have to think of the vast body of teachers whose work will lie in infant schools under Government inspection, and whose circumstances will be such that a direct application of the principles of the Kindergarten in detail will be a matter of great difficulty. Then there is the large number of those who will be called upon to take charge of the preparatory sections of High Schools for girls or large private schools. To these two classes we have to add those who will find places in schools which are Kindergartens pure and simple. Lastly, we have to keep before us the general conditions of the training of teachers as it is at present constituted in England, and as it is likely to develop under the stimulus of the forthcoming register of qualified teachers, and of the legislation in the matter of Secondary education, which cannot now be much longer delayed.

In the face of these various circumstances, we have to consider the double aspect of our problem, namely—how to propagate the Froebelian idea first at its maximum of *intensity*, and second at its maximum of *extensity*.

It is with the second of these two aspects that I propose mainly to deal in this brief memorandum, and I desire to urge that if we wish Kindergarten principles to have as wide and far-reaching an influence as possible, we ought to try to secure that Kindergarten teachers should be trained, wherever practicable, in association with teachers of other types. This for three principal reasons. First, because other teachers should have every opportunity of seeing Kindergarten work in intimate detail, as an indispensable part of their professional training, whatever the particular type of their own teaching is to be. Second, because it should be insisted that in general all-round equipment the Kindergarten teacher should be on no lower level than other teachers. Third, because, without this system of conjoint training, there is likely to be a disconnexion between the Kindergarten and the later stages of school-work, such as will impair the effect and the value of both.

A large part of the training of teachers may be, and ought to be, the same for all types. The History of Education, for instance, in its broad outlines; the main results of physiology and of ethics and of psychology as they affect school-work; the essential points of school-management; these and other matters are indispensable to all teachers alike. To deal with them as they touch separate sections or patches of child-life only would be to mar the unity and continuity of education to a quite fatal degree. It seems true on the other hand that we must admit a certain amount of *specialization* in the training of teachers; we cannot train them in a genuine way to take *every* part of the work at *every* stage of the process of education. The teaching of modern languages to a class of older children differs so much in matters of detail from the teaching, let us say, of brushwork, to a group of small people in the Kindergarten, that it is impossible to train thoroughly for both without taking an amount of time that is forbidden by existing economic conditions. I foresee, therefore, that we shall be obliged more and more in the future to divide our training into two great sections—general and special. If it is to be sincerely practical, it must have the specialist side; if it is to be truly philosophical, it must have the general side also.

The risk in the future lies in the temptation to neglect the *general* training in the scientific aspects of school work and in education conceived as a single, continuous process. Head Masters and Governing Bodies advertise for teachers of classics, or of natural science, or of modern languages; they either take for granted, or neglect, the wider view of education. Thus the trainer of teachers is perpetually tempted to devote most of his time to producing mere dexterous ushers, who have the tricks and dodges of their trade at their fingers' ends, and are skilled in methods of instruction applied to small corners of the whole field. Such a result depresses and vulgarizes the profession, and makes of the educator a mere instrument, useful only for a limited purpose. Nothing, probably, would

shock a follower of Froebel more than to be told that there is some danger of his contributing to bring such a result about. Yet the teaching of children from three to seven is specialist work, no less than the teaching of "advanced chemistry" to boys of eighteen. It is true that the Kindergarten teacher takes into account the whole nature of the little child, and not only one section of it. Still, it is the *little* child that she deals with, and sometimes deals with *exclusively*.

And this exclusive dealing is specialization, or, if you prefer it, abstraction, of a marked type—more particularly if it be pursued in isolation from those who are engaged in other forms of educational work. It produces the normal consequences of strict specialization—namely, a certain narrowness of view and a diminution of the "saving common sense" that grows out of intercourse "with many kinds of men and their ways." The spirit so engendered is to be seen in barracks, in clubs, in public offices, in theological seminaries, and wherever else two or three men are gathered together to do *one* thing from *one* point of view. It begets pedantry in the first generation and bigotry in the second, because it keeps out of sight those larger human activities and interests in relation to which alone lesser operations have a real purpose or significance. Hence the means comes to be exalted above the end—the form above the substance, the symbol above the thing signified.

If the view here propounded is correct, it will follow that a certain large section of Froebelian teaching belongs to the general studies of teachers of all types, and should be, so far as possible, pursued by all teachers in common meeting together and joining in investigation and discussion. This will tend to width of view and harmonious co-operation among them. Another section, again, is of a specialist character, and deals with the peculiar problems of the education of children at a particular stage of mental and physical development. And here we make the transition from the *extensity* to the *intensity* of our system of

training. If it be true that both Kindergarten and High School teachers have suffered in the past from lack of communication with one another during the season of professional training, and if this is to be met in the future by putting all alike through a general course of educational study, in which the principles of Froebel will hold an important place, is there not some risk of our whittling down the Kindergarten teaching to a number of general propositions which will perhaps command universal assent, and exercise a wide influence, but at the same time will be so vague and abstract in their character as to take the strong colour and clearly-marked form out of our scheme of preparation? May we not, in attempting to diffuse our force, diminish its effective energy? That this is a real danger is, I think, manifest from the miserably meagre conceptions of the Froebelian idea which one sometimes finds put into practice by those who believe themselves to have penetrated to the spirit of Froebel, while escaping from bondage to the letter. Any kind of manual occupation, however trivial and unsystematic, however slightly associated with the remainder of the school-work, or with the children's living interests and impulses, is falsely styled "Kindergarten" by some shallow but well-meaning folks, just as they apply the same name to any kind of amusement, however capricious and unmeaning, under the impression that it carries out Froebel's idea of education through play.

Such a danger is only to be met by uniting with the general course of study in the theory and practice of education an intense and detailed course of specialized work suited to the peculiar needs of those whose main business will be the development of children under seven years of age. Such a specialist course will have as its pre-suppositions (1) a good general education, at least up to the level required for passing one of the examinations taken at high schools for a "leaving certificate." And here, by the way, we must deplore the anomalous position of the students at our training colleges for teachers in public ele-

mentary schools. Too often, owing to the condition of things produced by our pupil-teacher system, they have to begin to do at eighteen what ought to have been accomplished in the four years preceding their period of studentship. Too often they come to their training college not to be professionally trained, but to receive a postponed and belated secondary education. In such cases specialization of any sort is fraught with danger, and their supreme need is, even at the eleventh hour, an enlarging and liberalizing course of general study, to open their own minds, and to widen their sympathies. Granted, however, that we have this basis of a good liberal secondary education, we may take as our second presupposition—(2) the course in the theory and practice of education in its general aspects, of which we have spoken above. Part of this, perhaps all of it, need not be previous to, but may be taken simultaneously with, the specialist course in infant teaching. Upon this specialist course I have far less authority to speak than those who have devoted their lives to this kind of work. Let me say, however, that I respect with all my heart the desire of those who would wish to see it as prolonged and as thorough as possible. Let it be given, if it is thought advisable, in special institutes or seminaries, provided this can be reconciled with our two presuppositions; provided, that is, that they are linked to institutes of general education, and that their inmates have access to other than purely technical or specialist instruction. Just as the modern language teacher, whenever possible, goes abroad to complete in detail the general training he has received in educational theory, and to apply his wider principles to the peculiar problems of his special sphere of instruction, so may the infant teacher, if her previous training has been extensive enough, plunge without misgiving into a deep and prolonged course of intensive study, in which it will be her aim to think out her ideas in terms of infant life. I would add to this that I can see no reason why the core and nucleus of this specialist instruction should not be distinctly Froebelian; that is,

why it should not be founded in the first instance on the hero-worship of Froebel, and a loving study of his sayings and doings, and of his friendship with Pestalozzi.

This is what has touched the heart and imagination of Kindergarten teachers in the past; this is the true origin and *nisus* of the great spiritual force whose conservation and diffusion is the subject of our deliberations to-night. The man Froebel, in his own place and time, sincerely and realistically conceived, with the help of relic, and picture, and poem, will not only move and kindle the feelings, but he will also, in his own person, warn the student against an unthinking and mechanical

transference of his methods and material instruments into a different environment. If we conceive clearly enough the historical Froebel, we shall be in less danger of confusing him with the message of which his own life and writings were only a symbol, and shall realize that the spiritual independence and self-development for which he laboured can only be achieved by ourselves through the perpetually renewed effort to think his thoughts afresh in terms of a changed environment, an altered age, a different nationality, and a new prospect as it opens out before a new generation.

H. L. WITHERS.

Nature Notes.

SPRING is again almost upon us, and, in deciding where the Easter holidays shall be spent, many teachers will probably bear in mind next term's Nature work, and the necessity of stocking the aquarium and adding to the class museum, &c.

I should like to say a few words in favour of an aquarium for each class. I have always found it a source of the greatest interest; it can be kept going with very little trouble, and yet in many class-rooms it is either absent or badly kept. The common bell jar, placed in a hollow stand, is useful and inexpensive. Some pieces of rock should be placed in it, as they afford shelter to many animals, and they also serve to hold down the roots of water plants, such as water-buttercup, frogbit, water-forget-me-not, pond weed, &c. If there is too strong a light from the window in which the aquarium is placed, low forms of vegetable life will appear as a green growth, both in the water and on the glass: to prevent this, a thin green tissue paper may be pasted outside on the side near the window. It is absolutely necessary, in order to keep animals healthy, that the water should be properly aerated, and many people think this can only be done by frequently changing the water. This is a great mistake: it is a troublesome piece of work,

and it greatly disturbs the creatures. If a due proportion of *plant* life is kept up, the water will keep pure and fresh for many months at a time. The water in my bell-jar has not been changed since last July, enough water only having been added to supply loss from evaporation. All through the autumn and winter months our water-weeds have kept green, and our stock of water-molluscs, two generations, have flourished.

But very shortly now, in wayside ponds and ditches, will be seen floating large masses of grey frog spawn, some of which should be obtained and placed in the jar: by the help of a lens the children may then watch the development of the tadpoles, until they emerge helpless and obliged to depend for food, for yet a few days longer, on the egg jelly. As soon as possible I always obtain some duckweed for them, but a fresh supply is not always to be found so early. Later on, when they are reaching maturity and require other than vegetable food, instead of giving them meat, which soon spoils the freshness of the water, I usually provide them with small bits of the white of a hard-boiled egg.

N.B.—As soon as the hind legs appear, remember to provide a resting-place for the tadpoles *above* the surface of the water.

In the same pond or ditch where the frog spawn is found we shall probably find specimens of more than one kind of water-snails—those with elongated, shortened, or flattened spirals. They are most valuable for the aquarium. They act as scavengers, and are particularly useful in keeping under the growth of the minute green weed on the glass that I mentioned before, and which so often obstructs the view. By watching carefully and patiently, the children may easily see for themselves how the snail, with its wonderful rasp-like tongue, scrapes away this growth. They should also be led to notice that in water snails the eyes are at the base of the tentacles, and that those provided with opercula do *not* come to the surface to breathe air, as do those which are without them.

A little later on one is sure to find, gummed securely to the glass, long, narrow, reddish-yellow jelly bags: these are the snails' bags of eggs. They should be watched with the help of a lens: one day a large number of baby snails will emerge from them, which in time will grow to quite a large size.

We must not forget to bring away from the pond a small quantity of the bottom mud. It is well to place this in flat dishes—old soup plates are useful—and watch for signs of life. In such mud we found last summer the larvæ of many insects, such as the caddis, the may-fly, &c. The former, with their curious variety of cases, may be put in the aquarium; the latter are better kept apart, as they feed on other water creatures, of which there is sure to be a supply in the mud. Sometimes the larvæ of the dragon fly and the gnat may be found in it.

In the ditches near Oxford I have often found the water spider—I mean the one that constructs a silken cell for itself. This cell resembles a diving-bell, and is inflated with air by the spider itself carrying down the air by means of its hairy body. It is a wonderful sight to see, and must be patiently watched for; but it is now, I believe, rather difficult to obtain the spider.

If sufficient sand is placed at the bottom of

the aquarium, various fresh-water mussels may be kept with ease.

Some of us may have decided on the seaside for our holidays, and I should like to remark that a *salt-water* aquarium is not such a difficulty as may be imagined. I kept one for over a year far away from the sea. I made a mark on the jar to show the height at which the water stood when I first filled it, and from time to time I added *fresh* water to supply the loss from evaporation, and to prevent the remainder from becoming too salt. In it I kept a variety of sea-anemones; but I took care every morning to brush them over with a camel-hair brush, to remove the film which spreads over them, and which is removed by the tide when they are in their natural surroundings. Of course, if the distance be not too great, some of the large railway companies will supply kegs of salt water at a small cost, and the water can then be renewed from time to time.

It is, I think, a good plan *not* to keep the same creatures in the aquaria of all the classrooms, as the children may then be allowed to visit and to tell one another what is going on in each room. If any change has taken place, they are always so eager to tell their fellows, and the visit of one class to another promotes the feeling of union among the children, and sometimes may act as a not unneeded spur to the teachers themselves.

Doubtless the keeping of an aquarium and the search for specimens will entail some trouble on the part of each teacher, but I feel sure that it will be given, like so much else, ungrudgingly, gladly, by those who feel strongly what an immense value such opportunities of coming into contact with Nature, and of watching her wonderful workings, must be and *is* to the children. To have helped to develop in them the seeing eye, to have quickened in them that readily responsive sense of awe and reverence in the presence of—and their own sense of oneness with—the works of the loving Creator, is more than compensation for anything we may do, and is in itself our great reward. ELANOR WALLICH.

Ideals of Training for Froebelian Teachers.*

I WILL begin by considering the essentials of training for the profession of a Froebelian teacher.† What do we consider it essential to provide for Froebelian students during this time of training? I will put these essentials under three headings:—

1. Instruction in certain subjects. (a) In natural science; for Nature knowledge is necessary in order to lead the child's observations. (b) In art; a knowledge of art is necessary in order to lead the child's efforts at self-expression. (c) In educational principles. (d) Methods of instruction. (e) Knowledge of child-nature. In all these subjects students must have instruction.

2. We must give *opportunity* for acquiring practical skill, by which I mean the power of handling material of all kinds, the power of *doing* of which Pestalozzi speaks in "How Gertrude Teaches her Children." He devotes a large part of the book to showing that sense-impression is the basis of knowledge, and then claims that we must have a systematic training in the power of doing, likewise founded on sense-impression. "All skill, on the possession of which depend all the powers of knowing and doing that are required by an educated mind and noble heart, comes as little of itself as the *intelligence* and *knowledge* that man needs for it."

3. Opportunity for the practical application of knowledge and skill in work with children.

With regard to the first heading—that is, instruction in such subjects as natural science, art, principles of education, &c., — students

will enter college with various tastes and aptitudes and in varying degrees of development. The time at their disposal is short. How shall we balance the claims of this many-sided training? A certain amount of knowledge in the subjects enumerated is necessary for all—*thoroughness* up to a certain point, with an extended knowledge of one subject—"something of everything, everything of something."

From the point of view of the teacher, it is a great advantage if she has in one subject a more extended knowledge than it is possible to have in all subjects. This deeper knowledge enables her to justly estimate the importance of the beginnings in this subject. In teaching it she will know what to choose and what to leave, when to take the children's points, when to pass them over. She realizes in one subject, at any rate, the value of the early and apparently insignificant beginnings, and can infer that beginnings in all subjects are significant. Knowing what study and observation and discovery are, she can lead children to be observers and discoverers.

A greater knowledge in any subject makes a teacher willing to continue longer at the elements than those are willing to do who know less of the subject. I believe all who have had anything to do with training will understand what I mean when I say that it is hard to get those who have done no thinking for themselves, who are little beyond the elements in any subject, to teach so as to help the child to work its own mind, and to get them to give time to, and to realize the significance of, the child's first work. Proficiency and independent work in any direction are of value to the student, as a teacher. But I do not propose to dwell on this side of the question to-day. We provide for this part of the

† In talking of a Froebelian *teacher*, I am conscious of the awkwardness of having no English equivalent for the German word *Kindergärtnerin*. It will be obvious in this paper that it is not of a *teacher* for children under six years of age that I am thinking.

* A paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Froebel Society on March 18, 1901.

student's work by lectures, and it is more or less a question of learning. We test a candidate's suitability in this direction by examination, and can exclude any one until a certain standard of knowledge, which we have agreed to consider a sufficient preparation for special work as a Froebelian student, has been reached.

It is on the points connected with the second heading that I wish to dwell this evening—the opportunities which must be given to students for the acquisition of practical skill, for training in the art of doing. This is not a simple matter, but one of considerable complexity, and we cannot judge of a girl in these matters when first she enters college. Power in practical matters is the very essence of a Froebelian teacher. It involves habits of order, forethought, punctuality, and neatness. We know that girls coming direct from school are often deficient in such habits, and we cannot have any examinational test such as we have with regard to book-work, in order to bring their deficiencies home to them. Educational tact is needed by the teacher; there is no surer foundation for educational tact than knowledge and skill in practical matters, by which I mean an understanding of how the daily events of life may be made useful to a child—a power of combination, presence of mind, sympathy. We claim that such qualities as these will develop in connexion with practical life. It is through action that a knowledge of the art of living is gained, and a girl's power as an educationist will depend greatly on her knowledge of this art. If we think of the intellectual acquirements, say, as the beams and rafters of the house, we may perhaps liken the other qualities to those parts of the building which connect all together, and make it a habitable structure. The Kindergarten is a basis for life; the *Kindergärtnerin*, or whoever has the care of little children before the school age, must be an *educator*, not a teacher only. She must exercise what Frau Schrader has called “spiritual motherliness.”

I think it must somehow be our fault that the world in general thinks of the *Kind-*

gärtnerin as an infant teacher. Spiritual motherliness is something which belongs to womanhood; it is inherent in the nature of the woman, is dormant in the girl. It needs calling out, and, like other natural gifts, requires systematic training.

Girls come to be trained as *Kindergärtnerinnen* with the idea of learning to teach little children. They do not know that it is a question of educating little children. In learning this they must touch life at every point. They are entering into a relationship through the child with all sides of life; no part of their lives can be untouched by training. It is not a question only of *how much* is learnt, but of what is done, of what they are.

The Froebelian teacher is a link between home and school; where she touches home, that is, when dealing with the small child of three to six years of age—the age when the child belongs to home and nursery—she must take “mother” as her model. She will have to help the small child to find its place in life, to give the child opportunity for action, as it is through action that it will learn to manipulate material, to control itself, to master circumstances, to enter into social life. She will have to do with real things, with daily events of life, with the training in the child of habits, intellectual, moral, and physical.

When the link touches school, here the teacher's work will be a more direct preparation for school life, and the boy and girl must be fitted to take a normal place in the school. The preparation will be based on the experiences of the first six years, and in close touch with action. How, then, may we help a Froebelian student and give her opportunity for what we claim as one essential, the acquisition of practical skill? In the first place one must let the student's work centre round the child. It is recognized in every training that students must have some opportunity of giving *instruction* to children and of occupying them. But I mean something more than this when I say that students' work must centre round the child. There must be work and play in common between students and children,

and a bond of interest established between them. In looking after pet animals together, feeding guinea pigs, pigeons, fish, keeping hutches, bowls, cages clean, keeping order, looking after the garden, students and children become friends. The children show themselves in a way that they cannot when sitting at a table. The student has an opportunity of knowing more of child-nature, because she is seeing children under varying circumstances. Difficulties occur; presence of mind, tact, sympathy are called out. Many a girl not naturally tidy or orderly, or fond of taking trouble, who has not thought it worth while to get these habits for her own sake, if once she realizes that they are of educational importance, will take the trouble to acquire them for the sake of the children. Life, action, experience are what we want for girls, and wherever a child is, we shall find all these things without artificial arrangement.

The power of insight gained in common with the children is a help to the student in dealing with a class. We know that a student may have the necessary subject-knowledge, that she may have taken trouble in the preparation of a lesson, and yet fail face to face with her class. The more she gets to understand children, child-nature in general, and the individual child in particular, the sooner she will overcome these practical difficulties. But children are only with us for a few hours out of the twenty-four, and it is impossible to give girls sufficient time and work with children themselves. We provide theoretical instruction; it is the practical application of theory which is more difficult. Therefore one problem before us is how to give girls more opportunity for practical efficiency in their work than it is possible to do in direct connexion with the children.

During the last few years I have been

realizing what a help it is, what gaps in this point may be filled in, if students live in the college. Life in a small community has a developing influence. Out of the various needs that arise come opportunity for helpfulness, for quickness in seeing how to step into a breach. It becomes a matter of experience what the difference is that order and punctuality make. The various dispositions, opinions, gifts, call forth consideration and tact. The atmosphere akin to that of family life, which Pestalozzi describes as *Wohnstufenkraft*, calls out the qualities and fosters the habits specially needed by the Froebelian teacher. It is much more difficult to provide the necessary training on the practical side for students not living in the house—the harmonious combination of practical and intellectual work. The intellectual work throwing light on the practical, the practical work leading to a true understanding of life, seems to me an ideal of training for a Froebelian teacher. Out of such training should come the attitude of mind towards life in general and individual work in particular which is essential for an educator—a wide outlook, embracing small things in great ones, and seeing their connexion, a humility which increases with knowledge and experience. A student at the end of her training should begin her independent work with a deep sense of responsibility, and at the same time she should have a certain confidence in her powers, gained in work with children, and faith in principles, which will be her guide in action.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion: knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

C. G. BISHOP.



The Maypole.

From Part VI. of "The Child's Song and Game Book" (not yet published). (Sonnenschein.)

By H. KEATLEY MOORE, B.A., B.Mus.

VOICE. *Allegro con spirito.*

PIANO. *Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 104.*
DANCE. *f*

1. To - day, to - day is the
2. With gar - lands rare of
3. Hur - ray! hur - ray, here's the
4. The Win - ter's gone and the

FINE.

Attacca.

Ped. *

first of May, Let us run to the vil - lage green! . . .
flow - ers fair, The top of our May - pole's crowned, . . .
Queen of May, So fair, and so sweet, and so tall, . . .
Spring is come, And the flow'r's, and the birds, and the sun, . . .

Where the May - pole high reach-es up to the sky, The tall - est ev - er was
 And with rib - bons new of ev - e - ry hue, All hang - ing down to the
 And her throne's a bow - er all cov-er'd with flow'rs, We've crown'd her Queen of us
 So we'll sing and play, and dance all the day, For May, sweet May has be -

All Verses.

seen : . . .
 ground : . . .
 all : . . .
 gun : . . .

We'll sing and play and

dance all day, We'll sing and play and dance all day, 'Tis the first of May, . . the

D.C. senza pausa.

first of May! . . 'Tis the first of May, . . the first of May! . .

D.C. senza pausa.

Lewis Carroll, the Children's Writer.*

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies,
Never seen by waking eyes.

SAID a small child to me the other day: "Grown-up people never see Fairyland; only children can do that." Then, to a shapeless looking heap on the sofa: "Willie, sit up, do!"

Willie is a square cushion clad in a crazy-work suit. His chief drawback is that nobody can prove which end is his head and which his feet. Thoughtless persons have been known to sit him up to the table with his head underneath, or put him to bed with his feet on the pillow. Doris, by that subtle power of discrimination peculiar to children, is generally fairly confident; only at times she has her doubts.

While Willie was being lectured for his shortcomings, I mused over her words.

True, six-year-old philosopher, we older folks find that our eyes wax dim as we journey through life: that

So the dream departs,
So the fading phantom flees,
And the stern reality claims us for its own.

Yet, as this thought came into my mind, the name of one who oftentimes saw Fairyland occurred to me, and I roused myself to modify Doris's sweeping statement. "That's not quite right," I remarked; "I know of a 'grown-up' who often talked and wrote about Fairyland."

"Really?" Here Willie choked over a pretended biscuit, and had to be vigorously thumped on the back. Suggestion on my part that he had been sitting on his head; acceptance of this idea as the cause of the accident; restoration of the poor unfortunate to a more natural position—all this transpired before I could proceed.

"He was a clergyman," I continued; "very clever, and he taught in a college. Yet he knew a lot about fairies."

"Tell me about it"; and neglected Willie slid on to the floor as I told the story of Alice as written by Lewis Carroll. The eyes grew rounder and more shining, and a mystic look stole into them, as we followed the adventures of the White Rabbit, the Cheshire Cat, and the Knave of Hearts.

A sigh of delight was my reward for the telling

of it; one needed no better thanks, save perhaps the "Tell it again," which was promptly quenched by Nurse. After we had kissed poor Willie good night, having taken the precaution to tie a red bow on to one corner of him to avoid further tragedies, I resumed my meditations after the six-year-old had slipped away to the land of dreams.

Strange what a unique position Lewis Carroll holds in our literature; how futile are the attempts of others to produce works like his! Wherein lies the charm of his writings, and what is the nature of the service he has rendered us?

Of course his most prominent feature was his powerful imagination; the wonderful power he had to make of the common things quaint and fanciful figures, to animate them and make us feel for and with them. His fancy was so daring and original; at each page we find something fresh and startling. The character of Humpty Dumpty, for instance—many of us could not look at an egg without thinking of the queer old man, whose smile made Alice fear "that the ends of his mouth might meet behind." The White Queen, with the shawl one mass of pins; Tweedledum and Tweedledee; how clear they were to us! how we pictured them in the firelight, and saw them in the wooden figures that were to other people merely chessmen!

But, great as was his power of imagination, that was not his peculiar characteristic. Hans Andersen and other writers of fairy stories have had fancies as keen and original. It is his brilliant wit that marks him out from all other children's writers. Those who have read his books need no words of mine to describe it; those who have not, can gain nothing from any remarks about it. It sparkles and glows on every page from first to last; the eccentricities of his characters, their quaint remarks, the skillful parodies, the humorous turns of thought—these charm us beyond words.

Yet, as if in contrast with the fantastic and grotesque characters, a vein of poetry runs through his works. His love of the beautiful and true was deep and lasting. Few think of Lewis Carroll as a poet; yet the lines—

We are but older children, dear,
Who fret to find our bedtime near;

* Reprinted, by permission, from the *Reading College Magazine*.

also, in the same poem—

And though the shadow of a sigh
May tremble through the story,
For happy summer days gone by
And vanish'd summer glory,
It shall not touch with breath of bale
The pleasure of our fairy-tale ;

and again—

Alice ! a childish story take,
And with a gentle hand
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers,
Pluck'd in a far-off land ;

all written in connexion with the adventures of Alice, show a poet's mind and mode of expression.

More remarkable still, perhaps, was the almost unconscious strain of philosophy in his nature. Many of his characters can be taken as types of real people. Alice herself and the game of chess remind one of the words of Omar Khayyam—

'Tis all a chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays.
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays ;

and Alice with the friendly Red Queen, who advises her at the start of her journey; the people who meet and amuse her as she passes along; the thought of being Queen at the end, which prevents her from turning aside; the gaining of the crown to find the whole thing a dream and a vision, may be regarded as a symbol of life. We are all "Alices" more or less, and, if we win the crown, find it heavy at times.

These, then, seem the leading characteristics of the man and his work: the sense of humour, which even when it ran riot was logical, the power of seeing the beautiful and pathetic, as well as the ludicrous and absurd, and the gentle vein of satirical philosophy running deep down—not found by all readers, but there notwithstanding.

What influence has the life of such a man left on us to-day? Lewis Carroll has shown that it is possible to be a scholar and a dreamer at the same time. Combining, as he did, deep religious convictions with extensive mathematical knowledge, he did not despise children and childish things. Especially to those of us who train the children should his life be an example and a study. Could we catch more of his spirit and inspire our pupils with it, we should endow them with a gift that would be of service to them all through life.

In the first place more could be done to develop the child's sense of humour. Few people are to be pitied more than those who cannot take or see a joke. Many a child's power of humour

lies latent because it is given little or no chance to unfold. It is no bad thing to have a true appreciation of the humorous side of life. Every day brings its little worries:—shall we laugh or cry over them? Shall the little misfortunes make us in time irritable and bad-tempered, or shall we "welcome each rebuff" and meet it with a merry heart and a smile on our lips? Much depends on the way we look at things; and to turn little annoyances into a joke, and laugh over little misadventures is no bad habit. By reading Lewis Carroll to our little ones we may arouse in them a love and recognition of the truly humorous.

Again, we need to have as our constant companion the spirit of Fancy. It is with us all in our early days; the first few years of our lives are largely spent in the land of "Let's pretend." Then we grow older and put away childish things, life seems to lose its freshness, and we become practical men and women. Cannot we so train the children that the spirit of Poetry and Fancy may never leave them? that they may pass into the world, men and women who, though useful and practical, may say to the too prevalent spirit of materialism, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dream'd of in thy philosophy"? Especially could we so brighten the lives of the children of the people; those who are destined to live such dreary lives when they leave school—the boys to become hands at some factory, the girls to live through a dull round of washing, baking, and cleaning days. Cannot we give them something to enable them to turn at times for rest of mind to the beautiful realms of Fancy? Those who, as children, are encouraged to live in Fairyland can, as they grow older, enter more readily the world of Poetry, and thereby make of life a nobler, grander thing. Such children will in time have a deep hold upon the eternal. By acquaintance from the first with the things that are unseen, the things that are seen cease to satisfy. Why should the glorious world of the unseen be closed as we pass out of the gate of the garden of childhood to the hard roadway of life? Much we must leave behind; cannot we take as our friends and helpmeets the spirits of Fancy and Poetry? Let us who deal with the children so rouse and sustain their insight into what is unseen, that these kindly spirits may shine on their pathway from the golden days of childhood, till the time that they enter the larger life that the little ones call Fairyland, and we older people Heaven, "the vision of fulfill'd desire." E. L. M.

Children's Ready Adaptability of their Imagination to Circumstances.

MANY readers of *Child Life* will have been struck with the happy gift many children have of adapting their consciences to circumstances, through their imagination, when acts have to be committed which seem to them hard and altogether inexplicable.

An interesting instance came to my notice in the case of two little cousins who lived in Berkshire. They had been very ill with diphtheria, and each had a doll of which she was very fond, which had been her constant joy and companion through the long illness and isolation.

Great was their consternation when Nurse told them the dolls must be burnt. She tried to explain, but the reason was beyond their powers of comprehension. They were utterly

miserable at having to let their faithful playmates be treated in this way, and felt that they ought to protect them from such a fate.

However, Nurse was inexorable, and a solution had to be found. The children had often peeped into Fox's "*Book of Martyrs*," and it was through this they found a way out of the difficulty. They pretended they were Romanists and the dolls Protestants. They did all in their power to convert them, but it was of no avail; and at last, when the time came that they had to relinquish them, they made a final effort, and the dolls still being obdurate, they pronounced them heretics, and handed them over to the stake with easy consciences.

E. E. L. B.

Intellectual Training.

(Continued from page 26.)

BUT if it is not only possible, but desirable, to make intellectual training paramount, it will be well to face its difficulties and to consider the question of ways and means.

The greatest difficulty of all will be, not the inertia of the scholars whose minds have to be set in motion, but the mental inertia of the learned men whom we seem so apt to think the fittest to teach them, whose minds will be loth to forsake the old courses, and, like complex automata, may be thrown hopelessly out of gear if one attempt to work them in new ways. It is not an easy thing to impart to others what one has learnt oneself; but it is, at all events, much harder to practise that maieutic art by which others shall be enabled successfully to impart to us the thought that is quickening but latent in their own minds. According to the Educationist theory, the knowledge which is the instrument of education will be a secondary matter, not only for the taught, but also for the teacher: according to the Informationists, it is the first thing for

both. The mere knowledge, however genuine, of classics or mathematics must be held scarcely more a guarantee that its possessor is competent to educate growing minds than it would be held to be evidence of surgical efficiency that a man had made for himself a stethoscope or a forceps. Having made his tools, the educator must learn to use them, and here a large part of his professional training will consist in thoroughly understanding the material he has to use them on. It is true, of course, in general that there is nothing like leather, and for me leather is logic, leather is psychology. But, apart from such mere theoretical preparation, as to which I will ask for grace to say no more, there is another professional preliminary on which Educationists will lay much stress. So long as the information to be imparted is the main thing, the teacher, with a view to his future work, will address himself to books and to learning—nay, he will perhaps hardly know that teaching is to be his future work; but, having made himself learned,

he may find that, without intending it, he has thereby made himself eligible to teach. But so soon as education becomes the ruling idea, a demand will arise for the practical experience of successful educators, and, as barristers read in chambers, and young doctors walk hospitals, before they try their 'prentice hands on other men's purses or persons, so, *mutatis mutandis*, with the young schoolmaster and his future pupils. Experienced educators will not shine as doctors in divinity, but will be the lights of their own profession; and by degrees we shall obtain from them a pedagogic literature invaluable in smoothing the way of their successors at starting.

As to the ways and means of actual educational work, once the teacher is equipped for it, little need be said, and there is only time for little. Still I may try to enumerate two or three points very briefly.

First, before a child can think, he must have ideas to think with. But clear and vivid ideas can only be got at first hand. Nature, therefore, must come before books, things before words. This seems to point to an early training in observation and in simple mathematics, and to make one doubt the propriety of crowding out such lessons in order to make the most of the greater retentiveness of early years.

Training the senses, as it is not very happily called, is, if it is anything, so much active intellectual exercise. It is, moreover, the only intellectual training possible to a child before it has acquired some considerable command of language and independent control of its ideas. Further, it is the best and surest way of attaining to this higher development. And nothing can be more absurd than to suppose it is not necessary: if sound in sense and limb, even a child left to run the streets acquires a knowledge both of things and their names. But its knowledge in the one case is at least as defective as it is in the other; and the systematic training which is allowed to be needful and useful for the second is just as needful and useful for the first. By a judicious training in observation, you begin to make a child think when it is five years old. But if the child is left to itself till it is seven or eight, and then put to learn spelling and tables, it is really so smothered under a mass of crude and shapeless ideas loosely strung to a tangle of vague words that thinking is impossible. There

are a few animals in the world that can eat hard for a whole summer, and then, after a good sleep, grow into something lively and handsome; but these are grubs, and not children. If a child is to think to any purpose, he must think as he goes on; as soon as the material he has gathered begins to oppress him, he must begin to think it into shape, or it will tend to smother intellectual life at its dawn, as a bee is drowned in its own honey for want of cells in which to store it. But, on the other hand, nowhere is it more true than here—to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly. Nothing makes us so capable of more knowledge as knowledge already assimilated. But to let the years slip by, when everything is fresh and activity is abounding, without directing and fostering the budding desire to appropriate and comprehend, is the easiest and safest way to make a dullard of even a bright child.

Neglect of facts so obvious may be explained in three ways:—(1) through the general ignorance and distaste for natural science which has prevailed till lately; (2) through the equally general ignorance and contempt for the study of mind which prevail still; (3) through the enormous inertia that pertains to all educational institutions. There are scores of men, who ought to know better, who evidently imagine that comparing the structure of different flowers or studying the physical geography of the surrounding country is little better than a means of keeping the more stupid boys out of mischief: "the boys," as one schoolmaster says, "who can never hope to sail in the great language-ship and see the world." In music, French, drawing, and natural science, says this writer, the most backward in classics can take refuge! How thankful we should be for small mercies! Such a man, it is quite clear, never dreams that long before his great language-ship is fit for sea, long before the beautiful feats of mental gymnastics—the Latin hexameters and Greek iambs he admires so unreservedly—are possible at all, exercises of intellect the same in kind with those which afterwards engage us when handling abstracter and subtler subjects may be begun. Because a man is said to use his senses when he observes, which is about as wise as confounding art with paint-brushes. The reason why intellectual training—for that is what this so-called sense-training really is—can begin sooner with sensible objects,

is not merely that these are the first material the mind secures, but that the conceptions it forms are so much more distinct when the objects that embody them are before the senses. All life through, we feel that we can realize what we are thinking about, when we realize it literally by being face to face with the facts. But this is much more important for children whose constructive imagination is feeble and uncertain.

Besides this advantage of holding from the first a shaping and formative attitude towards the material furnished by the senses, there is a further one still, and one no less important. Observation cannot be done by proxy, and a child judiciously trained to see or verify for himself is much more likely to rely upon himself, and know the full meaning of truth, than one trained only through books, who receives more on trust, and is, therefore, more in danger of blind deference to authority, and what follows upon this—excessive dogmatism. In this way the study of facts corrects one disadvantage of the study of literature.

A second point which seems to me specially deserving of mention in connexion with intellectual education, though it only applies to a later stage, is this—viz., that the scholar should be told something of the methods by which facts are ascertained and theories tested, should be made acquainted with the history of knowledge and discovery, and of the steps through which a great truth has been reached; instead of being left, as according to the Informationist theory he would be, ignorant of anything but positive results. Many, I dare say, who have been put to learn mathematics from modern text-books must have wondered how any mortal man could have thought out such original theorems in a form so pat. No doubt he didn't; and our amazement is as misplaced as that of the St. Kildan who, on seeing the aisles and vaults of Glasgow Cathedral, and knowing nothing of scaffold, ladders, centering, and the like, declared it incredible that men could ever have scooped out a cave as fine as that. But such amazement is apt to be discouraging; perhaps the megalithic architecture of the Egyptians would have been sooner imitated if their devices for transporting such massive stones had survived them. Of course, by the Informationist such knowledge will be ticketed as curious but not useful, to be buried in a museum like the "brown bess," or Newcomen's steam-engine.

But if knowledge is not merely for useful application or for amusement, the knowledge of the methods by which knowledge is elaborated and verified is of the first importance. To intrude processes of manufacture may be a superfluity or an impertinence in dealing with mere consumers, but they are the last things to hide from those who are themselves to produce.

Only one point more—the last upon which I shall venture. The difference between certainty and probability or conjecture, between truth and opinion, is one which the educator should not fail to make felt. It is not, of course, desirable that subjects which are still mainly in the hypothetical stage should be taught in schools and to beginners. But what is merely probable or supposable, or matter of opinion, so far exceeds in quantity what is certain, that we cannot go far in any direction without coming upon it. Nor, if matters of probability and opinion could be wholly excluded from the scholar's attention, is it desirable that they should be? To keep him in an atmosphere of real or apparent certainty, when in after-life three-quarters of his intellectual occupation will be to deal with uncertainties, is as foolish as it would be to keep him out of the water till he has learned to swim. It is one of the most serious objections—and, as far as I can see, almost a fatal objection—to mathematical training, that it deals so exclusively with matters of demonstration in which there is no room for doubt, and therefore no exercise in the balancing of probabilities—a study which, as Prof. Huxley has said, "knows nothing of observation, nothing of induction, nothing of experiment, nothing of causation." Of course, the whole point of this remark bears against the *exclusive* study of mathematics; as furnishing a training in connected thinking and formal exactness, mathematics are invaluable.

To know that you don't know is also knowledge; and perhaps there is no knowledge a man can possess that will do more to save him from error than this clear perception of his ignorance of the line at which certainty ceases and doubt begins. To know this well is the first step towards suspension of judgment and deliberation. He who has but vague ideas of proof, who knows nothing clearly and distinctly, or takes his knowledge on trust, cannot distinguish the certain from the uncertain, the obscure and doubtful from the self-evident and demonstrative, opinion and prejudice from truth and knowledge. We

see here again, then, that no effort should be spared to make the young mind intellectually exacting, and, where certainty is not forthcoming, proportioning its conditional assent to the evidence. But that its judgment shall thus answer to evidence as a ship does to her helm, and to nothing but evidence, long and careful training will be required. To attain this end, as well as on account of the preceding, it is every way desirable, if not necessary, that the teacher should be acquainted with logic. True, men think correctly without logic, but they think more correctly with it. As Mill well says: Where there is a right way and a wrong way, there must be a difference between them, and it must be possible to find out what the difference is; and, when found out and expressed in words, it is a rule for the operation. If any one is inclined to disparage rules, I say to him—Try to learn anything for which there are rules, without knowing the rules, and see how you succeed. And, as part of liberal education, I even think that logic should not be confined to

the teacher. The exorbitant pretensions of the earlier logicians and the foolish disputations they encouraged have brought logic into undeserved contempt. No doubt it requires to be taught with discretion, and not by a logical pedant; but, well taught, it affords training by exercises and problems, as Prof. Jevons has shown, quite as valuable as the training afforded by mathematics, and a very desirable supplement to this. But, over and above logical training, a profound love for truth must be quickened and kept vigorous in the student's mind. This is the crown and glory of an intellectual education, and to produce it is the blindest office the teacher has to discharge. And here, as in so many other things, his example will be more effective than his precepts. There is nothing harder than to be at once enthusiastic and exact, free alike from the frigid uniformity of a calculating-machine and the indiscriminating fervour of a partisan. But between these lies safety.

JAMES WARD.

News of the Woolwich Mission Kindergarten.

AS the readers of *Child Life* know, our Mission Kindergarten has now been open just over a year. It has made great progress since the account of it given last October.

We have now thirty-one children on the books, and it is very encouraging to notice the change in those who have been with us some time. As I write, I think of one in particular—the second child at the right-hand table in the photograph. When he came to us he was not three years old—such a miserable little baby, who never attempted to speak, never laughed or played, and could not even be induced to walk across the room alone. He is now three and a-half, quite a bright, happy little fellow, and only just lately he has won a badge for good marching!

The little boy at the further end of the left-hand table was more like an animal than a child when he first came to us; he is not an ideal Kindergarten child yet, and cannot even talk, but he is certainly improving, and is wonderfully intelligent over pictures.

The open space in which the children are seen

is a paved yard, used as a rubbish hole by the adjoining lodging-houses, and at night as a thieves' run! This place is called by the children "the garden," and is a great delight to them. We have just sown some seeds in wooden boxes down there, and are already talking of the time when, as one little girl expressed it, "Muvva and Daddy, and Gimbert and Dimmy, and my Gannie and my Auntie" can have tea there amongst the flowers. But those of us who know more of gardening feel anxious when we think of the cats.

Our Christmas party was a great success. Through the kindness of friends, some of whom are personally unknown, we had beautiful toys and ornaments for the tree, which was sent by the Blackheath Kindergarten children. The children decorated the tree during the morning, and were much delighted with the result, as they had never seen one before. At about four o'clock the room was filled with visitors, and the children marched in with their blue pinafores and red slippers, and sang and played some games. While the guests had tea handed round, the children sat

at their tables, and after singing grace had their tea. The tree was then lighted up, and when we had sung "The First Noel," the children gave their mothers the presents they had made for them. Their delight knew no bounds when they found there were presents for themselves, and I do not know whether mothers or children enjoyed themselves most. I ought to have said that Mrs. M. and Mrs. C. came in together, Mrs. M. bringing some holly for "the teachers." Presently she came up to me and said, "Mrs. C. is sorry she didn't bring you anything, so we'll just run out and get some mistletoe"—and they disappeared, and presently returned bringing a large bunch.

We find the mothers most appreciative; they often look in to watch the children at work, and have a little chat with us, and lately they have begun to bring their friends and relations to "have a look round." One woman, one of the bad characters of Woolwich, has become a great friend of ours. She shows her appreciation of our work by such remarks as remarks as "Eh, Miss, I wouldn't do it for a pound a week!" One day, coming in just as I was telling her little boy to do something, he turned shy and refused. I repeated what I had said to him, and was upheld by the woman, who called out: "That's it, Miss! go on, beat him, I should!" I think she was surprised when Charlie obeyed without being beaten. Seeing her wearing a piece of green ribbon after St. Patrick's Day, I said, "Are you Irish, Mrs. B.?" When she told me she was, I asked her if she would like a piece of shamrock. She replied, "Well, I've got some, Miss, but I'd like a piece of yours," showing that things which come from the Kindergarten are considered valuable.

Our Mothers' "At Homes" are quite an institution now. At our last we had over twenty visitors, sixteen being mothers and the others big sisters who came instead of mothers. We had tea, and then the children played some games to entertain their friends. At the end I suggested that the fathers should come to these "At Homes." This was greeted with a shout of laughter, but one woman said: "My husband would come in a minute if he wasn't afraid of being the only man," and then I learnt that several husbands felt the same; so they agreed to try and bring them next time, and we are anxious to see the result.

Amongst other presents for the children, we had a boxful of beautiful dolls at Christmas, so

that each child is now able to have his or her own baby. The dolls are kept at the Kindergarten, but each is the exclusive property of its owner. The pretty little boy sitting on the floor, with his hands behind him, refused to play with a doll until after the birth of his baby sister, but since then he has been most devoted to a baby doll in long clothes. This little boy was rather troubled by the baby's bald head, and said his mother had cut all her hair off.

Perhaps it may be interesting to some of the readers of *Child Life* to hear how we spend our mornings. The children come to the Kindergarten any time between 9.30 and 10 a.m., and after having their pinafores and shoes put on, and, if necessary, being washed, the early comers help to arrange the flowers, water the sand, and put out everything that will be wanted for the morning. At about 10 o'clock we have a hymn and a prayer, and then one or two "good morning songs." We then divide into two groups for "morning talk." This is followed by lunch and free play. After lunch we have games, and then two more lessons, generally one gift and one occupation.

In the afternoon the Kindergarten is open for an hour and a-half, when the children play freely with their toys. This seemed almost a necessity with these poor children, who would otherwise be in the streets for the greater part of the day. So we convert the Kindergarten into a nursery, watched over by the Kindergarten and the little maid who is seen on the left of the photograph. The children are expected to amuse themselves, and it is most interesting to watch and hear all that takes place. At first they had no idea of playing *together*, and were constantly quarrelling over the toys. Even now one or two, rather than share their toys, put them in their pinafores and hug them. On the whole, however, they play very happily, and the Kindergarten is only so far pressed into the service that she has to drink countless cups of tea, and say "come in" to the various tradespeople who visit her.

I must now conclude with what seems to us the most satisfactory thing of all. At the beginning of this term the vicar of the parish applied to the School Board for leave to keep the children at the Kindergarten after they were five years old. This led to visits from two inspectors, one to see the children, the other the room; and we have lately heard that the Board have agreed to recognize the Kindergarten as "an efficient school" for sixty children, with no conditions!



We think that under these circumstances the school should be put on a firmer footing, and so we are asking for annual subscriptions, however small, as we are at present almost entirely dependent on donations.

We are very glad to see visitors, and have very much appreciated the visits of those who have come in many cases long distances to see the children at work.

MURIEL WRAGGE.

Territory.

(Continued from page 40.)

MYSTERY.

THE living room of the little homestead was scrupulously clean and neat, with a polished plank floor and big beams of wood across the ceiling. A table was set in the middle, round which the family had gathered; a girl was bearing in a large bowl full of some appetizing food. The neat hearth—tongs and poker in their places—the little mantel-shelf set with diminutive clock and vase, bespoke the same seemly order that reigned everywhere. There were even some pictures over the fire-place—a lattice window with half drawn curtains of buff shavings. An old man with a long pipe, the stem of which appeared like a thread, smoked eternally in a large armchair in the chimney nook; a tiny cat reposed in dainty wooden complacency on the hearth—it would have purred if it could. Perhaps it did purr—who knows!

But, oh! fascinating of mysteries! at one end of the room was a half-opened door; it revealed, yet concealed something beyond. Was it a room? Was any one in it? Would some one ever come out?

For breathless moments I gazed and peered and longed to know, half expecting to hear a stir, to see the door open or shut, to penetrate into the unanswering mystery of the unknown inner chamber. Of what account was it to me that the entire *ménage* was enclosed within wooden sides eight inches by six, and faced with glass? It hung on a nail over the schoolroom mantel-piece, and was the tormenting delight of unsatisfied curiosity in my earliest years—the mystery of the open door and the unknown beyond.

The schoolroom wall at the back of the little German toy was never taken into consideration by my wondering mind, and oh! the pang, the blank feeling of disappointment, when, in after days, Arthur broke off the back and the mystery

of that inner room was ruthlessly laid bare to the common light of day—a tiny, triangular projection of wood at the back of the box!

The room was mended and hung up again on the nail; but it was changed to my eyes, the romance was dead—what did I care now for that open door, that supposed inner chamber? I knew it was a sham—a bitter deceit—and I scorned it! Still there were other fields to conquer; the world was not all a hollow fraud.

I had my own private cottage at the back of the book board in the pew at church. The Litany was long, and days were when my chin just reached the shelf and the edge of my prayer book, and there at the back was that projection of wood with the end like the sloping roof of a house. It became a house to me, and so I beguiled the time. I knew the woman quite well who lived there: she did all the cleaning and baking herself, and had a baby who slept in a cradle just by the corner where Arthur's copy of Hymns Ancient and Modern usually reposed. I did not tell Arthur about the cottage: it was entirely my own. It might never have been perhaps; only the Litany was so long, and I outgrew it in time, as my head rose above the book board.

Arthur and I were at one, however, in our eager and untiring pursuit of the hidden and secret places of the world. Every hole, every corner had its worth. There was magic in the very names "cave," "corridor," "secret passage." Who knew what we might not find? Windmills claimed our special affection; wells were held in a sort of superstitious awe, they were to be approached with the utmost deference, and to peer into their unfathomed depths was an occasion for blood-curdling shivers, and an almost intolerable sense of the eerie—a sensation which has never wholly departed.

A favourite, but terrifying game, was "Bogey in the Well"*; it was played always in the dark, and was much delighted in by Phyllis, but usually proved in the end too much for May's equanimity.

The very keyholes were full of fascination—who was to prove they held nothing more than a key? Might not intricate and winding corridors branch out on either side into the hidden framework of door or wall? A loose plank in the floor caused our pulses to quicken. Treasure might be hidden there; we might find something, "our very own selves." We secretly lifted up corners of carpets, or tried to scrape away the accumulated dust between the boards. There was space, we knew, between the flooring and the ceiling of the room below—and space meant possibilities—adventurous possibilities.

We began to have our own secret corners; we hid halfpennies and pennies away in odd nooks and crannies, or buried them in the garden, and hoped for forgetfulness. Unsuspecting everyday mortals passed by those very spots, little dreaming of the wonders close to hand. One day I discovered that a slab of stone at the base of the dining-room mantelpiece had become loose and could be removed, revealing a cavity. At first with a beating heart I had a wild, half hope that I had found at least a dungeon so far unsuspected at Albert Terrace. I gloated over my discovery for three days alone, and then could bear the joy of it no longer, and showed it to Arthur. It was a glorious find. We hid things there persistently, and kept the secret of its existence for years.

The hiding of money and the hope of discover-

ing errant coins was a constant amusement of mine and Arthur's. Phyllis was not interested in such matters, and only upon occasion did we let May into our secrets.

I was thrall to "Alice" from the age of six, and could not pass a rabbit hole without inserting as much of my foot as I could persuade to enter, wishing, oh, wishing so ardently, that my body could follow, sometimes shutting my eyes, and almost cheating myself into the belief that I, too, was falling, falling underground.

It was about this time that the best china inkstand claimed our attention. It had two china receptacles for ink, which fitted into holes in the stand; below the holes was empty space, happily unutilized. Such a waste! The inkstand had been a wedding present to the Parents, and consequently was never used. It positively cried out for treasure, and there we hid and saved up our Saturday pennies, turning them, when they had sufficiently accumulated, into the small silver coins not often in our possession. The inkstand was an incentive to save. A secret hole in the floor was charming, but it could hardly be said to run risks of discovery; but an inkstand, exposed to view—unsuspected, hiding within its china solitudes great satisfying pennies and rare three-penny bits—the idea was thrilling. Eventually we gave May a share in the inkstand bank; one of the china things was broken, so we let her have that side.

Once we played "Open Sesame," and that was upon a memorable occasion when we successfully raided the back premises, and carried off four dozen fire-lighters to our cave under the table.

The lighters had been brought in a barrow by a man and deposited in the middle of the yard. Cook was busily engaged talking to the man, and we took advantage of her abstraction to steal in softly and carry them off. I dared the enemy first, and successfully carried off one lighter; then Arthur and May, emboldened by my success, each carried off two. With the craft of Red Indians, or the subtlety of Easterns (so we hoped), we crept softly from schoolroom to yard in quest of the priceless treasure.

At first our intention was to capture a few, expecting speedy annihilation from cook. We hoped she didn't see us, but we had our doubts. She talked on blandly to the man, who showed no signs of departure. Yet I thought I caught the glance of a baleful eye in our direction.

"I believe she's letting us," I exclaimed with

* Since writing the above I have been much interested to find that "Bogey in the Well" is not a game peculiar to our childhood, but was in high favour with other children since grown up. It seems to belong to that category of old national games as mysterious in origin as are our nursery rhymes. The *dramatis personæ* of the game were:—"Bogey," who chose some dark corner for well; "Mother," who chose a "home"; some children. It was played in this wise:—Children: "Please, mother, may I have some cake?" Mother: "Let me see your hands." (Children hold up their hands for inspection.) Mother: "They are dirty; go and wash them in the well!" *Exeunt* children to the well, when out rushes Bogey, roaring, and gives chase. Children flee "home." Any child caught is dragged by Bogey into the well. Is this game perchance played by little children "in far Japan"? Readers of Andrew Lang's "Books and Bookmen" will remember the charming chapter on "Some Japanese Bogey Books," and the fascinatingly grotesque illustrations, amongst which we find a "Chink-and-Crevise Bogey and a 'Well-and-Water Bogey.'"

disgust, my arms affectionately clasped round six lighters, so bold had we become in our depredations; "I don't want to be let."

"She might at least chase us," grumbled Arthur; "she isn't half an enemy."

Where was the charm of perpetrating deeds of loot and labour only to be observed and unheeded?

We pursued our undertaking to the bitter end, and finally sat down under the table, within a fortification of fire-lighters, soon to be dragged thence by Jane, and slapped with some vigour and much scolding, and orders to "carry them things back to the kitchen."

It was a tame finale: Arthur sulked and I growled protestations. We felt humiliated, and somehow never again experienced any desire to play Open Sesame.

May divulged to me one day in a burst of confidence that *she* had got a secret passage downstairs, and under a vow of secrecy I was admitted. It was a long, narrow passage with a bare wall on one side, and a row of locked doors on the other. There were rooms behind those doors, but what treasure or mystery lay therein concealed was never known; we spent hours in conjecture; we surmised all sorts of things, and not for worlds would we have had those doors unlocked. It was one of our best places, safe from discovery; for to the unsympathetic eye nothing was visible save a little recess behind the dining-room shutters; only to us was it permitted to see beyond.

I tried to have a "looking-glass" room of my own in the schoolroom from behind the tall book case.

Scrambling to the top of the lower part, which was like a chest of drawers, I shut the doors of the book case upon myself as far as they would go. There was not really enough room to get inside and to quite shut the doors, but one could look through the glass into the room; and the strange thing was it always looked like a *new* room; I no longer saw the shabby carpet, the battered furniture, the green guard in front of the fireplace; these things I had left behind me; now I could crawl through the glass doors and jump down into this strange, hitherto unexplored, room with revived interest. The others would not play Looking-glass Room properly; Arthur gave a languid consent to slide down the poker, but forgot about being the White Knight in his absorbed interest in the poker, when

he found he could poke holes in the floor with the tip; and May *would* jump all over the room with her feet together, and said she was a Pawn moving into different squares; and I didn't want to play the game like that.

Finally Arthur and I conceived the noble project of making for ourselves a cave. We determined to dig a hole deep enough for us to stand in upright without being seen; afterwards we meant to make excavations at the sides.

At first we laboured with complete success. May stood watching our proceedings enviously, but with assumed indifference.

"Are you going to dig through to the other side?" she inquired.

"Silly, of course not," said Arthur, "it's all fire in the middle."

"You might get through to Australia," she suggested.

I ignored May's fatuous remarks, and threw up a spadeful of earth with a glance of withering scorn.

"Pooh, I don't believe you can dig a cave," persisted May, nettled by my contempt and really pining to take part.

"You don't know what you are talking about," I said grandly, and applied my spade with renewed determination. The ground was getting *very* hard, and we barely stood knee deep.

"Oh, bother!" said Arthur, and threw down his spade and walked away. I worked on; it would be humiliating to own defeat before May, but I might as well have tried to dig up the house. It was a great disappointment.

"Shall we make some caves for our dolls?" I inquired in as offhand a tone as I could assume; I would not have May know I was beaten. May rose to the bait with avidity. She forgot to jeer, and my honour was safe, and the situation was saved. Soon we were absorbed in the fascinating occupation of scooping out caves and passages at the sides of the hole.

Here we brought small china dolls and left them all night on purpose; sometimes we left them for days and pretended they were lost, and came again to search with beating hearts; we grew so venturesome that we took some of the smallest and hid them away in cracks of walls, exposed to the marauding spirit of any stray errand boy, and almost forgot where we put them, while we secretly gloated over the thought of their peril.

But, though exposed to these dangers and chances, the dolls were always discovered unper-

turbed with stiffly extended arms and serenely smiling faces.

Ichabod! Ichabod! Why have we found out what is at the back of the box? Where is *now* the glory and the dream.

We are still curious and thirst for the new and the wonderful; we study the descent of man and the theory of evolution, and we fancy we know something of prehistoric cave dwellers; we may

experience a thrill when our newspapers tell us of fresh excavations in old world-cities; perhaps even we belong to the Folk Lore Society; but

It is not now as it has been of yore;
Turn whereso'er we may
By night or day,
The things which we have seen we now can
see no more.

C. A. M.

(*To be continued.*)

Grâce aux Animaux.

AN ORIGINAL FRENCH RECITATION.

CHARACTERS.

LITTLE GIRL.	KID.
SHEEP.	SEAL.
SILKWORM.	FOX.
OSTRICH.	TORTOISE.
CALF.	OYSTER.

[*Little Girl to wear a silk sash, sealskin muff, foxtail tippet, hat with ostrich feather, tortoise-shell comb, pearl necklace, and kid gloves.*]

Girl. Ma foi! je suis vraiment
Une grande demoiselle!
Ma toilette recherchée,
N'est-ce-pas qu'elle est belle?
Ma robe est fort charmante,
A la mode, j'en suis sûre;
Mon chapeau emplumé,
Ma jolie ceinture,
Le beau petit manchon,
Les gants de chevreau,
Les brodequins adorables
Sont tous comme il faut.
Mon peigne à chignon
En écaille de tortue,
Mais comme c'est distingué!
Il se donne dans la vue!
Je me pique avec justesse
D'une toilette de bon goût;
Allez-vous-en, bêtes dédaignées!
Je ne me mêle pas de *vous*!
Sheep. Bah! Bah! mademoiselle! à bas la vanité!
Il ne faut pas faire le gros dos!
Tu portes une robe, hé bien! grâce au
mouton;
Va! tu te revêts de ma peau!
Silkworm.
C'est à moi, ce joli ruban;

Je suis le ver à soie;
Il faut rejeter la belle ceinture,
Si tu te retires devant moi.

Ostrich.

Holà! hé! hein! gare!
Au voleur! arrêtes-toi!
A qui est ce bouquet de plumes?
A ma bonne queue! ma foi!

Calf and Kid (both). Nous sommes deux petits
marmots.

Calf. Un veau.

Kid. Un chevreau.

Calf. Comme toi nous serions beaux.

Kid. Si tu nous rendrais les peaux.

Calf. Tes bottines me font peur!

Kid. Tes gants me brisent le cœur.

Calf. Ne sois pas fière de ta beauté,

Kid. Parce que tu nous en as ôté.

Seal. Bonjour, petite camarade;

De quoi fais-tu parade?

Tu aimes ton petit manchon,

Et moi j'aime bien la mer,

On m'en a emmené

Pour te servir, ma chère!

Cette belle fourrure

C'est à veau de marin, je t'assure.

Hé bien! le manchon c'est à moi;

Et à toi?—je ne sais quoi!

Bon jour, petite camarade;

De quoi fais-tu parade?

Fox. Je suis le bon brave Maître Renard;

Ne me regardes de haut en bas!

Je suis ton frère;

M'aimes-tu, ma chère?

Je porte la queue;

Et que portes-tu?

Qu'importe, ma chère ?

Je suis ton frère.

Tortoise.

Ah ! ton peigne magnifique.

Je te l'ai donné ;

Ta petite tête folle

Mon écaille l'a couronnée.

La demoiselle qui nous dédaigne

Nous supplie pour des peignes !

Oyster.

Ton joli fil de perles

C'est le don de la bonne huître :

Il ne faut pas te vanter d'un collier

Auquel j'ai toujours le titre !

Girl. Hélas ! j'en ai eu grand tort,

La vanité m'a trompé le cœur.

Allons ! je ne vous dédaignerai plus :

Vous êtes mes frères et mes sœurs.

E. E. BLOXAM.

What to Teach for the Next Three Months.

Under befriending trees

When shy buds venture out,

And the air by mild degrees

Puts winter's death past doubt.

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, we see it glisten

Every clod feels a stir of might,

And instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

APRIL again, and though we do indeed "see life glisten," we see little more as yet. The children's beloved sticky buds have opened, at least in sheltered places, and are showing pink tips to their fat end buds. If we are lucky enough to live near a larch wood, we may think Alice's gardeners have been at work painting the bare tracery green, but when we get close enough we see the green needles sprouting like fairy paint brushes from every branch, and many sprays are rejoicing in the dainty beauty of tiny rosy cones.

We have never spent any consecutive time on trees. Suppose we devote ourselves to them for Spring and early Summer. We are sure to have tadpoles to watch, and in studying trees, we shall come across butterfly eggs or caterpillars, but it will be easy to weave these into our talks. We have no desire to limit our interests, but if we do not somewhat limit our material for careful observation, we shall do little to increase our children's powers of concentration. The kind of tree we study will depend entirely upon our surroundings; but trees of some kinds we all have, even in park or street. The children have a nomenclature of their own, and we have "sticky-bud tree," "Christmas tree," "pussy willow tree," "key tree," and the "tree with the funny bark."

A pretty little poem from "A Pomander of Verse," by E. Nisbet, has given great pleasure to

our children. It helps to give each tree an individuality, and as it is short and does not seem to be well known, we can copy it here.

A CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING.

The silver birch is a dainty lady,

She wears a satin gown ;

The elm tree keeps the old churchyard shady ;

She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,

He gets his green coat late ;

The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,

While brown the beeches wait.

Such a gay green gown God gives the larches !

As green as He is good ;

The hazels hold up their arms for arches

When Spring rides through the wood.

The chestnut's proud and the lilac's pretty,

The poplar's gentle and tall ;

But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city—

I love him best of all.

Some of us have already watched the chestnut buds open indoors, watched the hard gum soften, and the scales turn down while the stem grew up, and have seen the woolly fingers unfold into perfect, though tiny, leaves. But we can all see the same out of doors now, and it is a story we need not hurry over; there are so many discoveries to make about a chestnut branch. The lilac too has unfolded her finely-shaped long buds, grey green in colour, with a delicate frosty bloom on the under-side of the leaf. It will give the children something to do to hunt for a branch with an end bud and two side ones like the chestnut branch, for most of the end buds of the lilac are never developed. If we take the trees as wholes, we can spend weeks on each one, but the children, once interested, will keep bringing twigs and leaves of various kinds and demanding lessons upon them. Exhaustive study of one object is not quite the right thing for young children, but we must take care not to hurt their

powers of attention by forcing new matter upon them too soon. Old friends should come up again too; we can keep our eyes upon them, and when they do anything interesting we can turn our attention upon them. The chestnut flower, for example, will come to us before long.

If we have no garden at all, and a very small one will produce a lilac, most of us can make at least one or two expeditions to see the trees growing. We may bring home twigs whose unfolding we can watch, or we may pick up baby trees, sprouting acorns, or sycamores still bearing the wing with which we played in autumn, flinging it into the air and trying to copy its twirling descent. Later, we may go again to see the trees in full leaf or in flower. Our lessons need not be at all formal; if they can be given in park or garden, so much the better. But it must be confessed that open-air lessons are not easy to give. While some children are born naturalists, and will gaze with all their eyes, making constant demands upon the teacher's sympathy, to others open air suggests frolic and frolic alone, and a few walk soberly along the paths, looking very superior, probably occupied in imparting confidences about Sunday frocks to their bosom friends. It is these last one wants to interest most of all, but it takes a genius to soften the scales of their close-shut minds, and let out the imprisoned life within. It is easier to manage if the children can have something definite to look for, and they are always pleased to go out with paper and pencil to write down what they see, or to draw it if they cannot write. Even the little ones can draw pictures of all the buds, flowers, leaves, or fruits they meet with, and, if a reference is made to likenesses and photographs, they may try to make their pictures true.

The change of season is so marked in Spring that it seems a good time to introduce the idea of time. Mr. Moore's "Trees' Year" adapts itself to such ideas as are given in "Kronos" or in some such tale as Miss Poulsson's in "In the Child World," where the months are made the children of the year, or even Miss Rossetti's beautiful drama of "The Seasons."

Froebel's birthday comes in April, and, if the children have been noticing hazel catkins, they should hear how Froebel loved them when he was a little boy, and helped his father to garden.

The "Hiawatha" stories can come in anywhere with lessons on trees; for their scene is

the Indian village, around which spread the meadows and the cornfields,

And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine trees,
Green in summer, white in winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

It was in a cradle of linden or lime that old Nokomis nursed the little Hiawatha, a cradle carved by Iagoo, the marvellous story-teller, who had

made a bow for Hiawatha,
From a bough of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows.

In Hiawatha's "Sailing" we have:—

Give me your bark, O birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O birch tree!
Give me of your boughs, O cedar!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley.
I a light canoe will build me
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn.

The cedar yields her boughs for firmness, the larch her fibrous roots, and the fir tree her balsam and resin.

My canoe to bind together,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter
That the river may not wet me.

The wedding messengers bore willow boughs, and the wedding guests smoked the bark of the red willow, while Pan Puk Keewis danced a solemn measure.

Very slow in step and gesture
In and out among the pine trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine.

The gaiety of the wedding will suit the gaiety of May Day, and the budding beech is suggested for the first of May because it is a sight so wonderful that one feels almost irreverent standing before it—it should be looked at on our knees.

Cox does not mention it, but sometimes the sisters who lamented the death of Phaethon wept by the river which bore away their brother, till they were changed into poplar trees upon its banks. "The Dragon's Teeth" is not exactly a Spring story, but Cadmus is a solar hero, and the story begins and ends in pleasant sunny fields, so it may come in when we are interested in hawthorn hedges. The "Tanglewood" version is meant for children, and Cox generally makes his myths sad. But Cox keeps the poetry, which in "Tanglewood" is often sacrificed to smartness. If we read both, we can make our own stories.

Browning's Spring songs may seem beyond the children; but it is wonderful how much children enjoy good poetry. If they enjoy it,

they must understand something, and "a man's reach should exceed his grasp."

"The Argonauts" will introduce strange trees, vines, olives, and pomegranates; but the Golden Fleece is nailed to a beech, each hero carries two lances with heavy white ash staves, the ship is built of pines, and a branch from the sacred oak of Dodona is fixed to the prow. May 29 is Royal

Oak Day, and London children know Royal Oak, Honor Oak, and Gospel Oak, and at Christmas we talked of the Yule log. I should like to recommend Mrs. Dyson's "Stories of the Trees," published by Nelson & Sons, as the very greatest help to teachers who have not been brought up among trees. Mrs. Dyson not only describes the trees so that mistake is well-nigh impossible, but has

	NATURE LESSON.	STORY.	POETRY, SONG, OR GAME.
<i>April:</i>			
Week 2.	The Horse Chestnut.	"How People used to tell the Time" and "Kronos" (Cooke's "Nature Myths").	"The Trees' Year" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part V., or <i>Child Life</i> , July, 1900).
Week 3.	The Lilac.	"Legend of the Arbutus" (Cooke's "Myths"). "Persephone," "Froebel's Birthday" ("The Story Hour").	"Birdies in the Greenwood," "Awake, ye Little Sleepers," "The Spring Flowers" ("Music for the Kindergarten," E. Heerwart).
	The Elm.	"Hiawatha's Sailing."	"The Ship" (E. Heerwart). "A Day on the River" (Nuth's "Gift Plays"). "Home Thoughts from Abroad." Song from "Pippa Passes," by Robert Browning.
Week 4.			
<i>May:</i>			
Week 1.	The Beech.	"Hiawatha's Wedding."	"May Day" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part V.).
Week 2.	The Poplar.	"Legend of the Poplar" (Cooke's "Nature Myths"). "The Story of Phaethon" (Cox's "Tales of Ancient Greece").	"Foreign Lands" (R. L. Stevenson). "Child's Song in Spring" (E. Nisbet).
Week 3.	The Hawthorn.	"The Dragon's Teeth" ("Tanglewood Tales").	"The Trees" ("Music for the Kindergarten"). "Mistress Cow" (Nuth's "Gift Plays").
Week 4.	The Plane.	"The Argonauts" (Kingsley's "Heroes").	"We are Little Sailors" ("Golden Boat Songs"). "The Ship" (E. Heerwart).
Week 5.	The Oak.	"The Argonauts" (<i>continued</i>). "Story of the King's Oak."	Same games continued.
<i>June:</i>			
Week 1.	The Lime.	"The Miraculous Pitcher" ("Tanglewood Tales").	"The Little Gardener" (E. Smith). "The Garden" (Nuth's "Kindergarten Gift Plays").
Weeks 2 and 3.	Bees.	"Buz and Hum" (pub. Shipkin, Marshall, & Co., or adapted in "In the Child's World").	"This is the Song of the Bee" ("Songs and Games," Jenks and Walker). "Gentle Bee" (E. Heerwart). "The Bees" (Berry and Michaelis).
Week 4.	Ant or Ladybird.	"Midsummer Night's Dream," adapted. "The Story of the Amber Beads" ("Stories Mother Nature Told," Jane Andrews).	"The Counting Lesson" ("Finger Plays," E. Poulsson). "The Little Land," "The Dumb Soldier" ("Child's Garden of Verses").

all sorts of interesting anecdote and allusion. Gospel Oak she explains thus: "Great trees were used as boundary marks dividing one neighbour's land from another and these were called boundary oaks or gospel oaks, because on Holy Thursday the priests used to visit these trees, and read portions of the Gospels under their shadow, and ask God's blessing on the fruits of the earth."

The lime tree, made musical by attraction of its sweetness, can easily bring us back to insect life; and "The Story of the Amber Beads" brings together insect life and the resinous pines

in the forests of long ago, where our own ancestors lived and learned like Hiawatha himself.

The fairy parts of "Midsummer Night's Dream" delight children; and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Little Land," where the ants "carry parcels with their feet," gives much pleasure. We can never have too much Kingsley; and, if "The Argonauts" takes some time to tell, it is time well spent. It would probably interest the children to know that the birthday of the man who wrote "Water Babies" is the 12th of June. — E. R. MURRAY.

Impressions of the Froebel Conference.

By AN OUTSIDER.

ON Thursday, January 10, the Froebel Society invited all who were interested in education to attend a Conference. The programme was twofold, and, to the outsider at least, presented an attitude of mind which reflected both fearlessness and breadth in its promoters. In the morning Mrs. Walter Ward, President of the Society, occupied the Chair. The subject was Kindergarten Games—interesting in its very antithesis towards what one might suppose educational work to be. And the speakers on this subject were recognized Kindergärtnerins, or authorities on the subject. In the afternoon the platform point of view was entirely reversed. Practically the whole vantage ground was given to a hostile camp for a large proportion of the time; while the others waited until every opportunity for criticism had been exhausted. The principle of enforcement by contrast was certainly carried out in this arrangement.

Miss E. R. Murray, of the Maria Grey Training College, read the first paper on the morning subject. To one who had not considered it seriously before, the paper presented very new aspects of thought, and proved how significant to its future development every act of a child must be. "Play" seems to form a very important part of the work of Froebelians with children, and, like many of our simplest words, has attracted to itself a great variety of meanings. In this light, however, it is the genus of which games is the species, and it might be said to comprehend the business of a child's life in all its sides. Undoubtedly, then, from this standpoint, it is too

important a factor to neglect, and a child that could not play would be a child that was not fulfilling his life.

It was a new thought to many that such was ever the case with children, but those who have had much experience have evidently discovered it, to their sorrow. They have found, however, that an outside stimulus of some kind will call to life the tendency to play which is invariably there; here the teacher steps in. A child leader can do much, but not all; he may stimulate the willing, but cannot be expected to encourage or rouse the listless. With him the end is the game; with the teacher the child.

Two points suggest themselves here as questions: Why are the traditional games of childhood insufficient? What benefit are children supposed to derive from games? The first question Miss Murray clearly answered by showing how unsuitable were the subjects dealt with, and how far from the region of child-thought were the origins of these games. Referring to the value of games, Miss Murray put social training and the cultivation of originality and power of expression, in the chief places; and it does, indeed, seem on reflection, that these things are among the foundations on which character is built, the training of which is the end and aim of Froebelians.

It was curious and interesting to follow in this paper the remarkable variety in types of games that was touched on. Symbolic games, with a deep underlying meaning introduced by adults, were not appreciated because their point

would probably be lost on children; ring games, emphasizing the instinct of rhythm; trade games, imitative of a later stage of life; and Nature games, imitative of the lives of plants and animals, and leading to a closer observation of their origin, were highly valued, emphasizing, as they must, the dramatic and necessarily the imaginative element.

Miss Nuth, of Camden House Training College, opened the discussion on this paper, dwelling chiefly on a point which Miss Murray strongly urged—the necessity of freedom for children's ideas in the carrying out of any game, if it were to be other than "mechanical and forced." Miss Nuth showed how anything might be turned to account if children's suggestions were followed, and very ingeniously exemplified a case where the cracks of the schoolroom floor had formed an invaluable factor.

Then followed thoughts and ideas from other points of view. Miss Jane Dickens, from Manchester, representing elementary schools, while fully realizing the value of games in a curriculum, showed how difficult was the practical carrying out, under the conditions of an elementary school, among the children who needed them most. Mrs. Kimmins (Sister Grace), from the Bermondsey Settlement, emphasized the last point in a very picturesque account of the effect of play, pure and simple, on the children of that unfortunate district.

Altogether the atmosphere was permeated with the spirit of play, and its deep significant meaning in life—its close bordering upon work, and the wonderful insight of the man who first distinctly realized and voiced these truths.

The interval which followed this first half of the Conference gave outsiders time to analyze and assimilate these, to them, fresh and rather startling ideas, and prepared the ground, so to speak, for the afternoon.

For the second part of the Conference the hall was again well filled, and there seemed to be a certain amount of expectancy in the air. Mr. C. G. Montefiore, Chairman of the Council, presided, and Mr. Graham Wallas, of the London School Board, was on the platform to read a paper criticizing Froebelian Pedagogy.

It was a long criticism, but interesting and stimulating from first to last—more especially, perhaps, in the light of the thoughts aroused by the morning discussion. Mr. Wallas began by giving Froebel all due recognition as an educa-

tional reformer in his time. But from the last phrase he began to build his criticism. The fact that Froebel's pre-Darwinian evolution theory was based on the principle of development by unfolding from within, according to a pre-existing pattern, while the evolution theory of to-day, according to Darwin, proceeds through the selections of variations, subject for their change to outside conditions, led Mr. Wallas to consider the question: Are we to take Nature, pure and simple, as our guide in a child's development, or to form our path, to a certain extent, independently, while giving to Nature her true place, and counting her both as an ally and as a foe in the factors for development? Mr. Wallas concluded that the latter alternative was the just one, but not the one followed by Froebel.

In the light of this he considered childhood in its relation to manhood, and how the former state must, to a certain extent, be sacrificed to preparation for the latter. Attention, an invaluable power, can be turned to the right focus only by making a child deliberately prefer work to play, which two words to him apparently represented totally different ideas—a significant comment on the attitude of the morning papers as matters of degree or development.

Froebel and his followers, Mr. Wallas thought, tended to simplify child-life too much, and to look at it absolutely as a period by itself, instead of relative to that which followed. He considered that the psychology of Froebel was not that of to-day, but far-fetched and often strained in its application; in short, that of "a warm-hearted educationalist influenced by the French Revolution."

Then Mr. Wallas left the region of theoretical deduction, and came down to practical facts. He gave a summary of the remarks of secondary teachers who had been dealing with children from "strictly Froebelian Kindergartens," though he did not quote the authority for this latter classification, and these remarks he used to amplify and exemplify the points which he had picked out as weaknesses in the system. Incapacity of attention or concentration, inability to abstract or generalize, lack of grit, and aversion to hard work, seemed to be the main elements. And Mr. Wallas added a comment of his own on the poverty, both in quality and quantity, of Froebelian literature, both in prose and poetry.

Mr. Wallas concluded by urging the Froebel Society to make a wider use of their position

of authority and the great experience they have collected, and to base their principles and methods of teaching more on the psychology of to-day than on that of the middle of last century.

The first reply to this criticism was by Miss K. M. Clarke, who took up Mr. Wallas's view of Froebel's psychology. Miss Clarke maintained that Froebel was ahead of his time in this respect, and that in no important point could he be proved to be in opposition to modern thought, but in many ways might be said to have foreshadowed it. The "faculty" theory, current until ten years ago, when utterly refuted by Dr. Ward, has no place in Froebel's pedagogy, but, instead, a gradual, connected, and progressive development throughout the stages of life, from infancy to manhood. In this conclusion, Miss Clarke pointed out, and proved by quotations, the important place given by Froebel to attention and its place in early childhood. Again Miss Clarke took up the modern theory of sensationalism, showing, by a quotation from the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder," that Froebel did not accept the principle of Comenius—that the senses were all-important—but coincided rather with the recent views of Prof. James on this subject. Then Miss Clarke touched upon Froebel's foreshadowing of one of the most important sides of modern psychology—the theory of apperception as a universal fact of intellectual life; and in his writings she found so many indications of this that no doubt as to its place in his philosophy could remain.

Last of all, Miss Clarke referred to a point

which Mr. Wallas and others have criticized as a weakness—the place that "conscious striving" takes in training. And in this respect, too, she made it very evident that Froebel believed that only through individual struggle could the human being rise towards the freedom of the Divine creative spirit.

Miss Wragge, of Blackheath Kindergarten Training College, supported Miss Clarke, especially with regard to the training of attention in the Kindergarten. She agreed that much of the interpretation of Froebel's doctrines deserved severest criticism; but discrimination between the master and some of his followers was necessary before a just judgment could be made.

Other speakers were Miss Findlay (of Southlands Training College), Mr. J. C. Hudson, Mr. Rice (King Alfred School), and Mr. H. Courthope Bowen.

The general effect of the meeting on the audience seemed to be that much more might be said in reply to Mr. Wallas's paper. To an outsider it seemed as if the principles that Mr. Wallas upheld as sound educationally were those which the followers of Froebel maintained as his; while those which Mr. Wallas condemned as weaknesses belonged rather to misinterpretations of Froebel's theories.

The whole effect was stimulating, and, without doubt, will, at least, as Miss Clarke suggested, send many back to the study of Froebel, in the spirit that "he himself would have wished to be studied—not as one who had said the last word on education."

From Old Students.

THE ORIGINAL "CINDERELLA."*

MANY, many years ago—about 2500 B.C.—there lived in the city of Bubastis a man named Sebu. Bubastis was a large city in Egypt, and was built upon the banks of the great river Nile. In the centre stood a huge temple dedicated to the goddess Pasht, and surrounded by a grove of trees, outside which the streets ran in all directions. Many people passed up and down during the busy times of the day—working men in short tunics of woven grass, and with large flat hats to protect their heads from the blazing sun—gentlemen in long loose robes of white, and with sandals upon their feet—and ladies, carried in palanquins or litters covered with an awning.

Egypt is a sunny warm country, and the streets looked very gay as these brightly dressed people strolled quietly along, stopping from time to time to chat to one another or to look in at the shops as they passed. was in one of these shops that Sebu lived, and almost any day he might have been seen, seated upon the floor, working hard at the tiny carved images which it was his business to make and sell. Very strange these little images were, for they were copies of the great one which stood in the temple and which had the face of a cat and the body of a woman. The Egyptians worshipped many gods, and because they cared specially for living things, many of the cities chose one particular animal

* This story is adapted from "Chivalric Days" by E. S. Brooks, and is inserted with the kind permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.

which they worshipped. The inhabitants of Bubastis had chosen the cat, and at certain seasons of the year people from all parts of Egypt came down the Nile on barges, beautifully decorated, and went to the temple to worship the goddess. At these times Sebu would do a good business by selling his images to the visitors. His house was larger and better than most of those in Bubastis, for he was prosperous and careful. He had one beautiful little daughter, named Nita, whom he loved very much, and who often came and sat with him and helped him as he worked.

One day, just before the season of the great festival, Sebu's family were seated, as usual, outside the shop, eating their evening meal. Presently Sebu said: "Nita, whom thinkest thou that the priests of Pasht will choose this year as grove girl at the feast?"

Now when the people came to Bubastis to worship, it was the custom for the priests to choose one girl to sit upon a decorated throne in the midst of the grove surrounding the temple and receive the pilgrims. They would choose the best and the most beautiful of the maidens of the town, and it was considered a great honour to be the favoured one. So Nita answered: "I know not, my father; would that the good fortune might be mine!" "Only yesterday," said Sebu, "when I went to the temple to take back the image which I had been repairing, one of the priests told me that it had been decided to choose thee."

Almost before little Nita had recovered from her pleasure and surprise, two priests were seen approaching Sebu's house. They came to ask him if he would allow his daughter to be grove girl at the feast.

The first day of the festival arrived. Gay barges, with crowds of musicians and singers, floated down the river. For days, crowds of pilgrims thronged the broad roadway, and danced and feasted in the groves of Pasht. In the midst of the grove, upon the decorated throne, sat Nita. She was dressed in a long robe of crimson interwoven with patterns in gold; round her waist was a broad sash decorated with silver figures of Pasht, and upon her feet were sandals of bronze leather, ornamented with silver cats' heads and trimmed with fur.

One day, towards the end of the festival, as she sat upon her throne, one of her sandals became unfastened and slipped to the ground. Two or three of her attendants sprang forward at once to pick it up, and one of them, wishing to show his skill in throwing and catching, tossed the sandal into the air, meaning to catch it as it fell. As the bright sandal whirled through the air, a great black eagle, flying overhead, saw it, seized it in his strong beak, and flew away with it.

Now in the royal palace at Memphis sat the young king or Pharaoh, as he was called. Memphis was a beautiful city stretching from the Nile to the borders of the desert, and it was here that the King liked best to live. He was now in the open courtyard surrounded by his guard and attendants, and as he sat, suddenly there dropped into the folds of his robe something small and hard. Looking up hastily, he saw a large eagle sailing overhead, and he found that it was a tiny bronze leather sandal which had fallen upon him from the sky.

"Now," he cried to his counsellors and people standing round him, "to whom, think ye, doth this sandal belong?" And, as no one answered, he continued:—"It hath been worn by a most fair and dainty foot. No maiden in Memphis hath a foot-fitted for such a shoe, and she who hath worn it must be wondrous fair herself. Hear my words! Only she who hath the mate of this dainty sandal, and can wear them both, shall share my throne. Find me the owner of this

little shoe, and ye will have found the bride of your Pharaoh."

There was great trouble and consternation among the king's counsellors at these words, for, said they: "Suppose the owner of this shoe should be poor and low-born, not fit to marry our great Pharaoh?"

The people looked up to their King, and considered that he ought to marry some great princess. Still, although they murmured among themselves, they dared not do so openly. Now through the kingdom messengers went from Pharaoh, seeking the maiden who possessed the fellow to the little bronze leather sandal, until they came to Bubastis—to the governor of the city and the priests of the temple. These, of course, knew the story of the loss of Nita's shoe and were able to direct the messengers to the house of Sebu. Immediately the King was told, and he hastened to see Nita for himself. He found her so good and so beautiful that within a month he had married her, and she was known as Nitocris, the Queen of Egypt. Now the King's counsellors were very angry at this marriage, for they considered that Pharaoh had brought disgrace upon Egypt by marrying the daughter of an idol-maker, and they never forgave him. Accordingly, when he and Nitocris had been ruling for six years, they made a plot against the King and killed him.

Then Nitocris became the only ruler in Egypt. She had loved the King very dearly, and was very sad at his death, and wondered what she could do to avenge his death. In those days, long, long ago, people had not learned as we have, that they should try to help people and forgive them if they do wrong, and they thought that if others injured them, they might have their revenge. So we must not condemn poor Queen Nitocris, but be sorry for her instead because she felt so sad.

Now in those days the kings of Egypt built the pyramids, of which you have probably heard, and they used them, when finished, as burial places for themselves and their families. At that time there was one pyramid which had been begun, but was not completed, and this Nitocris decided to finish herself. She had it covered with red stone and made very beautiful, so that ever since it has been known as the Red Pyramid. Beneath it she told the workmen to make a large room, and while this was being done, she gave orders that the room should be connected with the Nile by a long passage, and shut off from it by a door.

Once each year the great river overflows its banks, and washes over the land for some distance. This is considered by the people as a time of great rejoicing, for the overflowing of the water in that hot country means that the harvest will be good, and the crops will have water to make them grow. Each year, therefore, the season is celebrated by a great festival.

This year, on the festival, six years after the King's death, the Queen gave orders that a great feast should be prepared, and all the counsellors of the late King invited to be present. In a glittering procession they came, dressed in gorgeous robes, to the room under the pyramid where the feast was prepared. In the midst of the feast, the Queen withdrew with all her own attendants and came to the entrance of the pyramid. Here she gave a signal, and the great door closed noiselessly, while at the same time a secret door was opened, and the waters of the Nile flowed in through the passage into the room where the guests were assembled.

So Queen Nitocris had her revenge; but did this cruel act really show her love or cure her sorrow?

W. MASON.

Froebel Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

NOTES AND NEWS.

ANNUAL MEETING OF SUBSCRIBERS.

The twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Froebel Society was held at the College of Preceptors on Monday, March 18.

The Subscribers' Meeting took place at 7.30 p.m., Mr. H. Courthope Bowen in the Chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The Chairman then moved the re-election of Mrs. Walter Ward as President of the Society for the ensuing year. This was seconded by Madame Michaelis and unanimously carried. Mr. H. Keatley Moore was then re-elected Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. G. Montefiore Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Harold Cox Auditor. Miss Clive Bayley, Miss E. R. Murray, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Francis Storr, Mrs. Turner, and Miss Amy Wahnsley were re-elected Members of Council, and Miss M. E. Findlay and Miss E. Lawrence were elected as new members of Council, *vice* Mr. Scott Coward and Miss A. C. Johnson, who retired. The Report for 1900 was then presented, and, on the proposal of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. C. G. Montefiore, it was adopted; as was also the statement of accounts.

The General Meeting began at 8 p.m., Mr. C. G. Montefiore in the Chair. The Chairman said that he much regretted the absence of the President, Mrs. Walter Ward, who had consented to preside that evening; but who had, no doubt, been unavoidably detained. Mr. Rooper and Prof. Withers, who had been announced to speak that evening, were also unable to be present. Prof. Withers had, however, sent his paper, which would be read at the close of Miss Bishop's.

Miss Bishop then read a paper on "Ideals of Training for Froebelian Teachers," followed by Prof. Withers's paper on the same subject, which was read by the Chairman. By the kind permission of Miss Bishop and Prof. Withers both papers appear in another part of this number of *Child Life* (see pages 83 and 89).

Miss ALICE WOODS then said: Your Chairman has asked me to move a resolution of thanks to Miss Bishop and to Prof. Withers for their very excellent papers, and he has also asked me to say a few words in connexion with those papers, so I am going to take the opportunity which has been offered to me of saying a word or two on a rock ahead—a rock which it seems to me is likely to do an immense amount of harm to Froebelism throughout the whole country. I have been thinking of this rock ahead as I heard Miss Bishop's paper. She brought before us a most delightful sketch of the character and the qualities which we should aim as trainers at cultivating in our students. They were these: insight, spiritual motherliness, much experience, a wide outlook, and, above all, wisdom. Now those qualities which we want to find in our students cannot be

obtained very early in life; we cannot possibly expect young teachers going out raw from the training colleges, mere fledglings of nineteen and twenty—we cannot expect these people to have attained wisdom yet. They have many years, or ought to have, of honest hard steady work and progress before they can possibly arrive at the fullness of wisdom; and yet throughout the length and breadth of the country we are being asked as trainers again and again to provide people who will train others at once. Girls are demanded from our training colleges who will take the full responsibility of the Kindergarten departments and who will set to work at once to train teachers—just to quote the words of a letter I had yesterday, or this morning (I forget which), in reference to a young student who has just left college, but had no experience at all: "Will you kindly tell me"—after having enumerated every good quality under the sun—"whether she is capable of taking the entire responsibility of the Kindergarten Department which I am just about to start, and of training a young student?" Now, it is simply impossible for young students to train others when they leave the training colleges; they have no right to do it, and no one has any right to expect them to do it. And yet I think I might honestly say I scarcely ever get a letter asking for a trained student which does not make this demand. It is just this spurious training that is going on throughout the whole country that is leading people to think that Froebelism is of no avail. Spurious training creates spurious Kindergartens; they are springing up everywhere all round us, and, unless we set our faces firmly against this, we shall go to rack and ruin I am afraid. Case after case comes before me of these raw girls, quite young ones, being expected to do the work of a full-grown woman. I hope to keep a record soon of these letters; perhaps I may bring them out in *Child Life*. But I am going from to-day to keep a record of quotations from every letter I receive asking for these trainers. The only way, it seems to me, of meeting this difficulty is to present a united front against it. I believe it arises from the desire to save money, and is largely the fault of Councils. They want to start a Kindergarten department, and so they go to the head mistress and say, "We think it would be very nice to have a Kindergarten department, but we cannot spend any money on it; so we want you to set to work and see what can be done; we want to secure the services of a trained student, and perhaps you will get her rather cheap"—perhaps she will get £40 a year, non-resident; £25, resident—"and then she can train others, and so we shall have a splendid Kindergarten soon." And so this goes on. And it does seem to me so absurd to suppose that we

can send people of that age out fully equipped for the tremendous responsibility of helping others to attain that high standard that has been mentioned both in Miss Bishop's paper and in Prof. Withers's. All we can do as trainers is to send people out with their feathers prepared to grow. To use the beautiful metaphor that Plato uses in his "Phædrus," we can help them to have growing and throbbing pains as the feathers of the soul begin to sprout; but more than that we cannot expect. Let us all set our faces together, and we may prevent much of this harm being done if only those who are trainers would resolutely stand shoulder to shoulder and speak their minds to the employers every time they write, and urge upon them the duty of trying to secure a good staff of trained Kindergarten teachers for their new schools, instead of allowing them to be trained in this spurious fashion. If all the students would set their faces against going out to work and taking this responsibility upon themselves, resisting the temptation to do so, resisting that tremendous flattery to a young girl to have it supposed that, because she has been at a training college, she can undertake the whole organization of a Kindergarten department, and train others! And, then, if the head mistresses will set their faces together, and determine that they will refuse to start Kindergarten departments altogether rather than have them inadequately staffed, we might do a great deal to support that ideal which has been spoken of by Miss Bishop and Prof. Withers.

Miss MANNING, in seconding the resolution, spoke of the great responsibility of training students, and suggested that colleges should not have too large a number of students, in order that the trainers might be enabled to get an adequate personal knowledge of all the girls.

The motion was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Madame MICHAELIS said that she would like to say a few words. She heartily agreed with Miss Woods that the training of students should only be undertaken by experienced persons, and reminded those present that many of the great teachers did not begin to train others until they were fifty years old. Madame Michaelis wished to thank Miss Bishop, too, for her excellent paper. She had long desired to see Miss Bishop at a meeting of the Froebel Society, and was specially grateful to her for coming that evening. There was one point in her paper that she would lay great stress on—that it is far better to have students living either in the training college or in a boarding house connected therewith, as the training should be carried on not only during the hours of lectures, but also in the home. What students want, in order to understand little children, is to learn for themselves the duties of life in every aspect, and that can be best done by living with their teachers. There were many duties which would be required, especially of governesses in private families, which could only be learnt in the home.

Mr. BOWEN said that they were specially privi-

leged in hearing Prof. Withers's paper, as he had had much experience as a trainer. It was very much condensed, and contained many points which would require discussion before their full force could be quite understood. He suggested as one subject for discussion the question of day training colleges for Kindergarten students *versus* residential colleges. Much might be said on both sides, and Miss Woods would no doubt give the result of her experience at the Maria Grey Training College, where the residential hall in connexion therewith had now been in existence two years. It was very doubtful whether the Froebel Society could do anything to stop the deplorable condition of affairs to which Miss Woods referred in her speech. Another subject of discussion might be, whether it was better to have a Kindergarten run on the lines indicated or to have no Kindergarten at all. He had seen a good deal of these inefficient Kindergartens, and the disaster at first was great; but in the course of years experience had taught much, and in the end many a Kindergarten department had worked out its own salvation. He himself had never had any training as a teacher, and it was probably many years before he was even satisfactorily innocuous. Mr. Bowen feared that in this matter of setting students to train others much help must not be expected from the public; their hope lay in the general improvement in the attitude of mind of teachers and the governors of schools towards the work done inside the schools.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing a vote of thanks to the College of Preceptors for the use of their Hall, said that one remark of Miss Bishop's had especially struck him—that it was necessary to know a great deal for the sake of giving elementary teaching. He remembered the remark of a great physiologist who was setting his assistant to teach the upper class of physiology students at the University, while he was himself taking the beginners. "Any fool can take the upper class," he said, "but it needs some one who knows a little to take the beginners."

The motion was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Miss BISBOP said she hoped she had not given the impression in her paper that she considered girls of nineteen or twenty were qualified to train others. She would like the Froebel Society at some future time to take up the point of what was to be done for the children and those who were going to look after them before the school age, which must be thought of with regard to life, and not with regard to school only. The question of the training for the really motherly educator for the first six years of the child's life had not been touched upon in the discussion. She thanked those present for the kind remarks which had been made on her paper.

The proceedings then terminated.

CONFERENCE.

A full report of the Conference in January

will be published in a Supplement to be issued with the July number of *Child Life*.

LECTURES.

Two lectures have been delivered under the auspices of the Society during the past three months. On February 28 Dr. Kimmins lectured on "The Teaching of Natural Science to Children" to a large and appreciative audience, and on March 27 Mr. C. G. Montefiore read a paper on "Reverence" to an even larger gathering of teachers and others. Mr. Montefiore has kindly allowed us to publish his address, which will be found on page 61 of this number of *Child Life*.

LENDING LIBRARY.

The following books have been added to the Library:—

Dulce Domum: Rhymes and Songs for Children. Edited by John Farmer.

The Essentials of School Diet. By Clement Dukes. Man and his Work: an Introduction to Human Geography. By A. J. and F. D. Herbertson.

The International Geography. By seventy authors, edited by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc.

A Student's History of England, from the Earliest Times to 1885. By Samuel R. Gardiner, D.C.L., LL.D.

The School of Infancy. By John Amos Comenius, edited by Will S. Munroe.

Methods of Teaching History. By several authors, edited by Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and their Influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch. Science in Arcady. By Grant Allen.

The Care of the Child in Health. By Nathan Oppenheim.

Le Morte d'Arthur (Caxton's text). By Sir Thomas Malory, edited by Sir Edward Strachey.

Jan of the Winduill. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales. By J. H. Ewing.

Mary's Meadow, and other Tales of Fields and Flowers. By J. H. Ewing.

Brothers of Pity, and other Tales of Beasts and Men. By J. H. Ewing.

Verses for Children and Songs for Music. By J. H. Ewing.

Child Life (Bound Volume) 1900.

The Paedologist. Vols I. and II.

The Child's Song and Game Book. Part V. By H. K. Moore.

Presented by Miss Maclean:—

National Froebel Union Syllabus and Examination Papers and Reports for 1900.

Presented by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons:—

Battledore and Shuttlecock, and other Kindergarten Games. Words and Music by Chris J. Berlyn.

Presented by Mr. William Rice:—

The Journal of Education (bound volume) 1900.

A Branch of the Froebel Society has been established at Bradford, Yorkshire, including also the neighbouring towns of Halifax, Keighley, &c. It is to be known as the "Bradford and District Branch," and nearly seventy members have already joined. Mrs. Nicholl, of Woodroyd Schools, Bradford, and Miss Lodge, of the Belle Vue Schools in the same town, have been appointed Hon. Secretaries.

Institute and Club Notes.

MICHAELIS GUILD AND FROEBEL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE College re-opened for the Spring term on Thursday, January 17, and the School and Kindergarten on the following Tuesday.

Work and play have progressed steadily. The children of the School have begun to play Hockey, and among the Students great enthusiasm and appreciation has been shown for the innovation "Basket Ball," and a match has been played between the elementary and higher Students.

On Thursday, January 22, a lecture was given by Mr. Hudson on the subject of Sloyd, illustrated by many excellent specimens of work.

Madame Michaelis was "at home" to her friends on Thursday, February 21, when a lecture by Prof. Earl Barnes on "Art in relation to Children" was heard with great interest.

During the term the Musical Society has given a Students' concert, with the kind assistance of Miss Moore and Miss Campbell, to a most appreciative audience.

There has also been a reading of "Coriolanus"; and a debate, at which the proposition that "the person who opposes the prevailing idea is a benefactor to the race" was carried by a large majority.

A meeting of the Michaelis Guild was held at the Froebel Educational Institute on Saturday, January 19, when bad weather unfortunately prevented a very large attendance of members. A suggestion had been made that the members of the Guild might be brought more into touch with one another if they had some object in common for which all might unite in working. Accordingly the following proposal formed the subject of discussion at the meeting:—That all members of the Guild should work for a fund for the purpose either of establishing a free Kindergarten, or for assisting Kindergarten teachers in need of a holiday. A small majority of members were in favour of collecting money for the establishment of a free Kindergarten; but it was felt that the question could not be finally decided until the subject had been more thoroughly considered, and the opinion of the absent members of the Guild taken. The discussion was followed by tea, music, and recitations.

Miss Welldon (late Head Mistress of the Kindergarten training department of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham), who is a member of the Michaelis Guild, has lately gone out to work in South Africa, and has written to Madame Michaelis that when the war is over there will probably be many openings for good teachers in South Africa. Miss Macirone, who was one of our Committee members for a short time, has lately accepted a post, and is now settled, at Cape Town.

THE NATIONAL FROEBEL UNION.

The following is a list of successful candidates in the Higher Certificate Examination held by the National Froebel Union in December last.

HIGHER CERTIFICATE. PART II.

Letters attached to Candidates' names signify Distinction in certain subjects, viz. :—

k. = Gifts and Occupations. *m.* = Theory of Education.
n. = Froebel's Principles. *s.* = Class Teaching.
t. = Drawing.

First Class Certificate.

Alder, A. E. (<i>raised</i>).	Pemberton-Pigott, E. E.
Cuming, E. L.	Rattenbury, E. M.
Cutlack, M. (<i>m.t.</i>).	Smith, E. M. (<i>s.</i>).
Hogg, B. W. (<i>m.s.</i>).	Spencer, K. E. (<i>n. raised</i>).
Hoyte, C. Z. (<i>m. raised</i>).	Sutton, F. (<i>n.t.</i>).
Lee, M. (<i>m.s.</i>).	Thomas, F. E. (<i>m. raised</i>).
Newman, E. S. (<i>raised</i>).	Wragge, M. (<i>k m.s. raised</i>).

Second Class Certificate.

Adamson, A.	Jackson, C. L.
Atkinson, A. (<i>m.</i>).	James, V. L. S.
Barker, E.	Jenkins, E. M.
Bevis, L. M.	Jones, E. F.
Bideleux, H. (<i>m.n.</i>).	Innes, A. S.
Blackburn, M.	Kerr, M. H.
Bowers, A. M.	Law, A. R. (<i>k.t.</i>).
Boyd, M. (<i>s.t.</i>).	Lett, E. M.
Brazil, C.	Loggin, G. C.
Brion, C. F.	Lowe, I. A.
Briggs, G. A. (<i>t.</i>).	Lunn, M. A.
Castle, M. (<i>m.</i>).	Mallet, C. M. (<i>m.s.</i>).
Coleridge, M. E.	Mantle, N. B.
Collard, M. M.	Martin, A. M.
Cooke, A. M.	Mason, W. (<i>m.</i>).
Coopman, C.	Mason, M. E.
Crumpp, C. W.	Matthews, I. A. J. (<i>t.</i>).
Dainty, H. M.	Nichols, E. A.
Dale, I. E. (<i>m.</i>).	Pactow, H. A.
Dalton, M. M.	Pain, M. F. H. (<i>t.</i>).
Dimisdale, F. S.	Penny, Z. K.
Drake, W. (<i>t.</i>).	Petty, L. E.
Dyer, D. J. (<i>t.</i>).	Phelp, M. I.
Evans, A. M.	Phillips, L.
Evans, K. R.	Phillips, C. M.
Flood, M. G. (<i>m.</i>).	Polimeni, M. G.
Forbes, A. F. (<i>t.</i>).	Pridham, A. J.
Frearson, A. S.	Probyn, M. A.
Gale, H.	Rabidge, E.
Gaskell, D. (<i>t.</i>).	Renwick, E. F. (<i>m.</i>).
Gilardi, E. E.	Richardson, L. M. L.
Gillett, T. S.	Roberts, L. E.
Glaisher, I. M. (<i>t.</i>).	Rowlands, M. G.
Glass, A. M.	Salway, M.
Godfrey, A. E.	Sharpley, F.
Greaves, M. C. L.	Shaxby, J. M.
Grinwade, E. K.	Shuttleworth, B.
Hall, A. P. (<i>s.</i>).	Smith, E. May.
Hammer, M. S.	Smith, F. M.
Harris, M. C.	Spence, M. L.
Harvey, G. N.	Stephenson, L. M.
Hill, S.	Sweeny, A. F.
Hoddsman, E.	Tannton, M. A.
Holmes, M.	Thomas, M. J. (<i>t.</i>).
Hosking, F. C.	Thomas, E.
Howard, E. A.	Thorp, F. E. A. (<i>k.t.</i>).
Hughes, L. B.	Thurlow, G. M.
Hunt, A.	Underwood, A.

Wallis, E. G.
 Ward, E.
 Wates, E. A.
 Watson, A. M.
 Whitting, M. le G.

Wigg, F. A. (*t.*).
 Winslow, N. G.
 Young, M. (*m.t.*).
 Zimmern, E. M. (*t.*)

SESAME CLUB.

In our last number we noticed the fact that the Sesame Club had reached high-water mark, and that its membership list was full. At the general meeting in January this fact, added to that of there being a waiting list of seventy-five, was looked upon as a satisfactory result of the five years' growth of the Club. Yet, since social success was not the only aim to work for, a special meeting was called to consider by what means the intellectual life of the Club could keep pace with its other aspects. A practical suggestion was made that any member interested in any special subject might form a coterie of members to study and discuss that subject. A committee of members, called the "Groups Committee," met to formulate the working arrangements, and the result has been a wonderfully increased intellectual activity throughout the Club. The first group to be started was one for the consideration of the New Education as applied to children. Other subjects, such as Standard English Literature, Foreign Literature, Architecture and Antiquities as applied to London, Theosophy, Debating, &c., have been commenced, and are in working order, meetings being held in most cases once a week, in some once a fortnight. The great underlying benefit of all this is that the members of the Club feel individually awakened to the fact that it is their business to aid and contribute to intellectual progress in whatever way their tastes and powers may lead them, and that it is not fulfilling an admirable position quietly to receive all the lectures and debates provided by the Committee without making any sort of personal attempt to aid the progress of all the newest thought.

Of the Monday evening meetings the first took place on February 11, those coming before having been cancelled owing to the national mourning. It was a lecture on "Folk Songs" by Mrs. Kate Lee, and was very interesting, as she gave illustrations with part songs. The following Monday Mrs. Ashton Jonson opened a debate on "Domestic Service," which was carried on with great animation. Perhaps the most successful meeting of all was that on March 11, when Mr. Ashton Jonson gave a lecture on "Chopin," with pianola illustrations by the lecturer, and pianoforte illustrations by Mr. Lemare (formerly organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster). It was a very crowded and most enjoyable evening. On March 18, owing to Mr. Calderon being unable to give his lecture on "A Theory of the Short Story as illustrated by Modern Russian Literature," a debate was held.

The Wednesday afternoon meetings have been most popular and well attended. A series of lectures on "Professions for Women," each one given by a lady who has achieved a reputation in the particular calling she spoke of, created great interest, and the questions asked and answered at the end of each paper were of much practical value. The stage was represented by Miss May Pardoe, fictional literature by Mrs. de Courcy Laffan, journalism by Miss d'Esterre Keeling, book-binding by Miss M. Upton, horticulture by Miss Goodrich Freer, nursing by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, medicine by Dr. Marian Hunter, and a debate on "Co-operative Housekeeping," opened by Mrs. Waggett, closed the series.

EDUCATION GROUP.

Perhaps it will be as well first of all to throw a little light on what the Sesame Club Education Group means. Five years ago, when this Club came into existence, the foremost idea of its originators was that by its means those newer and more scientific ideas on the upbringing and education of children should be spread around in the social world. A group of ladies and gentlemen, themselves distinct and apart from the teaching profession, started this crusade against the mass of ignorance and indifference that surrounded them on every side. They hoped to furnish a common ground on which educators and parents might meet, and the haven of the science of education might be brought to work on general thought. Feeling very strongly that this question is the keystone to many of the great problems which beset all thinking minds, and that to awaken people to the tremendous importance of considering whether the best was being done to start each new generation as well equipped as might be for the increasing difficulties and complexities of life, they worked hard to arouse interest in educational subjects. Lectures, debates, courses of study were held, and, as a later growth, a Home for Life Training was started, to send out women who had received training on the care and education of children as governesses or nurses.

So far all the effort had come from its original sources, while the members of the Club were simply recipients of what was offered to them. At a meeting held in January it was suggested that it was now the turn of the members to make their own individual efforts, and a plan was proposed by which any member specially interested in a subject might draw round him or her other members similarly interested, and a group for the study and discussion of that subject could be formed. The New Education Group was the first to be started, and for some weeks the meetings have been held.

The Chairman gave a series of ideas on the following subjects:—Law, Knowledge, Wisdom, Learning, the New Learning, Education, the New Education, so as by dealing rather with the underlying abstract ideals than with methods and principles, to give some of the spirit of the new education instead of the mere letter.

Under the heading of Law, the discussion followed various paths, but the feeling prevailed that it was the natural law of growth and development from within which the new educationalist takes note of, rather than man-imposed laws of curriculum and convention forced on the young mind from without, as it was, and, alas! still is, under other *régimes*.

At each meeting many practical points were the outcome of these levers to raise thought, and it is hoped that the Group will grow and extend an influence in bringing those who have so far given these subjects none of their time or consideration under the influence of new thought.

L. B. NEILL.

NOTES FROM THE MARIA GREY
TRAINING COLLEGE.

COLLEGE went down on April 3, and we met again on April 24. The end of term has, as usual, been taken up with term examinations, and the results of these seem to have given satisfaction to the authorities. The Debating Society provided a most entertaining mock trial for the last week of term. A student going about the many and varied occupations connected with her professional career was supposed by an ardent detective to be involved in political intrigue, and every subject on the time table was brought in most cleverly. The Kindergarten had, of course, its full share of good-humoured banter.

The Eustoplaves and Eustosynges continue to flourish and increase in numbers, instruments, and enthusiasm. The two societies provided the entertainment for an "At Home" given by Miss Woods, and it was in emulation of their performance that the Debating Society came so much to the front. Otherwise their performances have been of a more serious nature, and they have attempted to solve such questions as "Should Women become Volunteers?" "Is it Easier to know the Right or to do it?" "Should the Boy have stood on the Burning Deck or not?"

The hockey team has been again successful in a match against the Cambridge Training College. The match was much enjoyed by the team, and by others who went as spectators, the enjoyment being largely due to the kindness of the Cambridge hostesses. Our own school team, on the other hand, beat us badly, but a long week of examinations and strain had left the College team very limp.

During this term a Fire Brigade has been started. The force includes members from the College, and from the two upper forms of the High School, in all numbering about forty. Fire drill practice has been instituted, and Miss Woods has very kindly presented a pump, which adds a certain amount of vivid reality to the excitement of practice.

In the Board schools experimental object-lessons have been given on elementary physics, especially referring to the properties of fluids and of soft and hard bodies. Grammar and algebra have been the other subjects taken in these schools. In the High School very interesting courses have been given on London and on the seamen of the sixteenth century. In the criticism room, among other lessons, two continuous sets of lessons were given, one on native races, and one on protective structures and habits in plants and animals. Among the Kindergarten lessons an interesting experiment was made as to children's capacity for building, comparing children who had had no Kindergarten training with those who had been brought up in the Kindergarten. It was encouraging to see that, in this case at least, the Kindergarten children unmistakably showed more originality, more skill, more concentration, and more energy than the others.

Reviews and Notices.

Nature Study and the Child. By Charles B. Scott, M.A., recently Instructor in Nature Study at the State Normal School, Oswego, New York. (Isbister. Price 6s.)

The evolution of Nature study in the United States has been for some years a matter of interest to educationists elsewhere, and its pre-

sent assured position sufficiently shows that, whether or no the ideas and methods of its advocates are likely to obtain general acceptance in this country, they are entitled to careful consideration. English teachers, therefore, should welcome the means of forming a judgment upon the feasibility and desirability of these methods

as applied to their conditions, and they will find this material amply provided in a recently published volume by Mr. C. B. Scott, an American teacher, who has for ten years been recognized as one of the leaders in the movement for Nature study in the United States, and whose work in supervising elementary science in the public schools of St. Paul, Minn., has attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Scott presents a well balanced view of the possibilities of Nature study. He knows what it can achieve and what are its limitations, and nowhere in his book does it appear that his enthusiasm has led him into exaggerations. He approaches the subject "inductively, from the child's standpoint, realizing that the child is dependent for his real knowledge upon his senses, chiefly his eyes"—that is to say, there can be no perception without right seeing; and the foundation of his case is rested upon the assumption, which will be readily conceded, that real education is that which widens and intensifies the child's interests, and teaches him how to see and think clearly, accurately, systematically. Mr. Scott thus expresses the vital distinction between Nature study and object lessons:—

Isolated facts of observation may be knowledge, they may be "clear and certain perceptions," but they are not science, they are not classified. Until these facts are related and grouped they are of comparatively little value to the mind. Unless they are tied up in assorted bundles, the mind that possesses them may be little more than a mental junk shop.

It was remarked by the Rev. J. O. Bevan, in a paper read at a recent meeting of the College of Preceptors, that "the instruction in primary schools appears too restricted and booky; it seems to have a tendency to repress originality, to restrain observation and the use of the senses generally." Probably few will deny either that the study of Nature must necessarily develop observation and stimulate individuality, or that these faculties are insufficiently trained under present methods. The difficulty is, however, can the already overburdened teacher find time and room for these new methods? Mr. Scott says Yes. "Experience has demonstrated beyond possibility of doubt or question that when a portion of the time formerly given to the formal work in language, drawing, and other expressive studies has been devoted to Nature study as a basis for these, the work in these subjects has been greatly improved." A greater difficulty is the necessity for field work if the best results are to be achieved. In large cities this is almost insurmountable, and Mr. Scott appreciates it from the fact that his principal Nature-teaching was done in the heart of a city of 140,000 inhabitants. But his experience taught him that it was not necessary to go far afield for subjects, and that the commonest weeds and pebbles, birds, flies and spiders, and the universal rain and frost are far better for study than the fairer flowers, &c., from other localities. If out-of-door work is impossible, Mr.

Scott does not admit that Nature study is therefore inadvisable. In his view:

the very fact that the children of cities are shut away from living Nature, see almost nothing of the plant and animal life familiar to other children, makes it so much the more essential that they have some study of living Nature, even if they study only the germination and development of peas and beans, watch the growth of flowering plants which can be kept in the schoolroom windows, and are led to investigate the habits of the omnipresent sparrows, flies, spiders, and mice.

Nature study will help the teacher to teach the essentials, and does not take the place of them. It, more than any other work in the elementary school, leads the teacher to study her children, and adapt her methods to them. It is a vehicle as well as a subject, and no other is so valuable in building character and in bringing the child into proper relations with his environment.

The value of Nature study has already been recognized in France, Russia, and other countries, and, excepting in the English section, it was writ large upon the educational exhibit at Paris. But to most English elementary teachers it is nothing but some impossible ideal which could never adapt itself to their conditions, while in the secondary schools the term does not yet appear to be understood, and where a serious beginning has been attempted the greatest difficulty is experienced in obtaining teachers who can work out a course of Nature study. This is not surprising, for, as Miss M. E. Findlay points out, "the rapid spread of a valuable type of Nature study in the States is due primarily to the initiation and training in the work that has been going on for more than a dozen years."

Until Nature study receives similar attention in England we cannot expect even Froeblians to understand its fullest possibilities, although they may declare, in Miss Findlay's words, "We cannot be disciples of Froebel without accepting Nature study as a cardinal article in our educational creed."

As an example of what is being done in elementary schools, the present writer recalls an interesting visit which he paid, some twelve months since, to an East-end Board school, situate about as far from any park or open space as any school in London. The junior mixed classes were reading from a little American book of plant life, and it seemed surprising that such a subject should be chosen amidst such disheartening conditions. The teacher stated, however, that the lessons were delightful to the children, most of whom came from the poorest homes, and that the greatest encouragement had been obtained from the increased attention of the children and their eagerness to follow up the lessons by growing and watching the development of their own little plants and flowers. But such lessons, however valuable as a beginning, have, it will be seen, very little in common with the psychology upon which the following passage, for example, is founded:—

Unless the phenomena are observed or studied in some order or sequence, unless their study prepares for and leads to a careful investigation of the relations of the various phenomena observed, unless it results in comparison, in some natural classification by the child, and, finally, in broader and broader generalizations and a better comprehension of the unity of Nature, it is not science.

A more favourable example of Nature study in a London Board school is to be found at Goodrich Road, East Dulwich; and here it has advanced so far beyond the experimental stage that Mrs. Cashmore claims to be some points in advance even of the United States. This school, however, is quite an isolated example, and the striking success of the experiment does not yet appear to have had an appreciable influence; so that it is probably correct to say that few English teachers have given serious attention to the claims of Nature study to be considered as the best foundation of elementary education.

Mr. Scott begins his book with a careful study of the dandelion as a concrete example intended to show the different points of view from which a subject may be approached, and the different ways it may be studied; and to lead to a comparison of the relative educational values of the different methods of study. Then follows a study of the rabbit from the standpoint of the child, and much of this chapter is summarized from the author's own practical work in the Oswego State Normal School. These two chapters provide in themselves a very fair view of the methods of the advocates of Nature study, but the subject is developed through an eight years' course, which leaves little that is not clear to the most inexperienced reader.

Mr. Scott discusses at length the co-ordination of Nature study with language, drawing, reading, geography, and other school work; and, as regards literature, the wealth of quotation provided in this volume will point the truth of his propositions that much of the best literature has been inspired by Nature, and that Nature study is the only foundation for a real appreciation of much of the best literature.

In the second part of his book Mr. Scott presents a model course for pupils from six to eight years of age, and in connexion with this course he includes many suggestions as to ways in which the same general plan may be carried out with older pupils. Thus the work of the earlier grades becomes a stepping-stone to elementary science.

So far we have considered Nature study from the merely utilitarian point of view; but Mr. Scott does not neglect its æsthetic and humanistic aspects. Indeed, he lays the greatest stress upon these, and almost the highest aim of his teaching is to bring the child's soul into sympathy with

Bird and beast and tree,
And all the dust that has been and shall be;

to create in him at least some measure of the exquisite perception of the poet to whom

The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Why is it that so many of us are unmoved by the external beauties of our surroundings? The thought drew from Ruskin one of his most irritable, yet precious, flashes. He was a high priest of Nature, and felt no sympathy with those who, taking no delight in the beauties of their environment, are not humiliated thereby.

But ordinary mortals to whom this question presents itself will attribute blame, not so much to the eyes which seeing see not, as to the deficiencies of the schools which are only beginning to cultivate the precious faculties of sight and perception.

With joy and gladness shall they be brought;
They shall enter into the King's palace.

This, then, is the crowning aim of the advocates of Nature study—surely one deserving of all sympathy—and no plan of education can confer a greater benefit upon our children than that which teaches them to read, with reverent eyes, the Book of Nature which their Father has written for them.

Little flower, could I but understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Problems in Education. By William H. Winch, B.A. Cantab. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

This volume consists of half a dozen essays and a great many short memoranda, most of which were written as a basis of discussion by London inspectors.

The essays are good and useful, and we are glad to see Mr. Winch disputing the statements of Profs. Munsterberg and James, that psychology is of little value to the teacher, and wishing that he himself could "throw a little of that light upon educational problems which is invariably emitted from the work of Prof. James himself."

On observation, imagery, thought, and language, Mr. Winch's remarks are, perhaps, not new, but are none the less true. Teachers are warned not to place so much confidence in mere perception, and not to crowd a child's mind with the ill-assorted contents of a school museum as matter for the exercise of observation.

We agree also with Mr. Winch's remark that the power of visualizing *may* be a direct hindrance to conceptual thinking, and that it is absurd in our fondness for real things to undervalue names—Hamilton's "fortresses of thought." But that danger is so well pointed out by Froebel that here we stop to protest. When a writer announces in his preface that he had originally intended "to attempt a series of critical estimates of leading educators, such as Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart, and Spencer," is it too much to expect that he should have thoroughly studied these authorities?

It is a little trying to find a paper drawn up for the information of Mr. Graham Wallas by an inspector of schools, a University prizeman, on such a perfunctory reading of Froebel. Little wonder that Mr. Graham Wallas is supposed to

be opposed to Froebelian teaching, if he draws his information from such an untrustworthy source.

Froebel is supposed to have said that "the true destiny of man is to be obtained by gratifying every youthful impulse." Was ever any writer so traduced? We do not wonder that young students in training colleges find Froebel hard to read—but a B.A. Cantab.!

A more glaring and more unpardonable mistake has been made. Froebel devotes a whole section of "The Education of Man" to pointing out the importance of continuity of development, saying that "sharp limits and definite subdivisions, withdrawing from attention the permanent continuity, are highly pernicious, and even destructive." He goes on: "It is not possible to point out in their full extent the unspeakable mischief and hindrance to the advancement of the human race arising from these subdivisions and limitations." He repeats this, as he always does repeat himself, through four pages; and yet Mr. Winch can write:—"Take another dictum of Froebel's: 'Each age has a completeness of its own; and the perfection of the latter state can only be obtained through the perfection of the earlier.' This jerky discontinuity has not the slightest support in biological science, and never had." Carelessness is too mild a word to apply to such writing; it is either gross ignorance or gross injustice.

Little Tales for Little People. (Edward Arnold.)

Stories about children and about animals have, in our experience, an unfailing attraction for little children, especially if they deal with their subjects in realistic fashion. This is what the series of four two-penny books published under the above title by Mr. Edward Arnold does, and "Sam's Pets," "Happy Katie," "Tom Lie-a-Bed," and "Lost in the City" proved very interesting to the little person on whom we experimented with them. The books are clearly printed, and are illustrated with four good pictures

each, while on the covers there are really pretty coloured pictures descriptive of one or two of the main incidents of the stories inside.

The Kindergarten Review. (Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.)

With the March number of this magazine a very interesting supplement is issued giving a comprehensive view of the Kindergarten activities of Chicago. The foundation of this work was started in the winter of 1873-74 by a small class of mothers and teachers, who met to study the life and work of Froebel. To-day there are nearly a hundred public Kindergartens and institutes, clubs, settlements, training schools, mission and private Kindergartens, which put our London to shame. Let us hope that better days are coming, and that we may hear in England of similar resolutions to that which was passed at the American International Association:—"Resolved, that we view with pleasure the spread of Kindergarten principles and methods, and trust that they may be generally introduced into our public schools. To this end we recommend that the different States secure the necessary legislation that will enable committees to support and maintain free Kindergartens at the public expense."

Arnold's Language Lessons. (Edward Arnold.)

We have received the last three books of the series bearing the above title. In the first three, which are intended for juniors, the rules and terminology of grammar are omitted; in the last three they are used "in so far as they bear upon the correct use of language"; and the whole series is specially designed to suit the latest Code requirements in English. We have had practical experience in teaching English grammar and composition, and we frankly confess that we never yet found any book or books that were of any help to us in that most difficult task. Nay, more, we generally found them a hindrance. But, as there are some teachers as well as some pupils who feel the need of a guide, we may say that the books under review seem to us clear and simple, and such as may be trusted to avoid the most obvious mistakes which characterize primers of this kind and make teaching difficult and learning tiresome.

Correspondence.

DEAR EDITOR,—From various conversations with workers and friends of the Kindergarten, I gather that others have felt with me that there is one grievous lack in the syllabus planned by the National Froebel Union. We have no guarantee that any student on completing her training has made any definite study of literature. In these days, when the Herbartian school is shedding new light over many Froebelian principles, and attaching so much importance to literature teaching, it seems to me we should do our utmost to fit every teacher for the work lying before her.

I have met Kindergarten students and teachers who "did not care for poetry," who had never read Emerson or Carlyle, and who voted Ruskin a bore! And these have to direct our little ones' first impressions in literature, and will relate to them the stories by which they will gain their first ideas of literary style! Can we wonder at our training being considered "superficial"?

Alas! our syllabus is already crowded. The science alone is far from being as far-reaching as it might be.

The only remedy I would venture to suggest is that, for the Higher Certificate, we should give less time to occupation work, and take instead the study of some, or at least *one*, of our best English writers. This suggestion I beg to submit to the criticism of readers of *Child Life*. Doubtless some may be prepared to offer a more satisfactory solution of what cannot fail to appeal as a serious question to those who have the interests of our children at heart.—I am, yours faithfully, A. K. P.

[Our correspondent, whilst calling attention to a matter of importance, is perhaps only adding to the already existing confusion between general education and professional training. That all candidates should, before entering a training college, or attempting the examinations of the National Froebel Union, give proof of some literary education, is indeed desirable, and we hope that all those interested in the training of Kindergarten teachers will agree in this, and will work towards the raising of the standard of general cultivation in those taking up the important task of laying the foundations of a truly liberal education.—EDITOR.]

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THE EDGEWORTH FAMILY.

CHILD LIFE.

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JULY 15, 1901.

No. 11.

Maria Edgeworth.

IN our enthusiasm for Froebel and the New Education, we are sometimes in danger of forgetting those who helped to pave the way in this country for the establishment of the Kindergarten system.

To many of us the name of Maria Edgeworth is familiar chiefly in connexion with "Rosamond and the Purple Jar," or some other old-fashioned story. Comparatively little is known of her novels nowadays, still less of her educational writings. Yet her name deserves to be well remembered, not only as a famous authoress, but as an eminent educational thinker and writer, an Irishwoman who, living in totally different surroundings from Froebel, and born fifteen years earlier, was often animated by the same spirit. To followers of Froebel her two volumes on "Practical Education," if somewhat prosy in parts, and containing certain chapters which might with advantage be omitted, are still full of interest, as showing ideas greatly in advance of those prevailing at the time when she wrote, and as containing many passages which remind us of the author of "The Education of Man."

Maria Edgeworth was descended from an old family settled originally at Edgeworth, now Edgware, in Middlesex. During the reign of Henry VIII. her ancestor, Francis Edgeworth, migrated to Ireland, and Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, has

remained in the possession of the family ever since.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Maria's clever but very eccentric father, deserves some mention both for his own sake and on account of the strong influence which he exercised over his daughter's life and writings. Towards the close of the eighteenth century Mr. Edgeworth's name was well known in the scientific world. He was greatly interested in agricultural experiment, foresaw much of the progress which was made in the nineteenth century, and was himself the author of a number of useful and practical inventions. It was to her father that Miss Edgeworth owed many of her educational theories. "Practical Education," indeed, was written in conjunction with him, Mr. Edgeworth contributing parts of the chapters on classical literature, geography, chronology, arithmetic, and mechanics. Mr. Edgeworth was, in his early days, an enthusiastic follower of Rousseau, and his eldest son was brought up in strict accordance with the principles enunciated in "Emile." The experiment was a failure, which resulted in a modification of Mr. Edgeworth's educational principles, although he always remained strongly imbued with many of Rousseau's doctrines.

Maria, the eldest daughter of a large family, was born on January 1, 1767. Her mother died when she was very young, and the greater

part of her childhood was spent in England, where the Edgeworths were living at that time. She was sent to school, where, as at home, she speedily became distinguished as a delightful story-teller. In 1782, a year familiar to the readers of *Child Life*, Mr. Edgeworth determined to return to Ireland with his family, Maria being then fifteen years old, and from that time Edgeworthstown became her home and the centre of her life.

The Edgeworths were a notable example of a united family; greatly attached to one another, and devoted to their father, they had the clan feeling strongly developed. Mr. Edgeworth was four times married, and became the father of twenty-two children, of whom the youngest was forty years younger than Maria. To each of her stepmothers in turn Maria extended the warmest welcome, and on her stepbrothers and stepsisters she lavished the tenderest affection. All through her life, at the height of her fame and popularity, it was invariably to her home that she turned with the greatest happiness and appreciation. After reading some of Miss Edgeworth's children's stories, we are inclined to gather the impression that she was a cold, calculating individual, rather of the type of "Rosamond's" mother, whose conduct in the affair of the "purple jar" it is difficult to forgive. She was, in fact, more like "Rosamond" herself, warm-hearted, impulsive, and vivacious, a delightful companion to children, and never so happy as when in their society. Her books were all written in the common sitting-room, with her little brothers and sisters playing round her.

Each of the elder daughters of the family had special charge of one of the little ones, and, as the eldest of such a family, Miss Edgeworth had exceptional opportunities for watching children and studying their development. One of her stepmothers, Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, was deeply interested in education, and kept a register noting "all the trifling things which mark the progress of the mind in childhood," thereby anticipating the days of "Child Study" and "Parents' Unions." Mr. Edgeworth had taken great pains with

Maria's own education. She was an excellent French scholar, and intimately acquainted with the works of French educational writers, as well as with those of Locke and Bacon and the standard English authors. Miss Edgeworth's literary attempts were early encouraged; even while at school she wrote some short stories, but the prejudice against literary ladies was still strong in those days, and although she had written and translated much before that date, it was not until 1796 that the first volume of "The Parent's Assistant" (a collection of short stories for children) was published. It is pleasant to learn from one of Miss Edgeworth's letters that this clumsy title was not her own devising, but that of her publisher. In spite of its title, the book was a great success, and a demand for more volumes was the immediate result of its publication. With the quantity of delightful children's books by which we are surrounded nowadays, it is difficult to realize the scarcity which prevailed a century ago, or the joy with which Miss Edgeworth's stories were greeted. Such children's books as did then exist were the work of very inferior writers, and, as a rule, of the extreme "goody-goody," "Fairchild Family" type. Miss Edgeworth inaugurated a new era of books for children. "The Parent's Assistant" is not often to be found on the bookshelves of our modern nurseries, and yet much of it still appeals to children now as it did then, while a number of their elders are indebted to its authoress for happy hours spent over its pages. Old-fashioned as they are, and despite the "morals," a great many of the stories are really enthralling. Of "Simple Susan" no less a person than Sir Walter Scott said that "when the boy brings back the lamb to the little girl, there is nothing for it but to lay down the book and cry." "The Parent's Assistant" was followed by "Early Lessons," which contained "The Cherry Orchard, Orange Man, and Little Dog Trusty," "Harry and Lucy," "Rosamond," and "Frank." "Harry and Lucy" was written with a view to interesting children in science by means of simple experiments, and the stiffer

parts of it were mainly due to Mrs. Honora Edgeworth.

"Practical Education" was published in the year 1798, and followed three years later by "Moral Tales for Young People," which were intended to illustrate it. The most interesting, educationally, of these stories is the "Good French Governess," who was quite Froebelian in many of her devices! "Practical Education" was the result of a series of observations on children not originally intended for publication.

In 1800 was published "Castle Rackrent," the first of Miss Edgeworth's inimitable Irish novels—a wonderfully vivid picture of Irish life—full of humour and pathos. Of these tales Scott, an ardent admirer of Miss Edgeworth, said that he should in all likelihood never have thought of writing a Scotch novel had he not read Maria Edgeworth's exquisite sketches of Irish character.

Quiet as was her life at Edgeworthstown, Maria had much to occupy and fill it, apart from her literary work. From the time when they first settled in their Irish home Mr. Edgeworth, who considered that the accurate mathematical and practical work would be good training for her impulsive, imaginative nature, entrusted his eldest daughter with all his accounts, employing her practically as his agent, a position requiring the utmost tact and ability, especially in dealing with Irish tenantry. Maria was so successful that, in a few years' time, their estate became one of the best managed in the country. The work brought her into most friendly and intimate relations with her father's tenants; she learnt to know them at their best and at their worst, and the insight into the lives and characters of the country people she thus obtained was of great value to her in her Irish sketches.

Life at Edgeworthstown was primitive enough in those days, and the Edgeworths had few near neighbours of their own class. They had, however, some warm friends living a few miles away—people of unusual cultivation—and at their houses Maria made the acquaintance of various literary and political celebrities.

It was in the autumn of 1802 that Miss Edgeworth made her first foreign tour, accompanied by her father, mother, and sister. After visiting the Low Countries, they went on to Paris, where several delightful months were spent.

Thanks to the introductions of friends and the prestige of their own names, they had soon made the acquaintance of most of the leading men and women of the day. Several of their introductions had been furnished by M. Pictet, of Geneva, who had translated "Practical Education" into French, and published several of Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales" in the "Bibliothèque Britannique," which was widely read in France. The best Parisian society in those days was distinguished for exceptionally brilliant intellect and social charm, and many famous names occur in Miss Edgeworth's letters, such as those of "La Harpe," Madame de Genlis, Madame de Recamier, the Comte de Segur, and Camille Jordan.

I will give you a journal of yesterday [writes Maria to her aunt]. I know you love journals. Got up and put on our shoes and stockings, and cambric muslin gowns, which are in high esteem here [the letter is dated January 10th, 1803!], fur tippets, and fur clogs, and were in coach by nine o'clock, drove to the excellent Abbé Morellet's, where we were invited to breakfast to meet Madame d'Oudot, the lady who inspired Rousseau with the idea of Julie. Julie is now seventy-two years of age, a thin woman in a little black bonnet. . . . No sooner did I hear her speak than I began to like her; and no sooner was I seated beside her than I began to find in her countenance a most benevolent and agreeable expression. She is possessed of that art which Lord Kames said he would prefer to the finest gift of the Queen of the Fairies—the art of seizing the best side of every object. I wish I could at seventy-two be such a woman. She told me that Rousseau, whilst he was writing so finely on education, and leaving his own children in the Foundling Hospital, defended himself with so much eloquence that even those who blamed him in their hearts could not find tongues to answer him. Once at dinner, at Madame Oudot's, there was a fine pyramid of fruit. Rousseau in helping himself took the peach which formed the base of the pyramid, and the rest fell immediately. "Rousseau," said she, "that is what you always do with all our systems, you pull down with a single touch, but who will build up what you pull down?" I asked if he was grateful for all the kindness shown to him? "No, he was ungrateful: he had a thousand bad qualities, but I turned my attention from them to his genius, and the good he had done mankind."

After an excellent breakfast came M. Chéron, husband of the Abbé Morellet's niece, who is translating "Early Lessons," French on one side and English on the other. Didot has undertaken to publish the

"Rational Primer," which is much approved of here for teaching the true English pronunciation.

Then we went to a lecture on Shorthand or *Pasigraphy*, and there we met Mr. Chenevix, who came home to dine with us, and stayed till nine, talking of Montgolfier's *belier* for throwing water to a great height. We have seen it and its inventor: something like Mr. Watt in manner, not equal to him in genius. He had received from M. de la Poye a letter my father wrote some years ago about the method of guiding balloons, and as far as he could judge he thought it might succeed.

We went with Madame Recamier and the Russian Princess Dalgourski to La Harpe's house to hear him repeat some of his own verses. He lives in a wretched house, and we went up dirty stairs, through dirty passages, where I wondered how fine ladies' trains and noses could go, and were received in a dark, small den by the philosopher, or rather *dénot*, for he spurns the name philosopher. He was in a dirty, reddish nightgown, and very dirty nightcap bound round the forehead with a superlatively dirty chocolate-coloured ribbon. Madame Recamier, the beautiful, the elegant, robed in white satin trimmed with white fur, seated herself on the elbow of his armchair, and besought him to repeat his verses. Charlotte has drawn a picture of this scene.

In another letter Miss Edgeworth writes:

I wish I could paint the different people we have seen in little William's magic lantern, and show them to you.

At Madame Delessert's house there are, and have been for years, meetings of the most agreeable society in Paris. . . . To recommend Madame Delessert still more powerfully to you, I must tell you that she was the benefactress of Rousseau; he was, it is said, never good or happy except in her society; to her bounty he owed his retreat in Switzerland. She is nobly charitable, but if it were not for her friends no one would find out half the good she does.

Turn the magic lantern. Here comes Camille Jordan, with great eloquence of pen, not of tongue; and M. de Prony, a great mathematician.

Who comes next? Madame Campan, mistress of the first boarding-school here, who educated Madame Louis Buonaparte, and who professes to follow "Practical Education"!

The Edgeworths' visit to Paris was brought to an abrupt conclusion by the outbreak of hostilities between France and England. They left the country only just in time, and Lovell

Edgeworth, one of Maria's brothers, on his way to Geneva, was seized and detained a prisoner for eleven years.

After short visits to London and Edinburgh the Edgeworths settled down at home again, and for some years Maria worked hard at her writing. "Leonora," "Griselda," "Popular Tales," and "Fashionable Tales" were written about this time, as was also "Professional Education." In many of these novels Miss Edgeworth was at her very best, and her fame increased steadily.

In the spring of 1813 Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth and Maria paid a visit to London, where they were much lionized. Writing about this time, Byron says:

I had been the lion of 1812. Miss Edgeworth and Madame de Stael were the exhibitions of the succeeding year. She (Maria) was a nice looking, unassuming, "Jeanie Deans-looking body," as we Scotch say, and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking.

Early in the following year Mr. Edgeworth became very ill, and, though he lived on for three years, he never recovered his health. It spoke much for his daughter's strength of mind that she did not allow the intense anxiety she felt on his account to tell on her work. Her father had begged her to write a companion story to "Harrington," and the result was "Ormond," a novel containing, perhaps, the gayest and most brilliant passages she ever composed. Her father's delight in the story and desire to see it completed had encouraged her to go on, and she was able to put the printed pages into his hand on his birthday, May 31, 1817. He died on June 13.

(To be continued.)

A. S. INNES.

The Child as the Director of the Parent's Education.

OF recent years great and far-reaching changes have come over our views with regard to the fundamental problems associated with the education of children. The old familiar sheet of white paper on which the educator had to write, or the soft piece of

wax on which he had to leave his impression, has for ever disappeared, and we know now that we have a very much more complex problem to deal with. Within the child forces of heredity are ever struggling, and powerful predispositions already exist before he comes

under the educator's influence. According to Galton's law, instead of the sheet of white paper or the piece of soft wax, we have to deal with a very remarkable product, of which each parent contributes on an average one quarter, each grandparent one-sixteenth, and so on; and generally the occupier of each ancestral place in the n th degree, whatever be the value of n , contributes $0.5(2n)$ of the heritage.

How far this law of Galton's approximates on average to the truth it is impossible to say; but individual variations are so great that in any case it is practically impossible to calculate, with any approach to certainty, the predispositions of a child from a knowledge of his ancestors. The problem is still further complicated by the shaping influences of social environment, which are also to a large extent beyond the educator's control.

The very evident result of a knowledge of the complexity of the problem with which we have to deal is to force us to the conclusion that, in the early stages, at any rate, of the child's education, the child must give the lead, that we must be ever on the look-out for what are termed the instinct propulsions of the child, that we must foster and develop with the greatest care those instincts which we wish to foster, and repress bad instincts by a process of starvation, by the greater development of the good, thus leading to the formation of desirable habits and the building up of a stable character.

We hear a great deal in the present day about the decline of the influence of the Church in education, and the great increase of the influence of the State, which will, of course, become greater as the days go on. Whether that change is an unmixed good it is not for me to discuss; but this is self-evident, that as education comes more under State influence, as private schools disappear, and as the tendency increases for large companies of children to come under exactly the same influences, without the slightest reference to the personal equation or predispositions of the individual, so the part which the parent will

have to play in the education of the child becomes a more and more important one.

It did not need the genius of a Herbert Spencer to discover how utterly incompetent the average parent is to take any useful part in the education of his child. No matter in what school of thought he has been educated, the one subject which has been studiously neglected throughout his training has been that which has to do with the most important work of his life—the bringing up of his child.

The general theory with regard to the treatment of young children is one of repression. "Go and see what Johnny is doing, and tell him he musn't," is the great fundamental line of policy adopted by the average parent. On visiting an infant school, the teacher draws your attention, with evident pride, to the wonderful discipline exercised by which large classes of small children are repressed—the one object in the early training appearing to be to keep children, who are naturally exuberant and full of energy, in an unnaturally quiet position during infant lessons. Of course any number of exceptions to this typical method of infant instruction might be given.

The eternal questioning of the child, which, properly used, may become such an extremely valuable instrument in education, is vigorously repressed. That most awful dictum, "Good little children should be seen and not heard," sums up the repressive attitude. Of the many wise things which Froebel said, a very prominent place should be given to his condemnation of this fundamental mistake in the treatment of children. He says: "Do not send it away ungently, do not drive it from you; be not impatient of its questions, its continual questioning; with every cross repelling word you destroy a bud, a shoot of its life-tree."

But the average child must go to school, and the average parent has no power of determining to any large extent the kind of instruction the child will receive. He therefore not only has to be ever on the watch for those elements which go to the making of character—he has to undo the harm done at

school by the general attitude of repression. The formation of such societies as the King Alfred Society, the Parents' National Education Union, the Childhood Society, the British Association for Child Study, and other societies of a like nature, are signs of a healthy awakening with regard to the responsibilities of parents in this direction.

Let us look for a moment at the normal disqualifications of the average parent. First, we have to deal with the utter ignorance of what may be termed common-sense psychology, and also of common-sense physiology, which is of far more importance in education than is generally supposed. Then there is the sheer inability to answer truthfully and rationally the natural questions of an intelligent child. In this respect very few parents are fit companions for their children in country walks. Many of my readers have doubtless heard the answers to questions and explanations of natural phenomena given by parents to observant children—answers and explanations which must eventually destroy the beautiful and implicit confidence which the child places in his parent or teacher. The time will surely come, unless these matters are regarded seriously, when "Father told me so," or "Teacher told me so," will cease to have that terrible finality which it generally has to the young trusting child. The longer the parent can by hard work and due regard to truthfulness retain his position on the pedestal of omniscience on which he has been placed by his child, the better.

In a recent *Minute* issued by the Board of Education to rural schools, it is interesting to see that the attitude of the Board towards its teachers is still that of the very young child towards its parent. In this *Minute* teachers are urged to take their children into the country and satisfy their questionings by a liberal course of Nature study. Not one teacher in a hundred is qualified for such work. There will be a rude awakening in country districts when this *Minute* is carried into effect.

Another important point in which the

average parent is very frequently absolutely unfitted for the bringing up of his child is in his want of self-control, and, if I may so term it, general deportment. It is an awful responsibility to live under the continual observation of an intelligent child. The teaching of morality in the school may be of the very best, but the most lasting influence in the moulding of character of the child will be the examples he has before him in the home. A child who hears his mother tell a servant to say she is not at home to an unwelcome visitor will hear lessons and read books on the beauties of truthfulness in vain. The child who receives a severe punishment from a bad-tempered father or a neurotic mother, a punishment out of all proportion to the offence committed, will have his sense of justice rudely shaken.

A child is a born mimic, and will naturally imitate those with whom he is continually in contact. The child reared in an atmosphere of domestic wrangling will naturally assume a quarrelsome attitude towards his companions; a boy is often punished severely for taking up an attitude towards his sister which he has seen his father take up towards his mother on innumerable occasions. It is possible by watching a child for half an hour to gain a vast amount of information as to its home surroundings.

So that, generally speaking, the influence of the home is not calculated to have a good influence on the formation of a desirable character in the child, and this is largely because people will not take education seriously; they will not grasp the enormous persistent influence environment has upon the younger members of the household. Measles, croup, whooping-cough, and other childish ailments are taken seriously, but moral ailments are rarely considered. The child goes on getting worse and worse, developing habits which are sending their roots deeper and deeper into its very nature, without causing any alarm, the general impression being that a good whipping or a term of attendance at a strict school will soon remedy such defects.

In regarding the child as the director of the parent's education, it is necessary to divide the course of the parent's instruction, roughly, into two periods: that required for the management of the child before it is fit to go to school, and that in which the main object is the development of intelligence. It is, of course, impossible to make any hard and fast division. The development of character and the development of intelligence are interwoven all along the line, and the combination should result in the formation of a sound judgment and the formation of a stable character. Dr. Stockmann, in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," says: "The strongest man in the world is the man who stands most alone." It appears to me that one of the greatest and noblest aims of education is so to build up character and develop saneness of judgment as to make the possessor self-dependent—in other words, to enable him to stand alone.

The attitude of the parent in the first stage should be one of continual watchfulness for those instinct propulsions which appear to be quite beyond the control of the child. Nothing is more interesting than to see the struggle which is eternally going on, the result of what appears to be a primitive consciousness of right and wrong. It is most instructive to watch the first dawn of the child's tendency to rebel against authority: it puzzles the child as much as it does the parent. This is a very early development. In one's efforts to develop certain instinct propulsions and check others, one is soon aided by this primitive moral consciousness of the child, who very early realizes the fact that a struggle has commenced, and that there is an impulse to do wrong which must be fought against. There is something delightfully pathetic in the prayer of the small child: "O Lord, make me a good boy, and if you don't at first succeed, try, try, try again." There is in this a full recognition of the difficulty of the task he is asking the Almighty to perform. One must distinguish here between the robust, normal child, and that degenerate product, the self-conscious little prig.

As has been pointed out by so many authorities on the early education of children, repression has to play a most important part in the development of character—not repression as it is generally understood, but that valuable repression which results in the development in every possible way of certain natural tendencies by the neglect of those which it is necessary to destroy. In this first stage of the parent's education it is therefore necessary to make a very diligent study of child nature, including the best which has been written by experts and people with direct vision on this matter. It is a melancholy reflection that most of the standard educational works which have been published in England have had a remarkably poor circulation in this country compared with that in foreign countries. Where one copy of Quirk's "Educational Reformers" is sold in England a dozen are sold in America. But in this respect there has been a vast improvement during the past few years. The fact that we are now simply inundated with very excellent books on all phases of educational activity shows that there must be a considerable public interested in this matter—a result which, I believe, has been very largely achieved by the good work of the societies to which I have referred, and others of a similar nature, which have created a very definite appetite for a knowledge of all that concerns the education of children. Further than this, there is at present going on in America a vast amount of useful research on child nature. The influence of this movement has already been felt in England. I should not like to estimate the number of people now carrying on useful investigations in this department of human knowledge. The results are collected, grouped, and discussed; experiments have been repeated again and again on debatable points, until some generalizations have almost been raised to the dignified position of natural laws. If this spirit of investigation and serious treatment of educational problems continues, we shall have built up in days to come a true science of education. Of course, some of the investigations and some of the methods adopted

have been, and may still be, very faulty, and give an excellent opportunity for the expression of harsh judgments by the conservative scoffer. We have recently had articles in magazines and educational papers pointing out many weak places in methods and the rashness of rushing into hasty generalizations on inadequate and untrustworthy data, but I think we may derive great comfort from the fact that these attacks do not seriously affect the fundamental principles on which the investigations are based. There is no question about it that there is a great field for these inductive studies on children. If ever we feel pained by the attacks of the scoffer, and the absence of results of laborious investigations, we can derive comfort from the reflection that only a very small proportion of the research done in our science laboratories produces any result worthy of publication. The value of an investigation, however, must not be judged by its success or failure; we must have negative as well as positive results.

Though, of course, only the most intelligent parent will ever reach to the position of an investigator, every one should know something of the results that have been achieved, and should take an interest in the conclusions that have been arrived at by great thinkers on educational matters. If a parent is sufficiently serious to qualify himself or herself in this way for approaching the education of children with a certain degree of intelligence, a great point will have been gained. It would be impossible to enumerate the various directions in which such a course of study may benefit the child through its parents.

The cutting of a tooth is often the cause of rejoicing in a home where the development of some good habit, which can be produced as definitely, and show itself as clearly, would pass unnoticed. When a child has some physical ailment, the expert, such as the trained nurse, or the medical man who has gone through a long course of training, and is not allowed to practise until he has obtained recognized certificates of proficiency, is called in. The father or mother, by a proper course

of study on child nature and the education of children, should stand in the same relation to the child on its mental and moral side as the trained nurse or doctor does on its physical side. I suppose it is, however, too much to hope for, that certificates of proficiency in this direction will ever be demanded of people before they are allowed to undertake the very serious responsibility of bringing up a child.

To meet some of the difficulties to which I have referred, a compromise has been arrived at which I think is a little dangerous. An important movement has been set on foot for securing more highly-trained nurses, who, in addition to being thoroughly competent to look after the physical well-being of the child, have also received a course of training such as that suggested above for the ideal parent. If the child were given over entirely to such a highly-trained nurse, and the parents practically abdicated their position, all might be well; but a competent nurse under the control of incompetent parents will probably lead to all sorts of difficulties, and, moreover, the good work performed on the one hand may be considerably neutralized, or worse than neutralized, by the child continually coming into contact with injudicious parents. In order to make such a scheme a thorough success, the parents would not only have to abdicate their position, but would themselves have to come under the management of the highly-trained nurse, which is, of course, quite an impossible position. So that, given the highest qualifications on the part of the nurse, unless the parents are prepared to take the education of the child seriously, and co-operate in every possible way, the arrangement cannot be completely successful. There is all the difference in the world in this connexion between the position of the nurse and the governess, the latter simply taking the place of the schoolmistress under normal conditions. The ideal arrangement would be the highly-trained nurse and the well-educated parent. Apart from this there can be no continuity of treatment. If the nurse is to be continually changed at the caprice of the incompetent

parent, the child will be subject to ever-changing modes of treatment; whereas, if the parent is the expert, it is a matter of comparatively little importance what changes take place, because the same line of policy will be continued.

When we approach the second stage, in which the development of the intelligence is the all-important thing, the lead given by the child is a matter of as great importance as in the case of the moral development, and necessitates a fairly liberal course of study on the part of parents. Many of my readers will probably have had experience of the enormous difference in the general intelligence of the child whose parents have taken a genuine interest in its education, compared with one who has had to rely entirely upon school influences in this direction. They will also have had experience of the very depressing effect school life often has upon the intelligence of children who have been reared up to this period in a rational way. The most striking change in this connexion appears to be that where a rational course of instruction is carried on, the development of the child's observation is used as a very powerful instrument in making him resourceful and developing his capacity of thinking things out for himself; whereas, when he comes under school influences, and his personal equation is entirely put on one side, he gradually ceases to rely on his own observation, but tends to rely rather upon the memory of stated facts. During this period of transition there is a great tendency to lose confidence in himself, and unless this is counteracted by rational home influence, it may do permanent injury.

In making the child's power of observation the basis of the development of his intelligence great judgment is necessary. Just as in the moral development, so here it is necessary to give a decided preference and encourage certain lines of observation at the expense of others, and to bring into play a certain amount of discipline to prevent the child wandering from point to point without satisfactory development in any one direction. But having found from

the questioning of the child a very definite interest in a useful direction, it is very easy for the parent, if he is willing to take the trouble, and, if necessary, study the matter carefully, to give valuable suggestions which will enable the child to build round the fundamental point of interest, until he becomes in a very small way more or less an authority on this subject. In doing this we may again appeal to Froebel. He says: "Do not answer in words where it can answer itself without your word. As soon as, and as far as, they have strength and experience, give them the conditions of the question, and let them make out the answer from their own knowledge." Small children are born investigators; they are never so happy as when they are finding out the why and the wherefore; they delight in learning by doing.

In a charming book, published at the beginning of this century, and now, unfortunately, out of print, by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth, on "Practical Education," some very interesting instances are given of the facility with which children investigate problems for themselves, if properly trained. Here is a delightful example:

A boy of nine finds a kind of rainbow on the floor. He calls his sister to see, and wonders how it came there. The sun shines bright through the window. The boy moves several things upon which the light falls, saying: "This is not it. Nor this." At last, when he moves a tumbler of water, the rainbow vanishes. There are some violets in the tumbler, which he thinks may explain the colours on the floor. But when the violets are removed the colours remain. Then he thinks it may be the water. He empties the glass. The colours remain, but they are fainter. This leads him to suppose that the water and the glass together make the rainbow. "But," he adds, "there is no glass in the sky, yet there is a rainbow, so that I think the water alone would do, if we could but hold it together without the glass." He then pours the water slowly out of the tumbler into a basin, which he places in the sunlight, and sees the colours on the floor twinkling behind the water as it falls.

How easy it is to lead children on in this way, by making use of their natural activities! What sources of information can be imparted to the child as the result of its own questionings! And, moreover, the child makes such information for ever its own, because it forms part of a chain, and is connected so indissolubly

with its previous experiences. And what a sure basis such information becomes for future reasonings! Thus, step by step, the intelligence develops, information is assimilated, the child becomes stronger and stronger, and all along the line it is making use of its natural mental energy.

Assimilated information is as valuable as undigested, unconnected information is deleterious. Rousseau was never tired of insisting upon the importance of this. "When the understanding," he says, "makes things its own before they are committed to memory, whatever it afterwards draws forth belongs to it; but if the memory is burdened with what the understanding knows nothing about, we are in danger of bringing from it things which the understanding declines to acknowledge."

It would be impossible in the space at my disposal to discuss the value of the information acquired, and the value of the mental discipline in acquiring it in the ordinary school course; but there will always be, even under ideal conditions, a useful part for the parent to play, especially in the earlier stages of the child's education. There can never be that consideration and knowledge of the personal equation of the child in the school which is possible in the home. The parent must, therefore, be continually on the look-out for subjects of the greatest interest to the child, and in cases where the school training is inadequate, the development of the intelligence will depend very largely on the kind of treatment received at home. It is also evident that in this development the child must continually give the lead, though, from the demands of discipline and the natural tendency to a too rapid change of subject, the choice of lead must entirely rest with the parents. Whatever line is taken,

however, if the best results are to be attained, it must necessitate continual watchfulness and a large amount of work and thought on the part of the parent. The thought and expenditure of energy will, if judiciously applied, bear abundant fruit in the increased intelligence of the child. Quite apart from the general benefit to be derived from this continual interaction of child on parent and parent on child, untold good may result from continually taking a rational and truthful line of approach on questions raised by the child. In this way too hasty generalization, rash judgment, and a natural tendency to look at only one side of the question will gradually be checked, and much will be done towards the formation of a sound judgment.

Some of my readers will probably think that I have very much over-estimated the necessity of this continuous, intelligent interest by the parent in the development of the child's mind, and the benefits to be derived from such a course of action. I can only again refer such to examples which must occur to them of children brought up in homes in which no such interest is taken, and ask them to compare these children with others brought up on rational lines. And, moreover, whatever may be the effect of such a policy on the development of intelligence, there can be no doubt that the moral development which must ever be associated with such a course of training must have a lasting influence for good upon the child; and is not the formation of character the most important aim of education? "The purpose of education," said Plato, "is to give to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

C. W. KIMMINS.



Geraniums.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN.

WHAT is the brightest and gayest and busiest of all the summer flowers?

It fills every bed in the parks with a blaze of colour; if you lift up your eyes in the hot, dusty street, you will see it shining away in a box in somebody's window; if you walk out into the suburbs, it will look at you from every little garden-plot; if you live in the country, it covers your window with its blossom, so that you cannot look out or look in. The beautiful thing has come all the way from the Cape to live with us, and make us forget all the cold and wet and fog of the long winter, and to cheer up the busy people who are shut up in dull smoky towns all the hot summer days, when everybody longs for the green fields and the shady woods and the breezes that blow over the great open sea and the cool lake. It has probably been shut up itself all the winter. All these thousands of plants that make our town so gay have been stowed away in glass-houses, safe from the cold winds and nipping frosts of our English winter; even the gardeners have not taken much notice of them, for they were resting and sleeping, so they did not want much food and drink. And now here they are again as gay and busy as ever, blossoming away from May till October, or even till Christmas if Jack Frost keeps away, and the more you pick the flowers, the more they will make. How would you like to live in Devonshire, where geraniums grow out of doors all the year round and climb to the tops of the houses?

Perhaps you have got a plant of your own in a little pot, a real treasure, a living geranium. If not, be sure to buy one as soon as you can. Give it plenty of water to drink and plenty of fresh air to breathe, and as much sunshine as you can get, and you will see wonderful new things happen every day. Sponge its leaves when they get dirty, and

keep the pot clean too, for geraniums, like children, must have nice clean skins and nice clean homes if they are to be healthy and work and play well. You must remember, also, that if people are too comfortable they often grow lazy and fat, and so you must not put your little geranium into a big pot, or else it will make nothing but leaves and wood. In a little pot all the busy root-threads will clamber in and out and round the soil and soon reach the pot-sides, and then they will begin to send more life up above to make flowers.

Now let us look what our little plant is like. It has a good stout sturdy stem, which needs no propping up, but it is not very tough; it breaks easily. We are often in distress about our poor geranium plants; somebody brushes hastily by, or Miss Puss springs off the wall, and snap goes the best branch of all. This stout brittle stem is clothed with soft down, and has often a deep red bloom where the sunshine has touched it, and, at short distances apart, there are little velvety trimmings on it, pairs of soft broad scales, rosy and downy too. From the middle of each pair of scales there springs a long round stalk holding out a leaf. Can you see a little gutter along this stalk, down which the rain runs to a tiny reservoir in the leaf, from which it trickles gently to the edge and drips upon the ground. Between the stalk and the stem there is, perhaps, a flower-stalk, or a pretty cluster of tiny leaves just unfolding like green umbrellas turned inside out in a wind. Where will the plant find room for all these new branches?

What sort of leaf has your geranium? Is it cut up into narrow strips? Is it smooth and cut into points like an ivy leaf, or is it like a round downy scallop's shell, with big scallops round the edge, and little scallops round the

big ones? Is it bordered with white, or edged with red? Has it a broad circular belt on it of red and purple, as if a hot iron ring had been laid on the green leaf? See how many patterns of geranium leaf you can collect.

Now let us notice how cleverly these large leaves are arranged, so that every one can have plenty of room and air and sun. They are held well out on their long elastic stalks, which spring out all round the stem, each one some distance above and a little to the left of the one below it, so that they do not touch, nor cover, nor overlap. Follow them twice round the stem, and you will come to the sixth leaf exactly above the first, but so much higher up that it is quite out of the way. If you could shut up the stem like a telescope, you would find the five leaves with their long stalks make a beautiful wheel all round the stem. Now look at this withered leaf: touch it, puff it, what happens? It drops fluttering to the ground. The leaves are the factories where air and sunshine and water are being turned into plant. When a leaf has done its work it begins to shrivel and decay, and turn brown and yellow; the yellow decay creeps down the stalk till it gets to the stem, where there is a kind of joint. As soon as it dries up at this joint down goes the leaf at a touch, and a scar like a horse shoe is left on the stem. You can see the print of the nails. These nail marks are the ends of the cords or twists of tough threads which made the leaf-stalk so springy and elastic.

There are great stores of oil treasured up in these leaves, and sometimes in the stem and flowers too, and when you press them the room is full of fragrance. Perfumes are made out of the flowers, and the stems of some of them burn like pine torches. Perhaps some of you have a lemon-scented or apple-scented geranium. What sort of flowers has your geranium? Pink, white, rose, crimson, scarlet, double, single? What a crowd of buds there are all coming out together from the end of that long stiff stalk—green buds of all sizes, the tiniest bud with the shortest stalk, so that they do

not crush one another! Such dear little soft buds in a rosette of withered scales, and covered with long hair! They open one by one, their stalks growing all the time. First, the five ribbed green sepals, which have kept the flower warm, separate, and show you the coloured flower leaves twisted and rolled up inside. At the bottom of one of those sepals there is a little pipe full of sweet nectar for the insects who visit the flower. Now watch those bright flower petals unroll; they glow and shine like silk in the sunshine, and are covered with a down so fine and soft and delicate you can scarcely see it. If we just rub gently the surface of this flower-leaf with the point of a knife, we can strip off a delicate skin. Why, there is no colour below, the petal is now dull white, all its beautiful colour is in its skin! Have you heard the wise proverb, "Beauty is only skin deep"? Now you see what it means. If you can get some one to put this delicate skin under a microscope, you will see a wonderful sight—little transparent cells with the rich colour arranged in them in pretty stars and patterns like the patterns on a muslin frock, with a white ground. We have spoiled this pretty flower; let us go on to the next. This one has been open a little longer; standing up in the middle is a cluster of seven stamens with their faces all covered with yellow powder, and turned to the centre. The next flower is still older; the stamens are now only little red threads, without heads, lying back against the petals, and just in the middle is something like a green flask wrapped in white velvet, and at the top of its slender red neck is a little crown of five red curled-back threads.

Here is another flower older still; its bright coloured petals have blown away, the stalk is long and dry, the green sepals have turned red and brown, and have closed in round a strange looking thing like a bird's beak. It makes you think of one of those curious birds with long slender legs which you see sometimes stepping about delicately in the mud by the water side, as if they were walking on stilts to keep out of the wet, and with long slender

beaks with which they can pick up their food without wetting or soiling their heads. So all plants which grow these strange long beaks are called geraniums, or pelargoniums, or erodiums. Geranium means crane's bill, pelargonium means stork's bill, and erodium means heron's bill.

We generally pick off these long beaks from our house plants, fearing that the plant may work away at these instead of making more flowers; but, if you let one or two grow ripe, you will see a curious thing. Down at the bottom of that long beak, where the bird's head would be, five little green nuts cuddle close together, and each of these has a seed inside it. Now wait till these turn ripe and brown, and watch what happens. As they dry they spring away from one another like little live things, and hang from the top of the pillar like children on the ropes of the "giant stride"; but, instead of swinging round after one another, each begins to spin round by itself into a corkscrew ringlet, its white hairs often standing out in a shining circle. If you pick them off dry, you may have many a game with them. Lay them on a piece of paper, wet them, and you will see them straighten like a little girl's curls in the rain; as they dry they will curl up again, and as they curl they will creep along the paper as if they were moving on to find a place in which to drop the seeds. On some plants, instead of twisting round into ringlets, they curl upwards and outwards into a coil as if preparing for a spring, and then the seed is sometimes shot out of its open cup to a long distance. Learned men who are very particular say these are the true geraniums, and the showy plants in our gardens with the corkscrew ringlets they call pelargoniums.

There are plenty of real geraniums growing wild, and when you have a day in the country, see if you can find any of them by these strange beaks. You must, however, not look for big bunches of flowers or beaks like these; for they only grow singly or in pairs. If you go to the meadows or the woods where the roads and rocks are white and limy, you will find some beauties with large blue flowers—

sometimes as big as a florin. This is the flower from which the old sea-kings dyed their mantles a soft gray blue, and so it is sometimes called Odin's Favour and sometimes God's Grace. If you go near the sea, you will, perhaps, find on the cliffs another kind with single flowers the size of a shilling and the colour of blood. Most of the others have small flowers. One is called the Dove's Foot, because of its soft round leaves, and another little dear is called the Shining Crane's Bill, because its bright red leaves and stalks look as if they had been polished. You are sure to find the prettiest of all scrambling over the stones and under the hedges by every roadside. Its delicate leaves make you think at first that it is a fern; but when you find its long beaks in their bristly cups, and see its round rosy flowers, you will know at once it is a crane's bill. This is generally called Herb Robert, or Poor Robin, or little Robin, or Robin's Eye; but whether it is called after Saint Robert, or Duke Robert, or Robin Hood, or Robin Goodfellow, or after its own red leaves, everybody has forgotten long ago. Some of the country children call it Kiss-me-quick—you will know why when you see its bright eyes look up at you—and the beaks they call Pook Needles, or Puck's Needles.

There is a plant called a Mallow that has round soft leaves and large purple flowers like some geraniums; but it has no beaks. It grows near the sea; so perhaps you do not know it. In the East the people say that the great Prophet Mohammed once laid his shirt out on a mallow to dry, and when he took it up again, lo! the mallow had turned into a geranium. Perhaps you will think that is not true; but I think it is really true; for the people there talk poetry, and it means the same as if we should say: "Where a good man or boy lives and works, he always makes the place more beautiful than he found it." Take notice if that is not true, and take notice if it is not also true that a bad man or a bad boy always spoils the place he lives in.

S. L. DYSON.

Unter dem Baume.*

Leicht und sanft.

PETER KÖLLEN.

PIANO.

*p**Ped.*

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Ped.

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Ped.

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Ped.

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pp

1. Lei - - se,	lei - - se	rau - sehen die Blät - ter im
2. Lei - - se,	lei - - se	sum - men die Bie - nen im
3. Lei - - se,	lei - - se	rie - selt das Bäch - lein durch's

*pp**pp**Ped.*

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Ped.

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Ped.

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mf leggiero.

Wald! . . . Sin - gen sü - sse Schlum - mer - lie - der,
 Laub! . . . Welch' ein Sur - ren, welch' ein Sin - gen
 Moos! . . . Halb im Trau - ne muss ich lau - schen

p leggiero.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

schwan - ken hin und schwan - ken wie - der, Lei - - se,
 hör ich rings um mich er - klin - gen! Lei - - se,
 all dem Rie - sehn, Sum - men, Rau - schen: Lei - - se,

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

poco rit. *D.C.*

lei - - se rau - schen die Blät - ter im Wald!
 lei - - se sum - men die Bie - nen im Laub!
 lei - - se rie - selt das Bäch - lein durch's Moos!

poco rit. *D.C.*

Ped. * Ped. *

How can we begin the Teaching of History?*

I HAVE been asked to speak to you to-night on the teaching of history; but you will notice that the title of my lecture takes the form of a question. It is only as questioner, seeker, learner, that I can venture to speak. I am an enthusiast, and I value very highly the privilege and the opportunities of the teacher of history, and I shall be satisfied—more than satisfied—grateful—if my words to-night serve to start a discussion (either at the close of my paper or in the pages of *Child Life*) from which we may gain inspiration or the ideas of those more experienced and wiser than myself. Our question to-night is “*How*,” not “*Why*, should we begin the teaching of history?” There are many answers to the “*Why*,” which will readily occur to our minds; and I will only suggest one which seems to have a special bearing upon our work as teachers. Is it not a good thing that our children should begin to recognize that we and they are *making* history, and as they see the present growing out of the past, so they may reach out towards the idea that the future will depend upon the present?

Until very recently history has been an optional subject in our Elementary schools, and the Blue-books show that in 1896 less than one-sixth of the schools throughout the country chose history as a class subject.

By the Code of 1898 a regulation was made that one of the class subjects must be taught in the form of an object-lesson. If geography should be chosen, this was difficult enough—but with history the difficulty was still greater: consequently a course of lessons in elementary science was most commonly chosen, and history fell into the background.

By the Code of 1900 it is recognized that the teaching of history should find a place in the education of all our children, and “lessons including object-lessons on geography, *history*, and common things are to be taken, *as a rule*,

in all schools” and in all standards. Accordingly we find a plan of work sketched out, from the “simple stories relating to English history” for Standards I. and II. up to the more detailed treatment of the Hanoverian period in Standard VII. In the Evening Continuation Schools courses of lessons are also given in history and civics—the life and duties of the citizen. In our Secondary schools, with a wider curriculum, history naturally takes a more important place, and in this connexion we are bound to remember with gratitude the work of Dr. Arnold.

In speaking to members of the Froebel Society I must remember that, as the title of my lecture suggests, we are dealing with beginnings. The word “history” naturally suggests “story,” both words being derived from the same root—the one being only a shortened form of the other—both meaning “a narration of something known.” On another occasion I spoke of “stories and story-telling,” and of their beginnings in the talking over of events which occur in the everyday life of the little child. This it is that Froebel aimed at in his “*Mutter- und Kose-Lieder*,” which he intended to be the first story and history book for children—*i.e.*, the history of their own short past.

“Let a clear picture of their past lives,” says Froebel, “be given to children, let them learn to see themselves mirrored in it, and when they are grown up, the light which illumines the way behind them will help them to see clearly the road that lies before them; childhood will be seen to be a connected part of all the rest of life, and a distinct conception of the childhood of humanity and of its connexion with the rest of history will be possible.” From these first reproductions of actual occurrences we pass on, in our plans of story-telling, to the constructive work of the mind in imagination; and with the introduction of

* A Paper read before the Froebel Society.

fiction or romance, story and history become distinguishable the one from the other.

What, then, are the distinguishing marks of history? First, that the records are true, or are, or have been, considered as true. Mary Sheldon Barnes tells us, in her valuable book of "Studies in Historical Method," that "the first attempt at historical narrative appears in the myths of origin—in myths explaining the reason why. From the beginning men try to account for things, to give a reason. If they find huge fossil bones in the earth, they tell of giants; if they live in a land called Hellas, they find a first settler called Helen; if they find themselves sowing wheat in a land, they tell of the goddess who brought it from heaven and showed them how to sow it."

At the dawn of civilization, when men began to observe and think, they looked around them in a continual surprise, conjecturing fantastic explanations of all that they saw or heard. Their traditions and their theories blended one into another, and the idea of truth of fact as distinguished from subjective conception had not yet been so much as recognized. According to that most fascinating of historians, Frønde, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are among the truest books written, but it is the truth of nature and idea; for in Homer we find the truth of the artist, giving us the most faithful picture of life in the heroic ages of Greece. This mythic history is to be considered *true* as a record not of *facts*, but of *beliefs*. It is Macaulay who says that "facts are the mere dross of history. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them and lies latent among them, like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its value." Is this, then, part of one answer to our question "How can we begin the Teaching of History?" Coming from the Kindergarten with its first stage of stories of real life, of home and holiday experience, of the life of plant and animal, and its later stage of standard fairy stories, should we not tell in our transition classes these mythic histories—such as stories from the Trojan War and the wanderings of Ulysses?

We Northern folk have a vast store of material in the Northern *sagas*, and of all the stories kept in being by the *saga* tellers and left for our delight, I suppose that none so fully express the temper and genius of the race as that of the Volsungs and the Niblungs. As William Morris says in the preface to his translation of the "Volsunga Saga"—"This is the great story of the North, which should be to all our race what the tale of Troy was to the Greeks." Of course, for the children in the transition classes a wise selection has to be made, and some such preparation of atmosphere as we may find in Miss Keary's "Heroes of Asgard."

Next to the requirement of truth in history there comes the idea of the social unit, to distinguish history from biography. Biography is not history, but it is a part of history; and as Kingsley said in one of his historical lectures, "Instead of saying that the history of mankind is the history of the masses, it would be much more true to say that the history of mankind is the history of its great men." Carlyle is still stronger in his declaration that "the history of the world is but the biography of great men." Certainly we cannot afford to lose sight of great men and memorable lives, and it is a great thing to live in the company of heroes and saints.

A child's social or human environment gradually widens. At first he has no conception of a nation, of national life—of England; nor of the people of a town as a whole, of civic life—of London. The family first, relations, friends—this is how his experience grows. One by one a new friend is added—an individual one gets to know.

If we proceed in the same way in our teaching of history, we *must* use biography, or the biographical form, and we *can* use it historically and as material for history. To do this we must choose biographies which are typical of the different stages of human development; and we must arrange our series of biographies in an orderly sequence showing the progressive development of men, and we must emphasize in these chosen biographies

the historical and typical side. In biographies we have to avoid two things—the isolation of the individual from his time and surroundings, and the undue prominence of the trivial and the superficial.

Pitt said he learnt all the real history he knew from Shakespeare's plays, and I suppose he meant that he learned not the *real facts*, but the *reality* of history. It is not enough to be accurate in painting a character from the outside—we must get within, at the life of the man. In Sheridan's "Critic" we have Mr. Puff pointing out two characters: "These are Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton. You'll know Sir Christopher by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character." This is an exaggerated form of the picture from the outside, of the trivial, unessential detail, which we have to avoid in biographies. Not that detail is unessential, but the point lies in the selection. As an example of this wise selection, what can be better than the detail in the pictures of Chaucer's company in the Prologue of the "Canterbury Tales," *e.g.*:

With him there was his son, a yonge squire,
Embroidered was he, as it were a mede
All full of freshe flowres, white and red,
Singing he was or fluting all the day, . . .
Well could he sit on horse and fairly ride,
And songs he could compose and stories tell,
Joust and eek dance, and well portray and write, . . .
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And earved before his father at the table

This may truly be called historical, for in it we see a faithful, contemporary record of a typical life.

How can we make our characters real and living? What must we teachers seek to get for ourselves and to give to our children, in order that these heroes of the past may really become our friends, and really influence our lives? How do we make friends? How do we get to know people in the actual living present? In getting to know any one, does not our knowledge seem to pass through some such stages as the following?—(1) We notice his physical appearance, including dress. (2) What can he make or do? What is

his work? (3) What are his likes and dislikes? (4) What are his ideas of right and wrong? Thus we get from the outside man to his actions, his tastes, his principles.

The order is, of course, not always the same. With the child action will probably come first in interest—"What did he do or make?"—before his appearance. I remember reading, with great pleasure to myself, a graphic description of the personal appearance of Sigurd the Volsung, but I should not give this to children until they had made his acquaintance as dragon-slayer. When we have recognized the heroic deed, we can then look up with interest into our hero's face, and we care to measure the length of his sword and the strength of his armour.

In studying and teaching biographies, will it not help us to try and follow upon these same lines?—What is our material? What are the sources from which we may draw?

For the first two stages (*see above*) we have the stores of our museums and monuments, and collections of relics and pictures, and, in addition to these, we have the graphic descriptions of poet and saga man, the mass of traditions, manuscripts, books, and institutions which still represent the past.

Let me give you examples of these:—

(1) For physical appearance let me read to you a translation of a description of an old Celtic warrior. (*I am indebted for this translation to the author of "Over Pressure."*)

I saw a tall, illustrious chief,
Full waxing in the springtide of dazzling beauty,
Of features gentle, yet of proportions bold,
I saw his two white cheeks
Dazzling white, and like unto the dawn
Upon the stainless colour of snow,
Under an arbour of coal-black eyelashes.

I saw the splendid circlet
Around his head, entwreathing
With his hair its sheen of brightness,
The sheen of gold most brilliant
Above his curling yellow locks.
I saw his splendid linen kilt
With its striped silken border.

I saw his many-hued red cloak of lustrous silk,
With its gorgeous ornamentation of precious gold
bespangled upon its surface,
With its flowing capes, dexterously embroidered,
I saw in it a great brooch;
The long pin was of pure gold;

Bright shining like a full moon
Was its ring all round—a crimson gemmed circlet
Of round, sparkling pebbles,
Filling the fine front of his noble breast
Atwixt his well-proportioned fair shoulders.

(*Passage from the "Brúighean Daderga."*)

This is a detailed picture of a Celtic warrior king.

Then for our second question in making a new friend—What can he do or make? Of ornaments or weapons what store we have in the British Museum, if only we had time to know them and to use them! As a particular instance—can we not know Pericles and Pheidias, as we meet them in the records of Thucydides and Plutarch, much better when we find ourselves actually surrounded by fragments of the sculptured glories of the Parthenon in the Elgin Room at the British Museum?

For points 3 and 4 may I refer you to the personal details as to the likes and dislikes of Alfred the King in the chronicles of Asser, his "friend and helper"; and can we not get at ideas of right and wrong by noting what it is that the minstrel praises, and what is singled out by him for blame? The dress, food, ornament, dwellings, temples, customs, exploits, are the natural material from which the mind-pictures are formed; and at a later period, when the capacity to understand history has developed, this material will be ready to hand, and the actors in the human drama will be familiar figures, recognized from the type form which has been vividly presented in these early lessons.

In passing, then, from the transition to the school classes, I will suggest these questions:—How shall we select our typical lives? Where shall we begin? What shall be our guiding considerations in the choice and decision? Selection is the great difficulty in so vast a field. Two considerations may help us in our choice: (1) the selected matter must suit the child's taste and capacity; (2) the narrative should present some inspiring example, should contain some ethical truth.

In illustration of the first point I will quote from a little book written for the children in

the school connected with the Leland Stanford University in California. The book is called "Docas, the Indian Boy of Santa Clara," and in the preface we may read as follows:—

My dear Children,—What sort of people do you like best to read about—white people or Indians? I think you will say Indians, because all the children of whom I have ever asked this question have said that they liked best to read about Indians. Indians do everything so differently from the way we do that they are always interesting. Do you like best to read about grown-up people or about children? I think I can hear you say: "What a question! Children, of course!" Yes, children can have such fun, running and playing, and finding out about all kinds of things, for which grown-up people never have time, that it is much pleasanter to read about them. So this book is about children.

These answers put into the mouths of children I believe to be a true indication of children's tastes. In my own experience I have had many illustrations, if not proofs, that the study of history should begin with the life of primitive man, and that the lives of children appeal to children. It is not the child isolated and unnatural, as in Rousseau's "Emile," but the child as part of the family. In the lives of children, in the home experiences, in the meeting of common needs, we have the safe ground in which to look for inspiring example—the starting-point for the growth of the ideals of childhood.

In going back to the life of primitive man we shall not find all points or aspects of his life equally suitable for our children. The savage grows little by little into the thinker, the *man*, and the children will understand that all lessons cannot be learnt at once.

But from all learners we may also learn; and here I should like to quote from one of Maurice's essays, in which he says: "I find it a good rule, when I am contemplating a person from whom I want to learn, always to *look out for his strength*, being confident that the weakness will discover itself."

We shall find these weaknesses certainly, but we shall remember that "the men of each age must be judged by the ideal of their own age and country, and not by the ideal of ours." The *men* shall be thus judged, but not their *actions*; of these we must judge by our own standards of right or wrong. As old Sir

Thomas Browne wrote: "Think not that morality is ambulatory: that vices in one age are not vices in another; or that virtues which are under the everlasting seal of right reason may be stamped by opinion."

May I be allowed to speak of my own plan of lessons with children in the first term of school-work, and after some such experiences as I have sketched for the transition classes? We began by recalling our favourite stories—of animals or plants, of fairies or of real boys and girls; some told us of people just like ourselves—others of lives and deeds quite different; some told of town life—some of the country. Questions were then asked as to country life, leading up to the idea of a "savage" as one who lives in a wood. "Who would like to live in a wood?" is a question which meets with a very hearty response from the majority of healthy children.

Some talk then followed as to savages still living in lands far away, and our own ancestors—the people of our own land far back in the "long, long ago." In succeeding lessons I went on to picture a family living in a wood, and we followed in particular the imaginary experiences of a boy in the search for food, and the contrivances for shelter.

Shelter, and the necessity for it, led on to ideas of clothing and the discovery of fire. Fire led on to cooking and the making of cooking utensils. Clothes and rough pottery passed on from the useful to the stage of ornament and primitive art. So we passed on through what we may roughly call the Stone Age and the Age of Bronze. In clay modelling, in free drawing, in painting, we may endeavour to bring the children's self-activity into relation with the self-activity of the race.

If I am asked what is my text-book, I shall find it difficult to answer. Selections from "Hiawatha" and from "Docas" supplied literary material for the children, and to supplement our imagination and the children's ingenuity in meeting imaginary needs, I had recourse to Edward Clodd's "Childhood of the World" and his "Story of Primitive Man," to the records of travellers and mission-

aries, to "Robinson Crusoe," and to the British antiquities in the British Museum.

It may be asked: "What ethical material did we get from this selection?" I will answer with Froude: "A man is great as he contends best with the circumstances of his life." Certainly in our stories there were dangers to be met, difficulties to be overcome, and opportunities seized or lost for love and unselfishness. Then, as now, greed, lying, selfishness, revenge were still judged as *wrong*; but I hope that the children began to see in the progress of history the slow, but progressive, growth in the knowledge of God and of what constitutes goodness.

In history stories, as in the old myths of Zeus, Jupiter, Father Odin, it seems to me that our children should feel that these people of long ago were only learning more and more new lessons of the same "All Father." I would rather that history were entirely left out of the curriculum than that it should be treated without reverence—reverence for the past and hope for the future.

After this digression, which I felt compelled to make, I will now return to my plan of work. Following the stories of primitive man, I went on to the nomadic and pastoral life, and in this connexion we had three lines of story—first our Bible lessons from the life of Abraham, then our geography lessons of the journeyings of an Arab sheik and his family, and, lastly, a history story of an Aryan boy who came down from the Hindoo Koosh mountains to the plains of the Indus, taken from Miss Andrews's "Ten Boys who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now."

Both our Bible story and our geography travels led us to Egypt; so our next history lessons were of pictures of early civilization in Egypt—of the town life of a little Egyptian boy. Here we passed from family and father to the larger world, and we were introduced to king and priest. Our old friends made rough pottery, but the ambition of our Egyptian boy is to make the glass cup from which the great Pharaoh shall drink.

For Egyptian *works* we have the treasures

of the British Museum, of which excellent photographs may be had; and if we want to get at ideas of right and wrong, we have clear statements in translations from "The Book of the Dead." When the deceased was brought before Osiris, the judge of the dead, he was asked as to his past life. In reply he should be able to answer: "I have not deceived, I have not stolen, I have not slain any one treacherously, I have not been cruel to any one, I have not caused disturbance, I have not been idle, I have not given unjust orders, I have not multiplied words in speaking, I have struck no one, I have caused fear to no one, I have not reviled the face of the King or the face of my father, I have not ill-used my slaves, I have not killed sacred beasts, I have not defiled the river; I have made it my delight to do what men commend and the gods approve." Could he thus justify himself, he was allowed to pass on his way.

After Egypt we took two stories of Persian life, showing our new boy friend learning (1) to shoot with the bow, (2) to ride, and (3) to speak the truth. We saw him at home in the farm, and in the great city, at play, and at school repeating after his master the words of Zoroaster. Then followed the story of Cyrus from Herodotus. His experiences as baby and boy are fascinating to children.

In our pictures of Persian life we get to Babylon, and the inscriptions on the monuments tell us of the magnificence of this stage of civilization. From an inscription of Sargon, upon a palace: "I built in the city palaces, covered with skins, with wood-work of sandal, tamarisk, cedar, and cypress; palaces of incomparable magnificence for the seat of my royalty. Then I wrote up the glory of the gods. I made a spiral staircase like that of the great temple in Syria. Between the doors I placed eight double lions of massive bronze. I placed over them architraves of gypsum stone of great dimensions. My palaces contain gold, silver, vessels of these metals, precious stones, iron, bronze, blue and purple stuffs, amber, pearls, sandal wood, horses from Egypt, oxen, mules, and camels." Of course this

reminds us of Solomon and the later Bible stories in close connexion.

This brings us to the end of the first term; our last lessons serve as an introduction to, a foretaste of, the joys of our next term's work. Our last lessons are pictures of Greek life; and, again, I borrow Cleon from Miss Andrews's "Ten Boys." Her story makes a living connexion, and we see the little Athenian at home and at school. We find he loves his Homer even more than we did in the stories of the transition class; and then, best of all, he goes to the Olympic Games. Of this wonderful land there must indeed be wonderful stories, and the whole of the second term is taken up with stories taken from the history of Greece. Then, for the third and last term of our first school year, we have pictures of Roman life and stories from the history of Rome.

A whole year and a first year, and yet no English history? Time enough for that! Rome brings us into touch with Britain, and we have already heard of other barbarians of the North, and we are ready for them in the second year. As English teachers of English children, we must give a large share of our attention to the history of our own land and our own people; and, according to my own plan, the second, third, and fourth years are to be given to the study of our national life developed chiefly from typical biographies.

We begin with Celtic Britain, and I am only just beginning to find out the full value of the Celtic type, and the rich stores we have in Irish literature. In Prof. O'Curry's lecture on "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish" we have detailed pictures of appearance, dress, ornament, food, drink, dwellings, laws and customs; and in the "Cuchulain Saga" we have life-like pictures and heroic deeds full of beauty and pathos. Here we find that picture of Emer, Cuchulain's bride, who possessed the "six gifts of perfect womanhood"—the gift of beauty, the gift of singing, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, and the gifts of wisdom and modesty. Here we have likes and dislikes and ideas of

right and wrong clearly portrayed, and the characters live before us.

We pass on to Roman Britain, which we cannot appreciate unless we have treated the Celt more fairly and in more detail than is common in our ordinary histories. Cæsar and Tacitus, indeed, need the correction of a witness from within, for instance, in their treatment of the Druids. After Roman Britain we have the story of our Teutonic ancestors, beginning with stories such as "Beowulf," and continued with the literature of Bede, the "Saxon Chronicle," Cædmon, and Asser. We have the story of the great Earl Bryhtnoth in the Battle of Malden. His appeal for hospitality at the Abbey of Ramsey: "I will not dine without my men, for I cannot fight without them." Then comes the battle, and the death of the hero:—

This was his death-cry,
Bryhtnoth, the Ealdorman,
When to the earth at last
Fell from his failing hand
Sword of the mighty hilt,
Nor could he hold it,
Sharpest of falchions,
He, weapon-wielder;
Yet he this word spake,
Hoar-headed hero:

"Alfnoth and Wulfinaer, Alfhære and Maccas,
Bairns of the Athelings, fight and go forward,
Cheer on your comrades, true-hearted gate-folk."

Could he no longer then
Fast on his feet stand,
Bryhtnoth, the Ealdorman;
Looked he to Heaven's King,
Meter of needs:—

"Thanks be to Thee, God, Ruler of Nations,
For all the joy of life,
Winsome and wealthful.
Bairn's love and wife's love,
Heart-trust of comrades,
War-weal and hearth's gear—

All I have here below
Fared for or gotten.
Now, O my Maker mild,
Most need have I that Thou
Good-speed my ghost.

Yea that my soul to Thee safely may journey:
Safe to Thy kingdom, Lord of the angels."

This is the longest and grandest of our old songs, and shows us the strong personality of the chief and his faithful thanes. Then on to Norman England, and the vast stores of mediæval times. To quote once more from Mrs. Barnes: "The better English people understand their Norman, Saxon, and Celtic forbears, the better they will understand themselves; and the more they see of the Frenchman, the German, the Roman, and the Greek, the better they will know the virtues, vices, powers, and limitations of the Englishman."

This, then, is a brief outline of my present answer to the question, "How shall *I* begin the teaching of history?" By it I hope that we may gain some power of historical thinking, some opportunities for the exercise of judgment outside the reach of prejudice, some widening of sympathy, and much longing to know more. But each year I hope to alter and develop my plans, and I take refuge in Faraday's words: "In knowledge, that man only is to be condemned who is not in a state of transition."

I will end, therefore, as I began, with the question: "How can we begin the teaching of history?" for in history we can but hope that it may be said of us as John Richard Green wished that it might be said of himself, "He died learning."
ANNIE YELLAND.

Faire le bien pour l'amour du bien.

L'ON ne saurait de trop bonne heure enseigner à l'enfant le désintéressement, et c'est peut-être ce dont on lui parle le moins. A peine commence-t-il à comprendre tant soit peu, et peut-il agir de lui-même, que nous l'accablons littéralement de compliments et de louanges: le plus petit effort est reconnu

par une caresse. Voulons-nous lui faire faire quelque chose qui lui paraît difficile, nous faisons briller à ses yeux l'appât d'une récompense.

Plus tard, lorsque l'enfant a grandi et qu'il lui faut pour ainsi dire commencer son apprentissage de la vie publique, dans la plupart

des établissements d'éducation, le même système continue à prévaloir : ce sont des premières places, des prix accordés à celui dont le travail paraît le plus satisfaisant. Remarquez que je dis *paraît* et non pas *est*, car là aussi l'enfant fera sa première expérience de l'injustice du sort, et cette expérience lui sera d'autant plus douloureuse qu'il aura une nature plus fine et plus délicate.

Qu'arrivera-t-il donc si l'enfant s'est habitué à voir son moindre travail, son plus petit effort loué, apprécié, ou tout au moins reconnu ?—Ce stimulant venant à lui manquer, il sera tout d'abord surpris, désappointé, et, s'il n'a pas en lui une somme d'énergie suffisante pour réagir contre ce sentiment, bientôt il se découragera de travailler "pour rien"—comme s'il était jamais possible que le bien fût fait pour rien !—Il se dira : "A quoi bon m'appliquer, puisque personne ne s'en aperçoit ! A quoi bon travailler, puisque malgré tous mes efforts je n'arriverai pas à être premier ou à remporter un prix !" Et il renoncera à la lutte si le succès ne couronne pas immédiatement ses efforts. Tout le long de son existence il traînera avec lui cet esprit de découragement, et voilà comment il arrive trop souvent qu'une vie, qui, bien dirigée, eût pu être utile, sinon brillante, sera nulle, insignifiante, et même à charge.

J'entends d'ici les objections. "Comment, me dira-t-on, vous voulez supprimer les récompenses, les places, les prix, tout ce qui donne de l'émulation à une classe ?" Ah ! il y aurait beaucoup à dire au sujet de l'émulation : mais cela risquerait de nous entraîner trop loin. Non, je ne veux supprimer ni la récompense ni l'éloge, tant qu'ils seront distribués dans une juste mesure ; ce que je veux, c'est que l'enfant sache et comprenne qu'on ne les lui doit point, qu'ils ne sont pas une condition *sine qua non* de ses efforts, et qu'alors il s'habitue à faire toujours de son mieux, sans attendre nécessairement ou l'éloge ou la récompense.

J'irai même plus loin. Je voudrais qu'on lui dise et qu'on lui répète, dès qu'il sera en âge de le comprendre : "Ne vous contentez jamais d'un "à peu près," cherchez

toujours le mieux ; mais sachez que le bien, quoi qu'on en dise, ne porte pas toujours en soi-même sa récompense—il serait trop facile de l'accomplir !—Sachez que votre devoir est toujours de faire bien, quoi qu'il puisse vous en coûter, et que plus ce bien sera difficile à faire, plus grand sera votre mérite. Il arrivera peut-être que vos intentions les plus nobles seront méconnues, vos motifs les plus purs défigurés. N'importe ! allez toujours tout droit : plus les difficultés que vous rencontrerez seront grandes et nombreuses, moins vous devrez vous décourager. Un jour viendra où toutes les obscurités se dissiperont et la lumière brillera alors de tout son éclat . . . mais ce ne sera peut-être pas en ce monde. Après tout, ce qui importe, ce qui compte vraiment, c'est l'effort et non pas le succès malgré tout son prestige."

Faire bien parce que c'est le devoir, sans attendre de récompense, faire ce bien, parfois si pénible à accomplir, en sachant qu'il ne sera reconnu de personne, n'est-ce pas là le désintéressement le plus pur ? Cela ne touche-t-il pas à l'héroïsme, d'autant plus méritoire qu'il restera toujours ignoré ? En ce monde, la fortune n'accorde pas toujours la meilleure part de ses biens à celui qui en est le plus digne. Eh bien ! si, de bonne heure, on n'apprend pas à faire le bien pour l'amour du bien seulement, on deviendra la proie de la tristesse, du découragement, et, je le répète, on gâchera probablement une vie qui eût pu être utilement employée non seulement pour son propre profit, mais encore pour celui de qui sait combien d'autres !

En terminant, je ne puis résister au plaisir de citer une charmante petite pièce de Ratisbonne, qui résume en ses quelques lignes tout ce que j'ai dit plus haut :

LE BIEN.

Trois enfants, trois amis, s'en allaient à leur classe.
 "Si je travaille bien, mon père m'a promis,
 Dit l'un, un louis d'or." —Le second des amis
 Dit : "Je travaillerai pour que maman m'embrasse."
 Le dernier soupira : "Pour moi, je n'aurai rien,
 Car je suis orphelin, je n'ai père ni mère :
 Mais je m'efforcerai cependant de bien faire."

Il faut faire le bien parce que c'est le bien.

A. ANCEAU.

The Laws of Good Design.

At last the country begins to understand and appreciate South Kensington. The authorities have long known that the time would come when English people would be grateful for the principles and laws of good design that it has so steadily taught for so many years. It was the nation who made the mistake—never the South Kensington chiefs—of supposing that the schools existed for the teaching of art; that every pupil would in turn become an artist, even a Royal Academician, and so the country has groaned and grumbled long because a new race of artists were not turned out by the new system, forgetting that they were never promised such by the School of Science and Art. If the critics had only remembered the significance of the term “science,” they could not have blundered quite so blindly. Now we are waking up to see that South Kensington is keeping its word to the nation, and is training—which is really all it promised to do—many accomplished designers who are revolutionizing our furniture, draperies, papers, architecture, even our jewellery.

It therefore behoves all teachers to see to it that the children they have to help to raise up into all-round intelligent men and women should, from their earliest years, begin to understand the laws of good design, and to learn to build up even the crudest and most elemental designs in a right manner.

It is a wise plan to let each child have a design note-book, in which one or two laws can be entered during each lesson and learnt by heart. Let one page be devoted to each law, so that illustrations of it can be added from time to time as the child grows in knowledge and understanding.

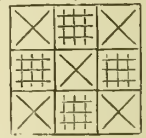
For instance, take five pages for the following natural order of lines and figures from which designs can be made, beginning at the most elementary:—

1. Elements and elemental.
2. Plants and plant form.

3. Still life, such as shells, shields, &c.
4. Animal form.
5. Human figure.

The human figure constantly repeated is not so pleasing as still life. Still less so is a plant form or elements. What are the elements that go to form the first and most important class? Ask the pupil to write them down on the first page.


1. *Savage* | — | (*a straight line*).

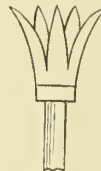


Cloth from Fiji Islands.



South Sea Islands.

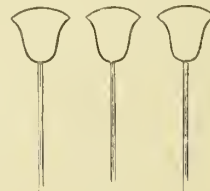
2. *Egyptian*.—Curves  | (*a slight curve found in the lotus flower and water*).



Lotus Flower.



Water.



Papyrus.



From a vase painted sixth century B.C.



From oil bottle sixth century B.C.

4. Roman.—Circle



This leads to the decadence of design, as a circle can be produced mechanically with a compass.

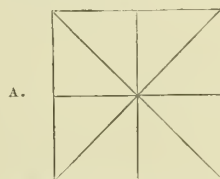
The savage, feeling a desire to ornament his canoe or paddle, cut straight lines with his flint, and coloured them with the juice of fruits. It is also possible that plaiting, which was practised by him, gave him the first idea of straight lines. A visit to the British Museum will prove to the young designer the savage's great love for, and marvellous accuracy in, the straight line. The child's growth resembles the growth of nations, and infants and children of six and seven can, with great benefit and pleasure, combine straight lines in border patterns as well as our forefathers of two thousand years ago.

But straight strokes put down on the paper do not mean a pattern or design. A great number of beautiful combinations can be made by putting down *orderly* straight lines, horizontal —, vertical |, or angular. Let the children work out several in class. In the first three or four lessons, let the design be mounted on the black board before the class. Ask a child to put down an element on the board, then call a second to put down the next line, then a third, and so on, explaining why they must be built up little by little. When the line is finished, turn the board round, and ask the children to reproduce the design in their books. Very few will possibly get the correct design; but the fact of putting down the lines, and producing a combination and a pattern conveys very speedily to the child's mind the possibility of doing others and a desire to create. As the children's hands grow firmer through practising the blob exercises, and the brain grows more alert and can produce the

elemental design, the teacher often feels helpless and hopeless because she is not quite sure of the laws of horizontal or vertical design.

It is of the greatest importance that the pupils should be trained to make a line and a mass drawing before attempting a finished design. What is a line drawing? A line drawing is the first sketch for a design, and in it only simple lines are used. Horizontal treatment refers to any decorated object that can be looked at from beneath, such as a ceiling, or from above, such as a floor, or a tile, or a box, &c.

The skeleton and first step in any horizontal design is the following:—



Basis of horizontal design.

Train the pupil to realize that all lines *must* grow from the centre.

Then comes the second stage of the design. Mass drawing expresses the light and shade. Never let the child know what flower is to be applied to the final stage until the line and mass drawings are complete. In class teaching it is a great help to the young artists to follow the teacher step by step, as she mounts the design upon the black board, until principles, such as the law of growth, have been grasped. In the following lesson a flower can be taken, and be painted and drawn in every position. Let each child hold one in his left hand, and try to draw flower and leaves exactly as he sees them. Then from the sheet prepared by the child choose the drawing that will best fit in the mass drawing, and produce a finished design.

Design is a fascinating study, which delights equally the teacher and the taught. It is quite impossible to do more than skim over the lightest outlines in one short paper.

The laws of good design, which have been deduced from observation of Nature and good

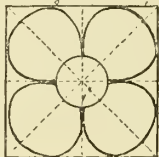
art are:—Repetition, series, contrast, tangential junction, symmetry, balance, even distribution,

bation, subordination, repose, growth, unity, radiation, alternation, and harmony.

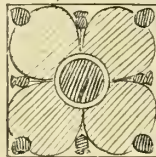
Idea



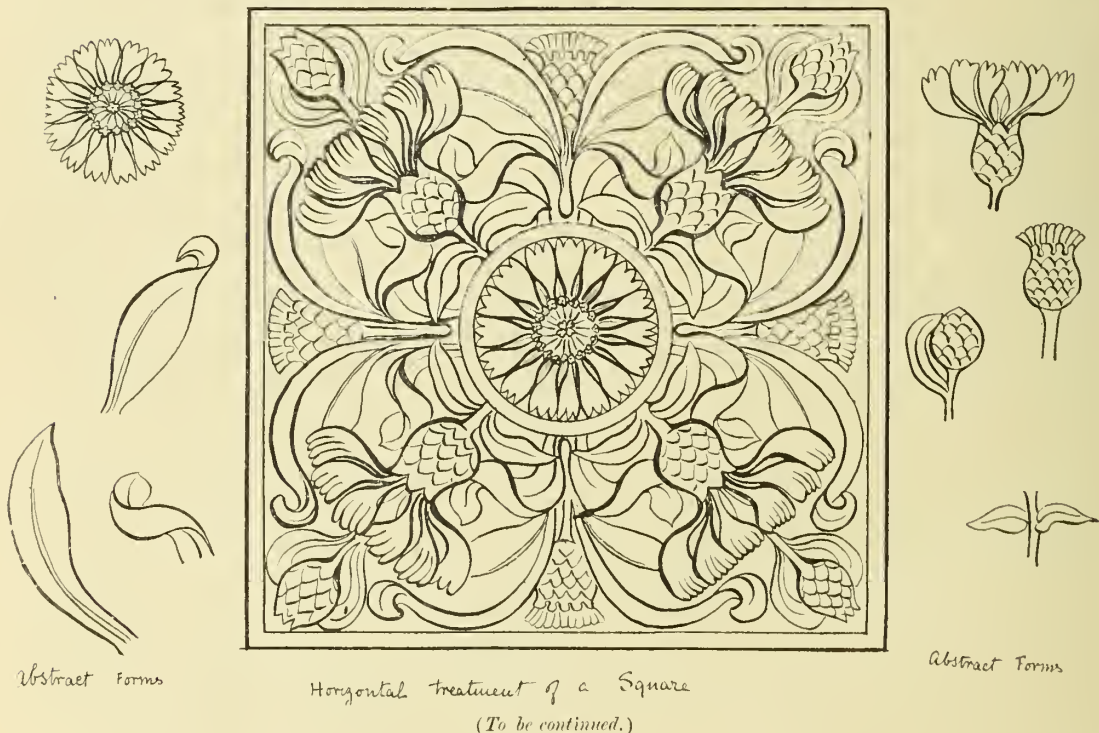
Ideal arrangement of line



Ideal arrangement of mass



Development of detail



Jack and Gill.*

Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

ONCE upon a time a brother and sister named Jack and Gill lived in a little cottage in a pleasant wooded valley. They were young, very young, the neighbours said, to set up house

all alone; but they had no one belonging to them, and as they were hardworking, healthy children, they got on very well. Jack dug in the garden and fished in the stream, and gained many a loaf of bread and piece of meat by cutting firewood in the forest for the farmers and cottagers round. Gillian washed and baked and kept their home tidy, and when her other work was done, she would sit and spin the flax which her brother

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planted in their little strip of field. The Baron, whose great grey stone castle stood on the hill above, was very kind to them, and only charged them half the rent for their cottage that he might otherwise have had; and at Christmas he always sent them a present—a new cloak for Gillian or a jerkin for Jack. He was so kind to all his tenants that there was great mourning when the old Baron died, and the barony passed into other hands.

The new Baron was a stranger, and even a foreigner, people said, for he and his household spoke among themselves in a foreign tongue. He was stiff and cold and silent, very different from the kindly old Baron; and the people, who had made up their minds to dislike him before he came, soon began to hate him. He had new ways of farming which they did not like, and they grumbled even at his improvements. Jack and Gill grumbled too, for the new Baron did not spare them like the old, but charged them their full rent, and Jack and Gill thought themselves very hardly used.

"What did we want with a stranger like that coming to set himself over us?" growled Jack. "We'll show him that we are as good as he, for all his pride. Our good old ways won't do for him, indeed, and we must alter them all to please him."

"He does not seem to get much pleasure out of that, or anything else," answered Gill. "I had rather live here in our little cottage, although there is a hole in the roof, than up there in his great gloomy castle."

There was one person in his great gloomy castle, however, whom the Baron loved so dearly that she was like a gleam of sunshine to him, and that was his little daughter. When she rode out beside him on her pony, the country people noticed that the grave Baron could smile and talk with his bright little girl, and he was always finding out some present or some new excursion to give her pleasure. After a time the little Lady Edda was no longer to be met in the lanes and on the heath; and when the Baron came out, which was not often, he looked more dark and stern than ever. And one day Jack brought home the news that the Baron's little girl was very ill. He sent far and wide for doctors to come and cure her; and they came, but they could none of them do her any good. At last the Baron sent for an old doctor who had been born in the place, and he said: "Nothing will cure her except it be

a bath from the waters of the enchanted well on the top of the opposite hill."

"Let one of my yeomen go at once and fill a pitcher at that well," commanded the Baron.

So the man went. But as he came down the hill again with his full pitcher, his foot slipped, the pitcher was broken, and all the water spilt.

The Baron chid him for his carelessness, without heeding his excuse that the ground itself had seemed to give way beneath him, and sent another of his servants up to the enchanted well. But his pitcherful met with the same fate. Yet another and another went, and the Baron grew angry and fierce, for not one of them but fell and spilled his water before he reached the foot of the hill. The villagers gathered together to watch them, and laughed as one after another came tumbling down with his load.

"Why it is that they cannot bring the water safely to the bottom of the hill?" asked Gillian.

"Because they are all strangers and intruders," replied a man among the crowd; "and the well, be it enchanted or not, is a good English well, and likes them no better than we do."

"Enchanted? of course it is," said a very old woman who was commonly called Granny Bridget. "Why, neighbour Thorlson, my grandmother used to say she could mind the time when that well was a merry streamlet flowing all down this valley. But it came in the way of a wizard who lived on the hillside under the old ash-tree stump yonder, and he laid a spell on it, and there it lies imprisoned in its cave until such time as its waters may be drawn and put to some good and noble use. But no one has ever yet loosed the spell."

"If strangers cannot do it," said Gill, "why do not some of our own people go up and try what can be done?"

"And serve the Baron? not I!" said Thorlson. "If he wants our help, let him come himself and ask us for it. He has been proud and haughty enough; let him be a bit humbled now. There goes another of them, soiling his fine coat!"

Gillian did not like to watch any longer, and went back into her cottage. She busied herself there for some time, when a louder talking than usual made her look out again, and she saw the Baron himself coming slowly and carefully down the hill, carrying a pitcher of water. But even as she looked, he too slipped and fell like all the rest. And when the people saw it, they laughed; but Jack felt too sorry for the poor father to

laugh. The Baron did not seem to care for their laughter; he got up and shook the dust from his cloak, and pulling his cap lower over his eyes passed through the crowd as if he did not observe that there was any one there.

"He don't care a bit," said one of the men.

"He does, though," said Jack. And while the others went to watch the Baron as he strode home, Jack turned to look at the precious pitcherful of water that was trickling uselessly down the path. As he looked, he saw a little thin mist, like steam, rising from the spilt water, and a sound came from it, though so faint that he could hardly feel sure that he heard it, which seemed to say—

Jack and Gill
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water,
Jack and Gill
Give good for ill,
And save the stranger's daughter.

"Why, who said that?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, Jack, do let us!" cried Gill.

"Let us what?"

"Why, give good for ill, and save the stranger's daughter."

"What, you heard it, too?" said Jack. "Then it could not have been fancy. But I don't see what we have got to do with it, and you know the Baron has raised our rent, and he is so proud he will hardly so much as say 'Good morning' if a fellow takes off his cap to him."

"But the little girl," said Gillian. "And it would be doing good, you know."

"But the Baron is rich, and he ought to do good to us," objected Jack.

"So he ought," said Gill; "but that doesn't make any difference in our duty to him, does it? Why, he is just as much our neighbour as old Bridget, whose pig-stye you worked at so hard yesterday."

Jack pushed his cap on to the back of his head and looked puzzled. "H'm! I suppose he is, though I can't say I ever thought much about it. I shouldn't wonder but you are in the right, Gill. Anyhow, if you will go up and fetch a pail of water to-morrow morning, I'll go with you."

Very early the next morning, before the sun had risen, Jack and Gill were on their way up the hill, and soon reached the enchanted well. The water looked very dark and mysterious in its deep rocky cave. A few blackened fronds of hartstongue fern trailed over the mouth, and there was a tinkling echo within as of drops of water falling into the pool. But Jack and Gill

stayed neither to look nor to listen. Hastily drawing the water, they began their journey down again, carrying the pail between them.

"Steadily, Gill," said Jack. "Don't slip or you will be down."

"I cannot help it," said Gill; "it feels to me as if the whole hill were shaking. And what is that strange, rumbling noise that I hear behind me?"

"It must be a storm coming up behind the hill," answered Jack; "yet it looked fine enough when we started. Never mind, Gill; we are more than half-way down now. Ha, ha! they will find that we can do what all the fine serving-lads and men-at-arms — holloa!" For, before Jack could finish his speech, down he fell, and over he rolled, cutting his forehead pretty sharply upon a stone in the way. Down went the pail, and out poured all the water, and Gill came tumbling after upon the top of all.

"Oh, what a pity!" she said, looking at the empty pail. "But, dear Jack, you have hurt yourself. Is it very bad?" And she dipped her kerchief in the slop, and began to bathe his forehead.

"That does me good; I hardly feel it now," said Jack. "Oh, sister, look!" He pointed to the enchanted water; for lo! the same white mist that they had seen before was rising from it, and they were now so near that they could see that it took the form of a beautiful maiden. Every fold in her robe was distinct, and yet she was so transparent that they saw plainly the woods and sky behind her. Her robe sparkled in the rays of the rising sun like myriads of dewdrops, and the same musical voice seemed to float towards them from her:—

Think upon the Baron's need,
Try again the kindly deed,
And save his little daughter.
Lesser haste makes better speed,
Jack and Gill,
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water.

"I know they say," More haste worse speed," said Jack to himself; "but I suppose the other is the fairy way of putting it."

And Gillian whispered, "Oh, Jack, how beautiful! Do let us go again as she says."

"And tumble down and break my head again," said Jack. "Never mind, it will be worth while, if it cures the little girl; so come along, Gill."

They were soon beside the enchanted well again. Instead of dipping their pail at once, they remembered the dewdrop-maiden's warning, and

stopped this time to look and to listen. And as they stood, the tinkling echo within the cave seemed to form itself into words, and said—

Take a pebble from the brink,
Let it in the waters sink ;
Pluck a daisy from the brim,
Let it on the waters swim ;
Three times thirty count the charm :
Dip and fill, and fear not harm.

"That will not be very hard to do," said Gill.
"Only can you count up to thirty, Jack?"

"Thirty! Yes, or a hundred," said Jack; "and more too. Only I am not quite sure about the millions and billions."

"Well, luckily, we shan't want them," replied Gill.

Then Jack took up a white pebble that touched the very brink of the water, and dropped it in. And Gillian plucked a daisy, whose white leaflets kissed the water's brim, and flung it in. Immediately the well began to toss and foam, and bubble and boil, until it seemed as if the cave could not hold it all; and the hill rumbled and shook as it had done when they had fallen down.

Gillian was frightened, and held fast by her brother. But Jack put his arm round her, and boldly began to count. And, when he had counted the first thirty, the shaking of the hill ceased. When he had counted the second thirty, the well left off tossing its spray over the ferns and mosses. And by the time he had counted the third thirty, it was as calm and smooth and still as if nothing had ever ruffled it—not even a dragon-fly's wing. The pebble shone white at the bottom, and the daisy floated motionless on the top. And the children dipped and filled without fear, and went safely and joyously down the hill, and up again on the other side of the valley until they stood before the castle gate. The warder was standing there armed from head to foot, as though he were every moment expecting an enemy to arrive. He let the children go in, however, as soon as he saw the pail of water, and called to a gaily-dressed squire to lead them to the hall. Here the Baron himself met them. Now Jack had made a fine speech as they came along, which he was to say to the Baron when he gave him the pail; but behold, when the time came, the speech was all gone, and he could think of nothing better to say than: "Please, sir, here's the water you wanted."

"I will gladly take it my lad, if it be really from the right well," replied the Baron.

Jack did not know that somebody had been

trying to get money from him the day before by bringing him water that was not drawn from the enchanted well, and he answered in a huff: "Oh, if you doubt our words, you need not take it; it doesn't matter to us."

"Oh, but do, sir!" said Gillian. "We brought it because the doctor said it would do the little Lady Edda good."

The Baron looked at them for a moment, and then suddenly took up the pail and went away with it. The squire went after, offering to carry it for the Baron, and Jack and Gill were left alone in the hall.

They waited and waited, but the Baron did not come back, nor send them any message. They grew very tired, but they dared not sit down lest the Baron should come in. They were hungry, too, for they had not breakfasted. At last Gillian, speaking in a very low voice—for she was a little frightened in that great hall—ventured to say: "Jack, do you think they have forgotten us?"

"I am sure they have," said Jack. "Come along, we'll go home."

"I should like to know about the little girl," said Gill, lingering.

But Jack took her hand, and said: "You will know soon enough—come on. I want my breakfast, don't you?"

But when the day passed away and evening came, and there had been no message from the castle, Jack grew very indignant, and said it was a shame of the Baron: he might have said "Thank you" for the trouble they had taken, at the very least.

"And sent us back our pail," added Gill. "But I dare say he is with his little daughter."

"Catch me doing anything for him again—that's all," said Jack. "I am glad the neighbours don't know that we went to fetch the pail of water."

The next day at noon, however, just as Jack and Gill were finishing dinner, in walked the gaily dressed squire with the pail in his hand.

"My lord the Baron returns you this with many thanks," he said; "and he desires your presence immediately at the castle."

Jack looked as if he had no mind to go; but Gill cried: "Wait a moment for me, Jack, and I shall be ready to come with you!" And, with that, she ran and fetched him his Sunday jerkin; for, indeed, his week-day one was nothing but patches and darns.

So they started in company with the squire. Gillian's first question was: "How is the little Lady Edda? Did the water do her good?"

"Good!" said the squire. "It put fresh life in her at once. Why, we thought she was dying fast. My master was like one distraught."

"What was the matter with her?" asked Jack.

"She seemed to be pining away," answered the squire, "partly for want of companions and partly for love of her native land."

"She was born in another country, then?"

"Yes," said the squire, "in beautiful Normandy. Why, for the matter of that, we are all strangers here: and the trouble we have had to learn your tongue! My lord the Baron is only just beginning to speak it rightly now."

"That was what made him so slow to answer, then, when we greeted him!" exclaimed Jack. "But what made him leave his own land, if he loved it so well?"

"Troubles and misfortunes," said the squire. "He has had plenty of them; but I do not see that we are any better off here, for there is no one to cheer him with a friendly word."

Did barons want cheering? It seemed odd; nevertheless Jack made up his mind to speak more civilly to him if he had a chance. The chance soon came, for the Baron met them again in the hall, and thanked them so heartily for what they had done for his child, that Jack made bold to ask after her.

"Come and see her yourselves," said the Baron. "She is wishing to thank you also." And he led the way up flights of stairs, and along galleries and passages, till Jack began to wonder how many men it would take to defend the castle against an enemy, and Gill thought what work it must be to sweep it all out every day. At last the Baron stopped and opened a door, and they followed him into a room—but what a room it was! Jack and Gill had never even imagined anything so grand. There were Persian carpets on the floor, and silken tapestry on the walls, and painted glass in the windows, and on a carved couch in the middle of the room there lay a pretty little pale fair-haired girl. There were pictures, and toys, and rare shells strewed about her; but she did not seem to care for them, or even to notice them. She looked up as they entered, and when she saw Jack and Gill's faces of wonder and admiration, she suddenly clapped her hands together and laughed merrily. The Baron looked

quite pleased, and said, "Go to the Lady Edda, children."

Gill made a step forward, but Jack was seized with such a fit of shyness that he would not stir until the little girl came and led them in. She showed them her treasures, which were all new and wonderful to Jack and Gill, and told them about the pictures, and made them listen to the sound of ocean waves that still lingers in the hollow shells, and grew quite eager and delighted at their delight. The time went so fast that when Jack at last looked up, he was dismayed to see how near sunset it was, and said that they must go home at once. Then little Edda pulled her father's head down close to her, and whispered something to him; and the Baron said to Jack and Gill, "My little girl is lonely here with no one to play with: if you will come and spend at any rate the greater part of your days with her, I will feed and clothe and take care of you."

Jack and Gill hardly knew what to answer, but the Baron saw that they would like it, and he said: "You, Gillian, shall be my daughter's companion and attendant; and you, Jack, shall be her page, and accompany her in her walks, and lead her horse when she rides."

"Oh, I'm sure!"—said Jack, and then he could not think what more to say; so he and Gill bowed and curtsied with all their might, and little Edda called out to them as they went away to mind and come early to-morrow.

The neighbours had heard of their visit to the castle, and were waiting at Jack and Gill's cottage to question them about it. They had so much to tell about the Baron's kindness, and what the squire had told them about his troubles, and how he was only just learning to speak the language, that even neighbour Thorlson began to think that his shy, silent manner might not be all from pride and sulkiness. So next time that the Baron rode into the valley, instead of glum looks and faces turned away, he met with civil greetings, to which he answered so readily that before long the Baron and his people were great friends, and they even began to allow that there might be some sense in his new plans and ways of farming.

As for Jack and Gill, they spent almost all their time at the castle. Little Edda grew better so fast that in a few days she was able to go out on her pony, with Jack holding the bridle, and Gill walking by her side.

"Let us go to the glen where the dry water-

course is," said Gill; "it is so pretty there." And they threaded their way to it among the bushes.

Presently Jack said: "I fancy I can hear a sound of running water, as if the dry bed had a stream in it again. Yes, it has, too; and yet we have had no heavy rain. Why, Gill," he exclaimed, after looking about him, "this stream must come from the enchanted well!"

"Then the spell is broken and its waters are free again! I am so glad!" said Gillian. And she and Jack told Edda all the story of how they had gone up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and how Jack tumbled down, and about the dewdrop maiden, and what old Bridget had told them about the well.

"I am very glad you went to fetch the water," said Edda, "and did as the dew-drop maiden told you. How beautiful she must be! I do so wish I could see her."

"Look yonder, where the stream falls over the rocks," said Jack. "I thought I saw the wave of her mantle then, as the sunbeam slanted across the spot."

Edda slid down from her pony, and the three children went to the edge of the little waterfall, and stood gazing in delight at the beautiful dew-

drop maiden who was there, hovering in her rainbow robe amid the spray.

"Hark!" said Gillian, presently; "I think I can hear the same sweet tinkling song that we heard before."

Yes, the stream was singing as it bounded joyously from stone to stone, and this was the song that the children heard:—

Joy, joy! for my wave
Is no more a slave
In the darksome cave;
I am free, I am free!

I may leap down the hills, I may glide o'er the lea,
I may scatter fresh showers to grass and tree,
I may join my stream-sisters who call to me,
And with them embracing, so glad, so free,
I may flow, I may go, to the far-away sea!

"Are you going so far, bright stream?" said little Edda. "Then take this flower with you to the sea, and bid him bear it to the shores of my fair Normandy, and carry this message with it, that we have found good friends and kind words and loving hearts, and we are happy now at last in our new English home."

And the dancing wavelets leaped up and caught the flower, and the stream sang more sweetly than ever as it bore it along; for the song it sang was of the power and kindness of love.

M. S. C.

Suggestions about a Girl's Education.

[This paper was originally read at the Sesame Club, where it gave rise to considerable discussion. It is inserted here, with the kind permission of Mrs. Neill, for the express purpose of raising a similar discussion. We hope that many readers, especially mothers, will give us their views on some of the many debatable points raised.—EDITORS.]

I QUITE feel that the subject I have ventured to choose for our discussion this afternoon is one around which rage such varying and even conflicting ideas, that to presume to dogmatize or lay down the law about it is quite beyond my province. Purposely, therefore, I call the few following remarks *suggestions*—"levers to raise thought"—on the question, and then I hope we may compare our ideas later on.

Those of us who had the good fortune to hear Prof. Earl Barnes last week, when he so ably defended the right of children to freedom for self-development, may perhaps feel that I am not quite free from the tendency he lamented in parents of

tinkering and interfering with their children's natural progress. I cannot help thinking that the absolute leaving to Nature of the work of unfolding the physical and mental development may be, perhaps, an extreme leaning towards the doctrine that "Nature is everything; nurture nothing."

If we are to seek in Nature our guide, as I suppose we all agree, surely, in the complete helplessness of our newly given infants, we are plainly shown that some decided care and guidance is expected by Nature from us towards our children. There is no doubt that the tendency of our particular time may be that over-anxiety on the side of parents to do the very best for their children, to which the corrective of a little wholesome neglect might well be added. But it seems to me that when our children are given to us we should begin to form some sort of idea, as plastic as possible, ready always for correction and revision,

broadly realizing the full value of Nature's own work in the matter, yet still an idea, of what our share ought to be in shaping their training. We must steer them along their babyhood, childhood, youth, guided by the fixed star of our ideal for their development. If not, what is the alternative? A patchwork quilt—a ship without a rudder. In such a case a pleasant-mannered, well recommended, trustworthy nurse is succeeded by a pleasant-mannered, highly-certificated, capable governess, who may, or may not, have many successors with various interspersions of school work.

Continuity of plan is utterly lost sight of; the step-ladder of fixed progressive development is gone. It seems to me the duty of parents—primarily, perhaps, of the mother—to keep these things under their controlling hand, and hold in view the unity of the plan. By this I do not mean to suggest that we should fall into the error so cleverly portrayed by Meredith in the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," of a father whose iron views on his son's upbringing caused such disastrous consequences. It must not be an iron view; it must be an adaptable idea ready to use circumstances as they arise, not attempting to bring everything into our fixed, preconceived groove. That education begins with life and not with school is now an accepted fact: so the *nurse* is our first educational ally. Here I feel Nature should take the precedent of nurture.

For my own part, in my own nursery, I would choose a woman endowed with the love of children and that instinct given to some for their upbringing, and as much an inborn talent as any of the arts. I would prefer her book-knowledge being of the scantiest.

A trained, scientific nurse who works by rule is likely to curtail Nature's own work at this stage in the normal child. Of course, in a case where Nature is not doing her own share, when the child is not developing from within, I believe much may be done by a trained nurse. But, for the ordinary child, a nurse made by Nature, not by culture, is my ideal. She is nearer the child in intelligence; she has not those highly strung nerves, mostly the result of study. She is not continually dragging the little mind to a level above its own; she can stand unmoved the storm and stress of a nursery romp, so distracting to us. And this exuberant life is the right one for development at this age. To many a child in a well regulated nursery a boisterous, ear-splitting romp is a hidden glory. That our nurse should be firm

in placing those corner-stones of character, method, obedience, truth, cleanliness, is of first importance; and, to accomplish this, mother and nurse must stand shoulder to shoulder. A house must not be divided against itself.

So, during the first three years of our girl's life, let the predominant element be *Nature* working unconsciously to the nurse and child, consciously to us towards our ideal. The great step made during this time really should satisfy even our impatience—from helplessness and dormant mind to power of movement and the glorious brilliancy of perceptions pure and simple.

Given, then, that our little maid of three emerges from the purely nursery days equipped with some hold on the fundamental laws of character, a hold to be deepened and strengthened by many a battle to come. Here, in my suggested plan, comes a Kindergarten element as our next ally. Around this subject wages war. What are the arguments for and against it?

If it be granted that some educational plan of campaign is desirable, is there any other method suggested for these early years? Not to my knowledge. The alternative there is the patchwork quilt. Let us look into this, the only system offered to us. Can we subscribe to it or not? At least the matter is worthy of our consideration. We need not conclude that, because Mrs. So-and-So's boy learnt nothing at a Kindergarten, all Kindergartens are useless; and mark that "learnt nothing," that horrible impatience for visible results that trips up the real educator at every turn! My ideal for my girl from three to seven, the Kindergarten years, would be to attain such a control over the working of her mind that when school-life began and knowledge had to be imbibed in large quantities the mental state was very clear, strong, and ready for its task. If mothers would only look upon the knowledge of fact, book-learning as only of minor importance during this period, of mental gymnastics, if we may so call them, as of paramount value! We do not expect to see our child's arm visibly swell with muscular development after a gymnastic course; but we know that beauty and suppleness of the whole body will accrue from the exercise. The mind is the same; all the clear thinking done adds invisibly to the mental force. The fact learnt is as nothing, the power to learn everything. In the hands of a conscientious educator the Kindergarten method will lay this

foundation for future success—the invaluable habits of accuracy, concentration, reasoning, and sustained mental effort will be gained.

The arguments launched against this training have arisen mostly from the surface attractions it holds out having been used by teachers unqualified and ignorant of the underlying value. They can "teach a game." That very expression shows their unfitness. The games are to be evolved by the children and then played—not forced on them by us. We are too fond all through of treating our children like empty vessels into which to pour our ideas of knowledge. They are treasures, mines themselves, out of which we must draw the latent powers. Education must be faulty till we realize its full meaning—its derivation from *educio*, "I lead out." Of the arguments against the system I have constantly met two besides the "learn nothing." Some parents say: "Lessons should be a duty. If they are made pleasant and attractive, the character becomes weak and unable to cope with the disagreeables of life."

This seems a terrible doctrine. Life has its rough places even for a child; there will be enough of them to teach fortitude without the educator endeavouring to make all mental work a burden to be borne rather than a joy to be delighted in. We only do well what we do *con amore*. The Kindergarten child who loves its little works, playing them over and over in the nursery and teaching its younger brothers and sisters, lives in its work, establishes its knowledge, and seconds our efforts in a way that a child who runs off thankful that the boredom of lessons is over can never do. Firmness of character, conquest of self will be established in thousands of ways during the lessons in the absolute regularity and method, the compelling of attention and thought, the give-and-take of numbers, and the finding of one's own level among one's contemporaries. To a child brought up to the school age in the seclusion of its own nursery groove, be that groove as excellent as it may, these lessons come, as come they must, at a time when in our ideal course they would have been a thing of the past, a fact accomplished, so causing a loss of time, greater or less according to the child's disposition. It is the difference between a field ready tilled for the seed and one lying fallow.

So far I have claimed for the Kindergarten no knowledge-giving powers, but here I greatly

understate its value. Immense stores of knowledge become part of the child's self. It is the discoverer of fact from the concrete object presented to it, and has all the joy of discovery. Nothing is told, all is to be found out by the little student. Nature is its book—the birds, beasts, and flowers her happy hunting ground; the bread it eats, the clothes it wears are materials for its research. Knowledge so gained is never lost; it is lived, not learned. A highly cultivated and intelligent American lady once said to me that the Kindergarten system was one of sickly sentiment. This was a view I had never taken of it, but I saw her point when I heard that her boys had been to what one might call "an undiluted German Kindergarten," in which the teacher was addressed as "Auntie," and various other, to us foolish, sentimentalities were indulged in. The principles of Froebel's system are right, but German methods cannot be too closely followed with English children. To any one who has taught both German and English children the contrast of national temperament is very marked, the stolid, thorough, placid brain of the German wanting quite different treatment from the more vivacious, less accurate, more excitable temperament of the English, and then the Germans have a certain love of sentiment which is almost repellent to our more practical feelings. In English Kindergartens of any standing these things have been readapted.

The reading, writing, and arithmetic so essential to the mind of many a parent, I think I have shown to be, to the broad view of the educator, of secondary importance in these early years. A child who reads and writes at an early age, and finds spelling a stumbling block for the whole of its school life, is a standing disgrace to the method of its training. It is one of the most general evidences of the sacrifice made to our haste and impatience for visible result. The child who is properly taught to read should be able to write, and, of course, to spell. A method which enables words to be read but not written is slipshod, hurried, incomplete, disastrous. To allow a child to learn in such a way is to ruin its powers of study to foster carelessness, inaccuracy, want of thoroughness; and I do not feel I exaggerate when I say on the character itself an evil influence is exercised by such work, the clearness of truth becomes dimmed and lost. Yet a conscientious teacher, working with these bigger aims than the mere accomplishment of what is after all only a

trick, is blocked by such remarks as "His father read when he was four, and here is the boy nine and can scarcely do so." When a child should begin to read is a very general question. It depends on the individual brain. Given a slow, placid child, I should lay the foundations early, say at four years, knowing the structure will take time to build. Given a quick, excitable child, I would delay till six, or even later, knowing it will go quickly to its goal, and that the grand lessons of accuracy and care are of first importance to such a mind. These would be my first thought for it. In the case of my own little girl, who is now seven, and yet not able to read, I have felt that each year given to knowledge gained from Nature and surroundings generally has been so much to the good. The years are many during which we pour our book learning into our children. Sometimes we seem to forget that all learning is not book learning.

So far I have spoken of what we may call suggestions on how to commence our plan. These foundations are the rock or the sand according to how they have been laid. The day of that almost impossible person, a nursery governess, is passing. It is only since I have been married and cared for the health of my children, as well as for the minds of my pupils, that I could feel competent to fulfil the tasks expected from a nursery governess. She is to be a nurse caring for their health, and is also to lay the foundation for all the mental work to come. And this task any one not sufficiently educated to teach, in the ordinary sense of the word, is invited by some mothers! Now comes the *connecting* time. A bridge is necessary between knowledge gained mostly from Nature and knowledge gained mostly from books. Here we meet an argument constantly used against our earlier method: "That a Kindergarten child is unfitted by its training for ordinary school work." If by ordinary school work is meant, as is so often the case, columns of spelling, pages of sums worked by rule and not by reason, doses of detached or disjointed knowledge, parrot-like repetition of tables, &c., let us be thankful that our Kindergarten child is unfitted for such work. The teacher, not the taught, is to blame. Those who undertake the responsibility of teaching, to whatever particular stage of development they may turn their attention, are surely unqualified for the task if they have not studied sufficiently to have formed some continuous idea of what the whole scheme of education should be,

so that they are ready to take it up at any point without breaking the continuous line of development. This year, from seven to eight, is often called the transition year--the passing from a preponderance of concrete work to dealing with more abstract things. I can best illustrate what I mean by an example--say the teaching of physical geography. Tots in the Kindergarten making clay models, first, of their daily walks--say Kensington Gardens, the Round Pond, the hill up to it; older children making models of mountain, valley, plateau, plain, volcano, with its red-dabbed crater, the blue-marked stream traced down the mountain side wending its way through blue-painted lake out to the edge of the clay, where the sea is supposed to be. To draw a flat representation of what has been made is a step onwards, and, from this, intelligent ordinary mapping is easily reached. Knowledge imbibed in this way is far more lasting than the old method of learning by heart from books. So far I have said nothing of the "language" question. To a great many parents it seems of importance that foreign languages should be gained early. The idea is right, that at this time the imitative faculty which enables a child to learn to talk at all is in the ascendant, and another language is easily acquired. But I have seen the idea carried to such an extreme that one little boy was scarcely intelligible. His nurse was German; an Italian man-servant brought him from and to school, and was much with him; and around him he heard English. Consequently he could speak nothing. His mental confusion was terrifying. I think sacrifices are often made to the idea of gaining languages early.

The Gouin method, which has been adopted in many schools, seems to me to cover the difficulty. The principle of teaching by conversation begins by French games, in which the Kindergarten children play with a French lady, imitating and gaining her accent. Through the transition class little comedies take the place of games, and the children begin to gain confidence in speech. Later on, more advanced conversation and plays, backed by the grammatical wherefore of the correct speech already attained, give a fluency scarcely to be believed. Then some time spent abroad towards the end of school-days would give the required finish. This can be done simultaneously with the whole plan, and the risk of giving to an unqualified lady the task of developing the whole mind because she is French, German, or

whatever it may be, for the sake of an accent, seems to me poor policy. Another point is, that the children who have spoken French fluently in the nursery, unless French surroundings are continued, will, in a couple of years, entirely forget it. At eight years comes all the curriculum of school work. About the next few years I have no particular suggestions to make; the large amount of what we deem necessary knowledge must now be imbibed, but wherever possible we should mingle concrete example with our abstract teaching. We are terribly apt to get book ridden. To learn of great artists should mean to see samples of their work; to study the sciences should mean to collect and classify specimens. Reading about a musician should be supplemented by hearing his productions, so that much of that intense monotony, that continual reading and writing in which we see our girls engaged during these years, may be done away with, and real culture gained by forming one's own ideas straight from the subject instead of adopting the opinions of others expressed in books.

We should encourage in all school life an intelligent interest in history that is being made under our own eyes. We are apt to think the past of greater value than the present. Events of our own times should be shared in by these growing citizens. A class for current events should figure on the programme of work. Eyesight must be carefully watched and guarded during these years of application to print. Many a girl and boy has become short-sighted from poring over school work. I have found a good rule in studying to be to cease when the lights are lit, to do as little as possible by artificial light, and never to work late at night. However early you begin in the morning no harm is done to the brain; but work in the evening is so exciting that sleep, even if it comes at all, comes without real rest. These remarks apply more perhaps to those girls whose tastes lead them to go on to the higher education. Many mothers shrink from the idea of their girls doing this because they have the fear that it may make them unwomanly, unfitted for the life of wife and mother. The reason of this is that many girls have devoted themselves to their deeper studies to the exclusion of all other duties. The strong-minded girl who lives in "diggings," and is a poor imitation of her brother, is a deformity of our time. She is the product of a system in which self has become paramount. The acquiring of her own know-

ledge, the improving of her own mind, have been the sole aim of her life, and have crowded out that essence of a woman's training—the thought of others, the sinking of self. The women we honour have gained the pre-eminence by the sacrifice of self in some cause they deemed noble—Joan of Arc, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale. But to say that higher education necessarily produces this effect is wrong. Study of itself cannot cause it. It is the result of the cutting away of all other ties and duties, of absolute devotion to learning and entire self-engrossment.

As a corrective give a girl some year or two of University training, if possible, by daily work from her own home; then, while interruptions during her stated hours of study would be heinous crimes, yet, those hours over, little domestic claims might demand some small share of her attention. If this is not possible, then give her the full University life for a time, and afterwards, that she may regain her equilibrium, let her devote herself to teaching little children. Let her come down from the heights of her knowledge and watch the unfolding of a child's mind. Let her character so gain self-restraint, patience, and sympathy, and so let her be fitted for the task of bringing up her own children later on.

My ideal of the educational course for my girl is a circle which ends where it began. My little Kindergarten maid of three, whose mind has been unfolded under these ideas, shall become my intelligent girl of eighteen or so. She herself, by watching the teaching and up-bringing of young children, shall discover the deep underlying science that rules the working of the mind. This will be food for her highly trained thought, and her character will, by this means escape unharmed from the taint of harshness, priggishness, self-glory, and the pride of knowledge which University training alone might develop in her. So, when the big questions of life unfold before her, and she finds herself face to face with the personal responsibility of guiding others, she will, at least, have some foothold, some preparation, for her task. To her the despairing experience that many a young mother has to face of how to do the best for her child, herself quite ignorant of what the best may be, will never come. She will not be the tactless wife who interrupts her husband's deepest thoughts; she herself has worked and can understand. She will not resent an absent-minded answer; she has had her own

thoughts full, so she can sympathize—so she shall be more tactful, more womanly, a fitter helpmeet and companion for her husband through

her deeper studies, and a wiser, stronger mother for the time spent in her researches into child-nature.

—L. B. NEILL.

What to Teach for the Next Three Months.

There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

WE have spent a large part of the early summer over the development of trees, so if we want animal life, it is only natural to turn to the insects which frequent them, with their various friends and relations. Some of them have already provided us with a fine variety of caterpillars, in fact one *Euonymus* shrub has been rechristened "the caterpillar tree." Our mothers are always very willing to have caterpillars removed from the fruit trees, and offer as many specimens as are desired. When one ardent naturalist collects twenty-three snails in a piece of waste ground, and takes them home in a box to deposit at the foot of the sweet peas; or, when another, aged six, is found, one hour after she ought to have reached home, contentedly picking flowers on a railway embankment, after having squeezed herself between the bars of a high railing, and through a gap in a thick hedge, intent on finding caterpillars, then mothers cannot be expected to be quite so encouraging, though their patience really is remarkable.

The trees have been very popular in our own Kindergarten, where we have had seedling beeches, hornbeams, oaks, chestnuts, laburnums, and sycamores to watch. We know the trees in the neighbourhood fairly well now, though they sometimes play us tricks, and we find horse shoes on other trees than horse chestnuts, and chestnuts unprincipled enough to bear red flowers; "and I shouldn't have known it *was* a chestnut if I hadn't have looked at the leaves." One child said: "I always think of 'the poplar, gentle and tall,' when I see a poplar"; but a more critical spirit added: "I think it is more timid than gentle." However, they were all agreed about the pride of the chestnut, "because it stands so very straight."

"The Talk of the Trees" in "Stories Mother Nature Told" would introduce the insects very

well. The trees talk of the birds, &c., which live in them: a mother moth had left her eggs upon the lime, and "the young ones when they came out, instead of being sober, well-behaved little moths, were green canker worms, and so hungry that I really began to fear I should not have a whole leaf left upon me."

Louis Figuier's "Insect World," revised by Martin Duncan (Cassell & Co., 3s. 6d.), is a treasure to teachers who want help in identification. It has 579 illustrations, is very interesting, and appears to be correct without being too abstruse for busy people. Some of the dates are perhaps too early, but seasons vary.

The stag beetle is most interesting, and is so beautifully large that we can see his parts quite easily. Specimens are often found on roads and palings, but their home is a tree; probably the oak tree, which is said to provide sustenance for about two thousand species. He can easily be induced to protrude his divided yellow trunk by offering him a cherry, strawberry, or gooseberry, and is sometimes obliging enough to pinch fingers with his great horns. Those who spend a Saturday on the river are very likely to come across him, and, as he is quite an inch and a half long, he is easily found.

The rose beetle rather astonishes us by his beautiful colour, and possibly some of his foreign relations may be borrowed to show how beautiful beetles can be. If the children are having Bible stories, and know something about Egypt, they will be much interested in hearing that the rose beetle and cockchafer are nearly related to the sacred *scarabæus* of the Egyptians. The stag beetle, again, connects Nature lessons with history, as the Romans are said to have eaten the larvae.

"The Story of the Lost Brother" is placed beside the cockroach, because of its hero, Oswald the Gentle. It is sometimes astonishing to see with what glee children will kill insects. There is no use being sentimental about it—we must

protect ourselves from plagues of insects; but we need not have pleasure in killing. When the twenty-three snails were carried home, a fairy-like little sister, not quite five years old, cheerfully offered to "squash" them, to the horror of the collector, who rejoined: "You *are* horrid! and they've got their babies to look after!" A real Kindergarten boy, who was asked if there were many flies in his house, replied, promptly: "Not where *I* come!" The desire to kill for the sake of killing, the instinct to stamp upon any small moving creature, may surely be put down.

"Oswald the Gentle, when he had charge of youths who wished to be monks, never wearied of teaching them to feel and care for all God's creatures, from the greatest to the least, and to love all God's works, and to take a great joy even in stones and rocks and water and earth, and the clouds and the blue air. 'For,' he said, 'according to the flesh all these are in some degree our kinsfolk, and, like us, they come from the hands of God. Does not Mother Church teach us this, speaking in her prayers of God's creature of fire and His creature of salt and His creature of flowers?' " And when Oswald made his great mound, "all its climbing greenwood was alive with wild creatures, winged and four-footed, and no one was suffered to disquiet or annoy them. Bee hives, too, he set up, and grew all manner of flowers, both for the use of the little brown toilers, and for the joyance of the brethren." The book from which the story is taken is "A Child's Book of Saints," by William Canton, and, *à propos* of our trees, teachers who can let their children see a beautiful old church may like to hear how little "W. V." was taken from trees to architecture. A tall poplar growing beside a large beech suggested to her the church of the Oak-men, but she was annoyed at the notice boards, and thought, instead of threats, they ought to have fairy tales printed on them. Her father then told her of forests, "very ancient and wonderful as a dream, where the tall trees sent out curving branches which interlaced overhead, shutting out the blue sky, and making a sweet and solemn dimness, and nearly all the light that streamed in between the fair round trunks and the arching boughs was like that of a splendid sunset; only it was there all day, and never faded out till night fell." And so the stories of the saints came from the pictured windows, and the child heard the true story of the love and devotion which raised these "miracles of stone."

Earwigs are not general favourites, and some of the children are sure to believe in the popular fable about the earwig penetrating to the brain and causing death. When they hear that the French name, *perce oreille*, refers to the end of the abdomen, which resembles the pincers formerly used for piercing ears for the wearing of ear-rings, and that in Scotland the earwig is called a "clipshear," also from the curious abdomen, they may begin to doubt the iniquity of English earwigs. Mrs. Brightwen gives a very interesting account of the care an earwig mother takes of her eggs, which should increase our respect for the harmless insect—harmless, at least, as far as we ourselves are concerned, though doing damage enough in the garden.

Figuier gives the following curious account of a female cockroach which found an egg-pouch just abandoned by another female. She felt it and turned it about, "then took it between her front legs and made a longitudinal opening in it. As the opening grew wider, little white larvæ were seen to come from it, rolled up and attached together. The female assisted the larvæ to set themselves free, aiding them gently with her antennæ. In a few seconds they were able to walk, when she ceased to trouble herself about them."

Towards the end of the month the gossamer spider appears, and a little later the water beetle *Dyticus* may easily be found in stagnant water. These can be kept in the aquarium and fed on raw meat, but they will devour young fish and insect larvæ if they get at them, so are better kept by themselves. The "whirligig" larvæ come out of the water late in the summer, and form for themselves a cocoon on a plant. When the insect is hatched it goes back to the water.

Stories and games actually introducing insects are rather rare. But it is very doubtful if that is exactly what we want in seeking after connexions, and common sense permits a certain margin. Haymaking is in the minds of the children early in July; any garden game can be used, and Miss Anderton has provided us with a Stag Beetle game. "A Little Boy's Walk" need not be taken as a finger play, while one or two children go for a walk, the others can represent any animal or insect which is a subject of interest. The "Paradise of Children," besides being a summer story of a garden, does introduce winged insects, and "The Brothers of Pity" tells of another beetle, the grave-digger or burying beetle. Novello &

Co. have published "Twelve Kindergarten Games" price 1s., several of which will be useful this month. The music is by Miss Josephine Brown, and there are several old friends, but "The Orchard" and "Haymaking" are both new. It is not necessary

to use toy rakes and forks in the Haymaking game, but some teachers like apparatus. The last verse in "The Orchard" and in "The Butterflies" can easily be left out.

E. R. MURRAY.

	NATURE LESSON.	STORY.	POETRY, SONG, OR GAME.
<i>July :</i>			
Week 1.	Cockchafer.	"The Talk of the Trees" ("Stories Mother Nature Told," Jane Andrews).	"Haymaking" ("Music for the Kindergarten," Supp. I.). "The Haymakers" ("Novello's School Songs," Book 116).
Week 2.	Ladybird.	"Tommelise" (Hans Andersen).	The Story Dramatized. "The Little Land" and "Bed in Summer" (R. L. Stevenson's "Child's Garden").
Week 3.	Rose Beetle.	"The Paradise of Childhood" ("Tanglewood Tales").	"A Little Boy's Walk" ("Finger Plays," E. Poulsson). "In Little Annie's Garden" ("Mutter- und Kose-Lieder," ed. Miss Blow).
Week 4.	Stag Beetle.	"Brothers of Pity" (Mrs. Ewing).	"The Stag Beetle Game" ("Six Nature Games," by Anderton. Charles & Dible, price 6d.).
<i>September :</i>			
Week 1.	Grasshopper or Cricket.	"Aurora and Tithonus" (Cooke's "Nature Myths"). "The Leaping Match" (Hans Andersen).	"Grasshopper Green" ("Songs and Games for our Little Ones," Jenks and Walker). "Daisies are Dancing" (E. Smith's "Songs for Little Children").
Week 2.	Earwig.	"An Earwig Mother" (Mrs. Brightwen's "Wild Nature won by Kindness"). "Redeeming Points" ("Earth's Many Voices").	"The Family" (Mutter- und Kose-Lieder). "The Little Gardener" and "Five in a Row" ("Songs for Little Children").
Week 3.	Cockroach.	"The Story of the Lost Brother" ("A Child's Book of Saints," by W. Canton. Dent & Co.).	"Autumn" (Keatley Moore's "Child's Song and Game Book").
Week 4.	Gossamer Spider.	"Arachne" (Cooke's "Nature Myths").	"The Trees' Year" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part V.). "The Orchard" ("Novello's School Songs," Book 116).
<i>October :</i>			
Week 1.	Water Beetle (<i>Dytiscus</i>).	"Tom's River Friends" ("Water Babies").	"The Raindrops" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part II.). "The Brook" (Tennyson).
Week 2.	Whirligig (<i>Gyrinus</i>).	"Tom's River Friends" (<i>continued</i>).	"Clear and Cool" ("Water Babies"). "The Brook" ("Novello's School Songs," Book 116).

An Eighteenth-Century Schoolmaster on Elementary Education.

IN 1781 Vicesimus Knox, schoolmaster and scholar, wrote, in defence of a classic education, a protest against those who (to use his own words) "would substitute a plan more flattering to idleness and vice." Basedow at that date had established his Philanthropinum. Pestalozzi had come to the end of his experiment at Neuhof, and other disciples of Rousseau in England were trying to let in a little light and air on the "antient system" of a classic-bound education. It was apparently such innovators as these who filled the good pedant with alarm, and caused him to rise in defence of that "time-honoured system, whose own excellence," he pathetically says, "has hitherto sufficiently recommended it."

To the student of children in the Kindergarten the question of the classics as a means of education does not directly apply, but the few pages on child teaching with which the schoolmaster opens his book may prove of interest to those who teach by the light of modern ideas.

What strikes one most forcibly in reading these lines is the difference in the relative importance of the child and the grown-up person then and now. The late Mr. du Maurier tells a story of an old gentleman who had never tasted the wing of a chicken, because, as he explained, in his youth it had been his parents, and as a father it was his children, who claimed the right to the best parts. When Mr. Knox wrote, the child had certainly not entered upon his "wing of the chicken" days. In the nursery, at least, he had no rights—certainly none to an education. That he might be prepared to enter at once upon the serious business of learning and the Latin grammar when, at eight years old, he went to school, he was expected to know how to read in his own language; and, "lest he should contract habits of idleness and vice," and "lest the difficulty be increased with increasing years," Mr. Knox advises that he should be master of the art by the time that he is five or six.

Reading then, it was true, was to be acquired in the nursery, but at the whim of his nurse and mother, who, Mr. Knox tells us, would prove his

best teachers because they would be willing "to stoop to his infirmities," and because "a maternal sense of duty may render tolerable what is by no means pleasurable." Poor little child! he probably learnt, if he learnt nothing else, that the task of teaching him was by no means pleasurable.

And here again is another illustration of this *de haut en bas* attitude towards children. "A well known poetess of our own times," says the schoolmaster, "has condescended to compose little books for the initiation of children in reading."

But these extracts are perhaps scarcely fair. Mr. Knox wrote a hundred and twenty years ago; he was a head master, who probably knew little of children at close quarters, and yet he has much that is wise to say. He tells us that praise is a better incentive to learning than punishment, and that "books written for the use of children should be rendered pleasing to the eye and to the imagination." But for the contrivances for teaching reading, which even in his day abounded, he has what I venture to think is a wise distrust. "I am not quite sure that it is right to give the child a notion that he has nothing to do but play; let him know that he has business of a serious kind." With which, I think, most educators will agree. Provided that work is not made irksome, the child enjoys the dignity and importance that "serious business" gives him.

The point, indeed, would seem too obvious for comment; yet these many years after we find Mrs. Stetson, a very modern educator and one who has much that is suggestive to say, advocating a plan for schooling which is an elaborate species of deception practised on the child. He is to learn as the animals graze, roaming at will in a paradise where everything is at hand to supply his intellectual needs—everything including an unlimited supply of his teacher's patience. But he is not to know that he is learning, and self-control is one item banished from the curriculum—which shows us that even to-day we may occasionally turn back a hundred years and get from a cobwebby pedagogue a little common sense.

E. LEVY.

Froebel Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

NOTES AND NEWS.

LENDING LIBRARY.

The following books have been presented to the Library:—

By Miss C. Baruard:—

On the Teaching of English Reading. By Nellie Dale

Golden Grains on Froebel's "Gifts." By Verouica Vassey.

By Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons:—

The Teacher's Guide to Mrs. Curwen's Pianoforte Method. (The Child Pianist, Grade I.) Ninth edition.

Games from South Kensington. By E. M. J. Lloyd.

The Piccaninnies' Holiday, and other Songs. Words by Veronica Vassey; music by Winifred Hamilton.

Midsummer Festival and King Christmas. By A. E. Studley.

By Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.:—

The Child: his Nature and Nurture. By W. B. Drummond, M.B.

By Mr. David Nutt:—

The Wild Animal Play for Children, with alternative Reading for very Young Children. By Ernest Seton-Thompson.

By Messrs. George Philip & Son:—

Philips' Picturesque History of England.

Free-Arm Drawing for Children. By John H. Stevens.

By Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.:—

Inductive Geometry for Transition Classes. By H. A. Nesbitt, M.A.

AUTUMN LECTURES.

The following lectures will be given during the autumn at Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square:—

Thursday, October 4.—Dr. Reddie, of the New School, Abbotsholme, will lecture on some Essentials in Education. The exact title has not, however, been settled.

Thursday, October 24.—"The Distinction between Work and Play." Prof. Withers, of Owens College, Manchester.

Thursday, November 28.—"How would Froebel have taught a Foreign Language?" Prof. Rippmann, of Queen's College.

The lectures will begin at 8 p.m. as usual.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—Madame Michaelis will deliver a lecture on "Froebel's Principles and Practice" before the Glasgow International Assembly during the last week of September, and has kindly consented, on the following day, to explain the purpose and practical value of the Froebel Society's exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition. Further particulars as regards date, &c., can be obtained from Prof. Geddes, University Hall, Edinburgh.

Institute and Club Notes.

MICHAELIS GUILD AND FROEBEL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A MEETING of the Michaelis Guild was held at the Froebel Educational Institute on Saturday, May 1.

The question of starting a fund for the establishment of a free Kindergarten had been previously discussed by the Committee, who after thoroughly investigating the matter had come to the conclusion that the expenses involved would be so large as to make the plan impracticable. The President, therefore, proposed that the fund should be devoted to the alternative object, that of assisting Kindergarten teachers. The proposal was carried almost unanimously, and it was decided that the fund should not be restricted to helping those in need of a holiday, but might occasionally be used to help a teacher in paying for books or a course of lectures. It was decided that two thirds of the surplus Guild funds should be annually devoted to this object, and Miss M. Rendell, at Madame Michaelis' request, kindly promised to be the Secretary-Treasurer for the new fund. Subscriptions may be sent to her at 7 Copthall, Twickenham.

After this discussion, a very interesting paper on Kindergarten work at the Cape was read by Miss Oliver, who is the head of the Kindergarten department of a large public school at Rondebosch, Cape Colony. She gave a sketch of the history of education in South Africa, describing its gradual advance from the year 1815, when schoolmasters were usually discharged soldiers, and the only books to be had were Bibles and hymn-books, to the present day, when education is within the reach of all, public schools being established everywhere.

Kindergarten teaching, Miss Oliver said, had only existed within the last few years, during which time public opinion had greatly altered in its favour. Now there were Kindergarten departments in many of the public schools, and the work was gradually improving. Miss Oliver spoke of the many difficulties and disadvantages under which Kindergarten work still laboured, and of the need for thoroughly trained, efficient Kindergarten teachers from England.

Madame Michaelis also spoke of the opportunities in South Africa, and said she felt sure that all Kindergarten teachers would find a friend and supporter in Mr. Sargent, who has undertaken the organization of

schools in the Transvaal. Tea and music concluded the afternoon.

Two members of the Michaelis Guild, Miss Hilda Gavin and Miss Gadd, are at present working under the London School Board in the special departments for defective children.

The Summer Term is always a busy one: everywhere work and play reach their climax; to all it is the "outdoor" term, while to many of the students it means "examinations." Three Thursdays, or rather two Thursdays and a Friday, this term have been red-letter days, made memorable by the three lectures which have been so entirely interesting and educating.

The first lecture, on May 9, was given by Sir Joshua Fitch, his subject being "Art in the National Gallery," in which he explained and illustrated many of the phases of art, both ancient and modern, in our national collection, our appreciation of which he has certainly increased. Sir Joshua Fitch also very kindly conducted a party of ten students through the National Gallery, explaining to them and helping them to see the best in the pictures.

The other two lectures have been given by Mr. Montefiore, both having "Marcus Aurelius" as their title. In the first lecture, on May 23, Mr. Montefiore particularly dwelt on the life of the Emperor and his connexion with Stoicism, and shortly dealt with the origin and nature of this development of Greek philosophy. The second lecture, on May 31, dealt chiefly with the "Meditations," the Emperor's character and views being discussed and profusely illustrated by most interesting quotations.

Two representatives of the College have lately attended a meeting at Blackheath to arrange for the formation of an Athletic Club for the various Kindergarten colleges.

Our "Criticism Lessons" this term have been in connexion with "Nature Study," and a very interesting book, "Nature Study and the Child," by C. B. Scott, has been added to the Library. Further additions to the Library are: "Types of Ethical Theory," Vols. I. and II.; Rendall, "Marcus Aurelius"; G. Long, "Marcus Aurelius"; "Essays in Criticism," First and Second Series; Myers, "Essays Classical"; Myers, "Essays Modern."

SESAME CLUB.

DURING the session from Easter to Whit-tide the literary evenings on Mondays and the educational lectures on Wednesdays were well attended. These meetings do not continue through the summer, but they, together with the various "groups," will commence again in the autumn.

On Wednesday, May 1, Mrs. Josef Conn read a paper for ladies only on "Danish Health Exercises and Physical Regeneration of Women." The meeting was very crowded, and every one present derived much help on the question of the physical training of themselves and their children. On the following Wednesday Miss McClelland dealt with the same subject in a paper on "The Human Expression: Physical, Mental, and Emotive." Mons. René Papin gave an address on "The Yersin Phono-rhythmic Method of French Diction for Singers and French Pronunciation." This system he illustrated by singing in the most finished style some French songs. The method is elaborate, and grapples by means of charts and exercises with the great difficulty of giving the French pronunciation to its students. The Wednesday lecture also dealt with a French system,

but this time for music only, not language. Mlle. Josset read a paper on "Le Conservatoire de l'Avenir," and she illustrated through a little pupil the wonderful effects of a few lessons on this new method. She also sang charmingly herself. This *système Josset* aims at reducing the mass of elaborate and accumulated musical methods, and by a few deep-reaching laws to put the pupil quickly on the same plane to which hitherto he has painfully struggled through much detail. Of the Monday evening meetings the first was a very able paper on "Schopenhauer," by Mr. Bailey Saunders. The next week a most animated debate took place on the subject "That to re-establish the principle of compulsory military service in the United Kingdom is essential to an adequate defence of the Empire." Mr. H. F. Wyatt opened the discussion, and it was followed throughout with the liveliest interest.

Mr. Edward Clodd gave a lecture on May 6 on "The Philosophy of an old Folk Tale," which was followed the next week by one "On Short Stories, Russian and other," by Mr. Calderon.

The session closed with a lecture given by Miss A. E. Keeton on "Grieg," which was illustrated by Miss Martha Moller, who, being a compatriot of Grieg, rendered his songs in true Norwegian spirit.

L. B. NEILL.

NOTES FROM THE MARIA GREY TRAINING COLLEGE.

THIS term is always a crowded one: no one seems to have time for anything, yet a good deal happens. The Board-school lessons have been on common trees, literature, and historical biographies, among which were included St. Francis, Wieland, and Simon de Montfort. In our own school, language teaching was taken up, some teaching French, some German, and some Latin. Literature and chemistry lessons were also given. In the Boys' Grammar School the subjects were history and arithmetic.

The Musical and Debating Societies were closed for the summer, but new committees have been appointed for next term. During the latter half of the term, a Swimming Club was formed, having its headquarters at the Finchley Road Baths. The other games have been cricket, rounders, and tennis, the last two being played in Queen's Park, as well as on our own ground. We have had two very successful picnics, one on June 1, arranged by the students, to Monkswood, Epping Forest; and the other, by invitation from Miss Bramwell, to Bricket Heath, the latter only including those students who were leaving college.

Saying good-bye is always trying, but this year's students were determined to keep up their reputation for cheerfulness to the end. So, at the farewell tea, given as usual by the students to the lecturers, we were entertained by some very clever tableaux, representing first Education, Past, Present, and Future; and, secondly, the product of each. The most amusing was, perhaps, the Education of the Future, where the educator presided over an enormous steaming cauldron, which gave out rather unpleasant vapours, and was labelled in large letters "Compound Extract of Science." From this she presented ladlesful to her pupils who stood round. On the table could be seen a tin of "Latin lozenges," and bottles of "Grammar tonic" and of "Concentrated essence of History." The product of this kind of education was a ridiculously large head on a very small body. Two students

stood behind a screen, showing only their heads, and dolls were cleverly arranged below so as to look as if they were attached to the heads. We had also a dame's school with a dunce's cap and a cane well in evidence, and a modern high school and Kindergarten, all very cleverly arranged, and the programme pointed

out the variations in type produced by the education of the present, and the sameness produced by that of the past and future, the type of the past being the maiden and her lover.

College went down on June 21, and we meet again on September 18.

Reviews and Notices.

[The Editors have received a protest from a correspondent who has a wide knowledge of elementary schools, referring to the review of "Nature Study and the Child," which appeared in our last number and in which one London Board School was spoken of as "quite an isolated example." They wish to explain that the review in question was received at rather a late hour, as a signed article, and that its appearance under "Reviews and Notices" was due to misapprehension.]

Concerning Children. By Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gillman. (Putnam's Sons.)

This book has the great power, whether we agree with it or not, of at least thoroughly waking us up. It will give an impetus to thought on the upbringing of children, and its daring originality will be a shock that will rouse those who have never seriously considered this subject. Educationalists will heartily uphold much that Mrs. Gillman formulates, but again on some points she will raise feelings of, one might almost say, antagonism. It seems to some of us that the gauntlet is thrown down in the chapter on obedience—"the effect of minding on the mind." To obey is defined as "to act under the impulse of another will, to submit one's behaviour to outside direction." An onslaught is made against what Mrs. Gillman deems the antiquated and now no longer necessary virtue of obedience. The nagging adult who commands from love of power and arrogant self-assertion may need the reminder of the child's right to freedom. "Women," says Mrs. Gillman, "are beginning to be free, but still the child remains the under dog always, and he at least must obey." There is a distinction between freedom and lawlessness, as also between a despot and a guiding authority.

Circumstances and conventions check the grown man. Is nothing to foreshadow in his young days to his opening mind that the self within him is not the only factor in the situation? To make him rule that self from within is the aim of all the obedience we ask him for. But surely he must feel that there is a background of law which he must respect, if we wish him later on to conform freely to the highest moral laws for the sake of the greatest good, and not for the mere working out of what the self in him would dictate—a life of service rather than of eternal self-development to no practically useful end. The argument against obedience leads us step by step

to the climax that we weaken the moral fibre of our children by this exaction on our part, and unfit them to stand alone later on. Yet, as a most strange paradox, Casabianca, of immortal fame, is instanced—a child one could scarcely call weak of will. The trend of the whole matter seems to be that revolt against all authority which perhaps the New World suffers from more than the Old, and which scarcely seems to add to the happiness of the individual.

The chapter on "The Child and the Slipper" is excellent. It is a plea for logical dealing with the child. If he will play with the fire, let him feel a slight burn, and so of his own mind see why he had better leave it alone. The remarks on teachable ethics, where the terrible inconsistencies of grown people to children are held up to view, will find a sympathetic echo in many minds.

The idea of a specially constructed dwelling for babies strikes us as odd and unnecessary—a house designed and built to fit all his requirements; padded floors to save his falls, little stairs to suit his size, chairs and tables all to fit him, and there every day the babies should collect to live their lives, going home to their mothers at night. Another blow at home life! At last the babies even must go! The idea is fundamentally wrong. Home life furnishes the first and finest training school. Froebel felt it, the mother influence being paramount in his ideals. The love of service, which is born with the children "to help," being their greatest joy, is our finest opportunity of bringing out their best powers. We shall only get a race of self-centred beings, if we shut off all the chances of their contributing their baby mites to the work of the world. To put them in padded rooms means to stop their education—they must learn the qualities of hard wood and harder stone. The mountain does not fit the man: why should the staircase fit the baby? Far from being "a toil to weary little limbs," the stairs are an attractive field of exploration to the young adventurer, and why deny him the joy of surmounting an obstacle? But yet, though on many points differences arise, Mrs. Gillman has given us an intensely interesting book on a subject of deep importance.

Education in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc. Lond. (Price 4s. Cambridge University Press.)

As the preface tells us, the lectures included in this volume, with two exceptions, were delivered

at the Summer Meeting for University Extension Students and others held at Cambridge in August, 1900.

The subject of education was given special prominence in the general programme dealing with "Life and Thought in England in the Nineteenth Century" because of the large attendance of English and foreign teachers, and also with the intention of meeting the growing general interest outside the profession of those who, as parents and citizens, feel the importance of this aspect of development.

The lectures were intended to show the main advances which have been made during the century in the different departments of education. They do not deal with technical details, but display a broad historical treatment of the line of progress. The names of the lecturers are a guarantee of the worth of this volume; each has some special knowledge or special facility in dealing with the separate subject. Looking backward from the end of the volume, we have Prof. Rein. of Jena, on "The Development of Educational Ideas," and Mr. Sadler, the title of whose paper—"National Education and Social Ideals"—is so characteristic. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick gives a brief outline of the advance in the higher education of women, which admirably follows upon a fuller sketch of "The Development of Girls' High Schools," by Miss F. Gadesden. Prof. Withers writes of "The Teaching of History," and Dr. Kimmings of "Science in Schools." Sir Joshua Fitch deals with "Primary Education." Miss Agnes Ward gives, with a fascinating touch, "Some Aspects of Theory and Practice in Infant Education, and Miss E. P. Hughes takes "The Training of Teachers" as her subject.

But we must go no further into the contents of this delightful and helpful volume. Readers will certainly find much in it that is both encouraging and stimulating, and those who were privileged to attend the Summer Meeting will be glad to possess the lectures in their printed and collected form.

There is still, beyond all question, plenty of room for reform and improvement, but, to quote Miss Agnes Ward: "Meantime, we who have won our scant measure of freedom with so great a sum may still, as we work for our children, find it possible—as we assuredly shall find it divinely refreshing—to 'dream the dream of the soul's slow disentanglement.'"

We cannot do better than conclude with the last words of Mr. Sadler's paper:

We need constantly to remind ourselves that the rising generation has not to be prepared merely to pass examinations, or for an imaginary life of ideal ease and intellectual recreation, nor yet, on the other hand, merely to play a boisterous part in struggles for private gain: but that the chief object of education should be, while fitting boys and girls for the tasks and duties of practical life, to preserve intact for them, amid the repeated assaults of claims and cares which arise from the fret of daily work, and from the results of philosophical inquiry, and from the play of competition far beyond

individual or national control, as much as may be of childlike faith, of intellectual reverence and courage, and of gaiety and truthfulness of mind.

The Kindergarten Review. (Milton, Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.)

The May number of this magazine contains the report of the eighth annual Convention of the International Kindergarten Union held at Chicago, April 10-13. The keenness and enthusiasm of this meeting must have invigorated all who were present, and the report may bring something of this fresh, eager life to us across the Atlantic. The discussions covered a wide field—the Training of Teachers; Children's Games and Stories; the Co-operation of the Home; and Misconceptions of the Kindergarten were amongst the subjects treated.

In the first of these the defects or difficulties chiefly noted in young teachers were narrowness of view and lack of general culture, lack of adaptability to new conditions, absence of resourcefulness and originality, and a tendency to do everything in the most difficult way. Three of the addresses delivered at the Convention are reported in full in the *Kindergarten Review*. We can but give their titles, and wish that we had been privileged to hear them: "Egoism and Altruism as organic factors in Education"; "The Kindergarten and the School"; "The Science of Education: its present Aspect and Outlook." The last two were delivered respectively by Dr. Hailmann and Colonel Parker, whose names are familiar to many of us, and to whom we also owe a debt of gratitude for their life-work in the cause of education.

The Pratt Institute Monthly. (Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.)

This magazine has occasionally a Kindergarten number, and the one issued in May has some interesting pictures of child life in other lands. A short article on "Chinese Homes" deals chiefly with stories, rhymes, and games. From the sketches of French and Italian children we may perhaps gain some help in dealing with our own:—"If I had to mention the traits which were most noticeable and pleasing in all these children, I think I should name their unconsciousness of self and freedom from posing, their almost unflinching obedience, and their real childlikeness and simplicity. It seemed to me that this came from the fact that, while in essentials they were carefully watched and tended, their life was kept simple, and they were never made to feel that they were more important than grown-up people."

Our Country's Shells, and how to Know Them. By W. J. Gordon. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Price 6s.)

This book, which is a guide to the British Mollusca, comes to us now with its valuable help for a seaside holiday. It is intended as an introductory working manual for the collector, and has a coloured illustration of every species, and many original diagrams. The pleasures of identification and classification will reward a careful study of the book, and its size makes it an easy addition to a small travelling outfit, and a possible companion for a scramble on the coast.

Educational Sloyd in Theory and in Practice. By George S. Hodson, M.A. (George Philip & Son.)

This excellent paper will probably be familiar to some of our readers. Those who heard it read either in Manchester or in London will be glad to have it in this more permanent form. The purpose of the paper is to furnish a sketch of the Sloyd system for the instruction of the general inquirer, and, at the same time, to

summarize the *essential features* of a set of Sloyd models. By the aid of photographs the chief differences between Sloyd and other systems of woodwork are clearly demonstrated. It comes to us with the warm recommendation of Herr Otto Salomon, of Naäs, and we can but advise our readers to buy it, and find for themselves how warmly and effectively an enthusiast can plead for the extension and development of educational Sloyd.

Nature Knowledge Leaflets, Nos. 1-4. (Agricultural Education Committee, 10 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W. 2s. 6d. per 100.)

These charming little papers, entitled respectively "A Water Baby," "Lilies from Leaves," "Grain of Wheat," and "Pet Bunnies and their Wild Cousins," are intended to be used by teachers giving instruction in Nature knowledge under the new Day School Code. We hope that this knowledge will be gained at first hand from Nature, but as supplementary reading or as suggesting lines of work to teachers we give them a hearty welcome.

A Country Life is Sweet. (Canon for two voices.) By F. J. Simpson. Vincent. 3d.)

To the above short canon we would give unqualified approval. The melody is taking, and the song is decidedly suitable for a children's choir.

Johnny Grumblebuttons, and other Children's Songs. Words by F. G. Rowe. Music by Joan Cotter. Illustrated by Mildred Ema. (J. Curwen & Sons. 1s.)

This book contains seven songs written in both the staff and tonic sol-fa notations, with easy accompaniments, which is no small advantage. The songs satisfy the tuneful requirements of music for children, and at the same time interest is sustained by the way in which the music is adapted to the character of the words. To each song there is a pretty and appropriate illustration, which will certainly be appreciated by the children. The song which gives the title is by no means the best; and in many cases we could desire some improvement in the words; but "Sleep Land" and "Nursing Dolly" will certainly be favourites.

The Stories by My Four Friends. By Jane Andrews. (Ginn & Co., Boston, U.S.A.)

We owe the collection and publication of this little book to the pious affection of the sister of the authoress, Mrs. Margaret Andrews Allen, who dedicates it appropriately to "The Children who love Jane Andrews." The stories are allegories of the four seasons, and their companions—both animal and vegetable. They are written with all the observant sympathy of the true lover of Nature, who sees and hears so much that is lost to the eyes and ears of most people, though it lies before their feet, and has only to be looked or listened for to be seen or heard by every one. And in the telling of the stories Miss Andrews shows the nature of the poet as well as of the naturalist, and invests her knowledge with the glamour of fancy by the anthropomorphic shape with which she clothes her facts. In this she was evidently guided by her loving and intimate knowledge of children, in whose minds the personification of natural objects is as instinctive as it is to the savage. The book is illustrated on almost every page with exquisite little vignette pictures, produced with the well known perfection of the Athenæum Press.

Brownie. By Amy le Fenivre. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a pretty story prettily told, and the lessons, both moral and religious, which it conveys are worked into the plot, and not obtruded. Perhaps the little heroine who gives her name to the book is a little

idealized, and there are episodes in her young life which, we hope, are rare in the lives of children. But she is very loveable, and her little brother, Buffy, is sketched from the life. Their adventures were followed with breathless interest by the little one to whom we read the book, and her criticism of it was distinctly favourable.

The Village School Reader. By C. S. Roundell. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

"The object of this little book is to interest the children in country schools. . . . Moreover, it has been compiled with the object of helping managers and teachers of rural elementary schools to give effect to the official recommendations contained in the circular of the Board of Education of April, 1900." These words from the preface clearly explain the purport of this book, which its contents—"which relate mainly, but not exclusively, to country life and country things"—are intended to carry out. Their purport is unquestionably good, and, so far as the managers and teachers are concerned, the passages are admirably chosen for their purpose. Nature study is strangely neglected in the education of English children generally, and it is to be feared that the neglect is due in no small degree to the lamentable ignorance on the part of those who teach, not only of the subject, but of attractive sources of information about it. Mr. Roundell has supplied these sources from the works of such writers as Gilbert White, Isaac Walton, Anne Pratt, Miss Eleanor Ormerod, and C. St. John, which are good literature, as well as good natural history, and moreover interesting. But our experience of teaching children—especially little country children—leads us to be sceptical as to the suitability of these extracts for *reading* purposes. For them they are *caviare*, especially the botanical passages. It is only those who have had experience in teaching children that appreciate how very simple, both in subject and in language, must be the books put into their hands, and this quality of simplicity is lacking in Mr. Roundell's compilation.

Easy Stories. By Elizabeth A. Turner. (Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.)

Mrs. Turner tells us in her preface that her object in writing these little stories was "to furnish material which little children, learning to read, could master without assistance," and with that intention she has used very simple language, and has expressed thoughts which are "within the comprehension of the child." In our judgment she has well carried out these objects in this little book, which consists of short "whole" stories adapted to the conditions of a child's mind. The only adverse criticism of the child to whom we read them was that they were "too short." Children like their interest to be sustained for a longer period than these short stories allow. If used in an English schoolroom, they contain a few American words and phrases which would require interpretation.

Conversational Lesson Pictures. (W. & A. K. Johnston.)

We have received from Messrs. Johnston four of their series of "Conversational Lesson Pictures"—large, brightly-coloured pictures of homely and familiar scenes, at the bottom of each of which are appended: (1) a few lines of poetry embodying the thought suggested by the picture, for the use of the teacher; (2) a rhyme for the children which refers to something in the picture; and (3) a short instruction for hand and finger play. The subjects of the pictures are specially adapted for public elementary schools.

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TO

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REPORT OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE FROEBEL SOCIETY

HELD IN ESSEX HALL

ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901.

MORNING SESSION.

On Kindergarten Games.

MRS. WALTER WARD, President of the Society for 1901-2, took the Chair at 10.30, and the following paper was read by Miss E. R. MURRAY, of the Maria Grey Training College:—

There has been so much eritieism lately of Kindergarten principles and Kindergarten methods that it is a wonder we poor Kindergartners can hold up our heads at all; and Kindergarten games have certainly come in for their full share of blame. Perhaps the thought that keeps our heads above the stream, in spite of the flood of vituperation which pours upon us, may be the thought that the eritie refers, not to *our* Kindergarten, but to our neighbour in the next street. For after all, the thing which is most constantly abused is not a Kindergarten, but a miserable sham.

This morning we are only dealing with what we may call one dimension of the Kindergarten, leaving the more general disussion for the afternoon. And yet it seems as if one very general question ought to have its place in this morning's discussion—the question,

namely, as to what is work and what is play. Games at least should surely mean play; but the performanee sometimes called a Kindergarten Game is not only work, but the very dullest of drudgery.

If I may quote from a newspaper article entitled "A Very Trim Garden," the necessity for making clear what we mean by work and what we mean by play will be more evident. After a very lively description of a nursery game at shipwrecks and desert islands the writer thus describes a Kindergarten game: "Games follow; very decorous games. The pigeon-house is opened wide, and out flutter the white-pinafores pigeons. 'Jack shall be a tree,' says Miss Smith. 'Jack, let me see how nicely you can move your arms like boughs blowing in the wind!' Jack waves his arms with the regularity of clockwork, and at the teacher's suggestion the birds crouch at his feet in the shade of the branches. At the right moment the pigeons return, warned by the words of the singing ehildren, and kneeling in the midst of the dovecot, coo earnestly. Next comes the fish game. 'Take hands to make a round pond,' says the teacher.

'Jim may show me how fishes swim.' Somewhat hampered by his sailor collar, Jim goes through some painful contortions; the other fishes swim and dive in the approved fashion, and I turn to watch the children. Some are undeniably interested, and many are as undeniably absent-minded. *They have played the fish game every day at the same hour in the same way for a month."*

Would any one in this room call that play? In answer to this let me read two short sentences from Froebel, who is supposed to be responsible for games like the one described: "*The freer and more spontaneous the arrangements, the more excellent is the effect of the game. Encourage your little ones to be always observing, and then to think over what they have observed, for this alone promotes genuinely original action.*"

Do not these two sentences show that spontaneity—genuine, original action—makes the excellence of the game? What did Schiller mean when he said: "Man is man only when he plays"? Was it not that until we carry into our life-work the spirit, the life, the freedom, the fire with which a child flings himself into his so-called play, we are not men, but slaves, drudges? I speak of a child's "so-called play," because the word play conveys to us such very different meanings. The unthinking person says: "A child's life is all play," and by play he means amusement, recreation. The Kindergarten he probably regards as a kind of variety entertainment. Did Froebel, then, look upon a child as a frivolous being who never makes a serious effort, and who is always wanting to be entertained? Certainly not. We might well imagine him turning the words of the careless observer against himself, and saying in all earnestness: "Nay, but a child's play is all his life." It is his work, his science, his drama, and his natural history museum, his picture gallery, his poetry, his relaxation, his citizenship, his very life. In his play he "*lives with the fair silent things of Nature.*" In his play he is most human, because most spontaneous, most spiritual, most creative.

To understand what play is we need to

ponder over what Groos says of the play of other young animals—that they do not play because they are young, but that they have their youth because they must play. Then we may understand why Froebel says that the play period is the time when man is to be prepared for future industry.

We might spend long enough discussing the differences between work and play, but one distinction must suffice us. We all know that one man's work is another man's play. At cricket the schoolboy plays and the professional works. The musician works at his instrument all day, and the man of business plays with his cello when *his* work is done. The material, in fact, is of no consequence whatever. That which we do because we must, or because we ought, is our work. When we are perfectly free we play. Our work may suit us so that we love it, but it is none the less our work.

We have heard a description by one outsider of a Kindergarten game, where freedom and originality had absolutely no scope, and—we disown it. Here is another and more recent account from the Pedagogical Seminary: "In the Kindergarten the plays are mechanical and forced; they exhibit little real spontaneity, little of childlike unconsciousness, nothing of *univerté*. The play is usually suggested in the first instance by the teacher, and each actor is rehearsed by constant dictation into his *rôle*, while the majority of children remain as mere spectators, or as 'wooden posts,' or 'trees,' or some suchlike objects which they would never dream of imitating, and all the while anxious to be chosen to play a part before the others that they may also have a turn to show off."

A game like this is a farce. We have not a good word to say for it. Far rather would we go back to the "three R's" and the sampler. But if such games are common in America or in England, which I hope is untrue, it is but common justice to inquire as to whether Froebel is really responsible for such a state of things. Long before he thought of the Kindergarten, it had occurred to Froebel

that play sometimes required guidance. But why? Simply because of the want of originality among so many children. The idea seems to have come to him as he was watching a group of children playing—but playing with so little zest that a bystander remarked: “It is strange to me that these boys cannot play. How vigorously we played at this age!” Then Froebel began to think what was wanting in the boy who could not play.

A well known song intended to celebrate Froebel’s birthday contains the lines :

He worked for us, he played with us,
He taught us how to play ;

and I must say I heartily sympathize with the small boy who refused to sing the last line on the ground that “no one had taught him to play.” But all children are not the same.

This ‘teaching to play’ sometimes excites much derision; but have those who deride the idea themselves made any study of children at play? No one in his senses can suppose that twenty or thirty minutes of Kindergarten games can take the place of free play with children of four to six or seven, who, after all, only spend three hours at school. And are all our children bright, original, and full of ideas? Alas! no. Long before Froebel’s day Locke had told anxious parents not to be too much distressed if their sons did not take kindly to lessons, but to watch their play; for the child who could not play was in a parlous state.

In her study of children’s plays, Miss Sisson classified the children she observed into four groups. First came the older boys, who, besides running and climbing, played imaginative games—hunters, store-keeping, policemen, &c.; secondly, the older girls, who played house or school; thirdly, the smaller children and more bashful older girls, in whose group there was some simple representative play and much aimless running about; lastly, a miscellaneous group, who had no special interest in life, or were too timid to show it. They seldom ran or exerted themselves; though they found the swing attractive.

Out of these four groups, then, only two—the older boys and the older girls—really played at all; and, of these two groups, Miss Sisson points out that they had leaders—an imaginative boy leading the representative games, and two unimaginative little girls with domestic and motherly traits leading the imitative games.

The fact is, most children *are* taught to play, not necessarily by an adult, but by each other. Traditional games and games with rules must perforce be taught. All Kindergarten teachers must know how the character of the children’s free play varies from term to term according to the characteristics of the leaders among them, and most have known a time when the games did not appear particularly desirable.

Play, Groos tells us, is to be regarded as preparation and practice for after life—a view which in no way contradicts Froebel. But if this is true, why should a group of children play “cross fathers and mothers” for a whole term? It was not exactly imitative play; for, when the little leader was asked if her mother scolded her constantly, she said, with much amusement: “Oh, no! I don’t remember that she ever did scold me.”

Another set of rather older children played charades during all their spare time. This may sound imaginative and original; but it was not. The charades consisted chiefly of two scenes, which were repeated day after day. It was either a class at school where the pupils were rude and unruly, or a mistress interviewing a pert servant-maid.

Was it Richter who said: “Play is a child’s first poetry”? It would be hard to find the poetry in such representations of cross mothers, unruly children, and impudent domestics. Would such children not be the better for some teaching to play? A good leader of their own age might suffice for those children; but what about the bashful and the listless—those who, to Miss Sisson, seemed to have no interest in life? Would any child leader take the trouble to encourage, to stimulate, and energize these? Why, the very cat

teaches her kittens to play and the Polar bear his cubs.

Another point which our critics, and especially the common-sense visitor, do not always take into consideration is the number of children we have to deal with. It seems rather absurd to contrast school games with the nursery Puss in the Corner, Blind Man's Buff, and Hide and Seek, or the more imaginative shipwreck and desert island, where, at most, half a dozen children are concerned. Transfer such games to any gathering of children—for example, a children's party—and the necessity for altering the kind of game at once becomes evident. And what would the children's party be without its leader, the father, uncle, or kindly family friend who plays Father Christmas, tells the story for the Family Coach, or, with a rug over his shoulders, acts the great bear, and sends the children flying round the room with shrieks of delighted laughter?

Then, if our numbers are too great, shall we as one critic suggests, leave games out altogether? The answer to that depends upon what we mean by a Kindergarten. To some, especially in America, it means "symbolic education." But that has not taken much hold in England. It may be far above our comprehension, it may be that we are too matter-of-fact, but a great deal of it sounds very like nonsense.

To me a Kindergarten means a place where the occupations natural to childhood are not only legitimized, but are treated with all the importance which really belongs to them, as the only true way of preparing human beings for life. "It is the prerogative of reason," says a modern psychologist, "to attain quickly and surely by conscious adaptation to what Nature will only reach blindly and slowly; perhaps not at all."

What is the use of all this modern inductive study of childhood, this attempt to find out how children of varying classes and ages tend to think and tend to develop? Is it not to show us the path along which, and along which alone, the human mind can travel? You

cannot cross Nature; you cannot break, but you can learn, her laws, and reach your end by following and obeying them. The child *must* develop according to his surroundings; but the surroundings, says Froebel, are the province of the educator. We must know what to provide and what to eliminate.

The most modern of educationists are those genetic and experimental psychologists who study not only children, but primitive men and animals, to find Nature's lines of development. Is not that exactly what Froebel meant when he said that education must follow, not prescribe?—a saying which has been interpreted by some wiseacres to mean that every individual child was to do precisely what he or she liked, "to gratify every youthful impulse," as an inspector of schools has recently put it.

Surely it is the universal instincts of childhood to which Froebel told us to trust, warning us most distinctly at the same time that in individual cases we *must* interfere, and interfere with severity if needful.

It is comforting to be able to say that one of the most modern psychologists—an experimental psychologist too in the schoolroom—Dr. Dewey, of Chicago, in his monograph on the Kindergarten, while advancing most steadily along the line of modern discoveries, does full justice to Froebel, separating from his best work the mere accidents due to time or nationality.

Without going into too much detail, then, what instincts, roughly speaking, does a normal child show? (1) He desires to use his hands, and does so in putty and mud-pies, with his mother's scissors and his father's paste pot; (2) he loves to keep pets and play with animals; (3) he begs for stories; (4) he plays games.

In our Kindergartens he finds the pets, the stories, and the handwork, and surely he should find the games—not necessarily the games which he can play in his nursery with two, three, or four children, but those by which he tends instinctively to prepare himself for life as a social being.

What games, then, fall under the head of Kindergarten games? Miss Blow tells us that the traditional game is to be our pattern, and that following it we are to present the child with typical experiences and symbolic games. But we are not all agreed that the symbolic game means anything to the children; and if it does, why should we tie ourselves down to one form of game? Froebel does not seem to have done so, and even if he did, would he not have been the first to say: "Copy my spirit, not my methods"? Did he not select and adapt his material from what he saw, and did he not accept with pleasure games suggested by other people?

I have heard one educational authority recommend the games of her childhood in preference to the Froebel games; but I think she had hardly considered the matter. There are not many of the really traditional games that we would care to introduce into our Kindergartens, valuable as they may be in other places. Many of them treat of subjects which we would think quite unsuitable for children to dwell on. Some of us must have played these games in our childhood with a complete misunderstanding of the meaning, if, indeed, we troubled about the meaning at all. But nowadays we do not want our children to sing and play unintelligently, and we should find it somewhat difficult to explain all their meanings. We do not wish our children to represent a mother who marries her daughter to the highest bidder; nor to act out the trials and death of a love-lorn maiden; and in these days of co-education most of us would object to the very marked and constant reference to sex.

We can partly supply the place of traditional games by our ring games, such as Froebel suggests in the "Pedagogics," where the children form stars, wreaths, crowns, &c. But these games leave out the dramatic tendency which is so strong in children. Games which supply this element are our Nature games and our trade games. Games in which the children imitate the various human activities have their counterpart in traditional

games, and cannot by any means be called unnatural. And yet Froebel's trade games are condemned for what seems an extraordinary reason, because, in addition to the mere imitation of carpenter, shoemaker, &c., he would add words suggesting the dignity of labour, respect for the skilled hand and careful work, or a reminder of the social dependence of man upon man. Can it possibly be called false and out of place in playing a postman game to call attention to the fact that, week in, week out, in all kinds of weather, the postman must do the work which gives us so much pleasure; or, in playing shoemaker, to emphasize the duty of good honest workmanship? We can only suppose that exception has really been taken to the absurd overdoing of moral lessons in the wrong place, as when one writer on clay modelling suggests that when the children model a half sphere, they should have a dissertation on half-done work!

The dramatic element is perhaps most closely associated with our Nature games, and here again opinions differ. It has been said and quoted that children left to themselves do not play Nature games. I hope there are many here who can contradict that statement. My own experience is that such games are perfectly spontaneous with imaginative children, and that one such child is enough to start the rest. In their desire to make their Nature-play true to life, the children ask all sorts of questions. "Can lions climb trees?" "Do hedgehogs lay eggs?" "Do walruses swim fast or slow?" have all been asked in playtime, although there had been no lesson, nor even suggestion, about lions, hedgehogs, or walruses.

One day in free play all the children were imitating animals. The very little ones were birds in a nest, and most of the others appeared to be frogs; but one very well-groomed little fellow was moving in such a curious way that I asked: "You're not a frog are you, Vernon?" "Oh, no," he said, in a most business-like tone, "I'm not a frog; I'm a flea!"

I have seen nests constructed both on the ground and in a tree, and a father and mother

bird sitting on stones, hospitably inviting passers-by to "Come into our nest, there's plenty of room." One small group were playing quietly and unnoticed in a corner of the garden one day, when suddenly one of them rose with a wriggle and startled us by proclaiming: "I want to burst, I want to burst." She was the dragon-fly grub in Kingsley's "Water Babies," and before that she had never been taught to dramatize a story.

Instances might be multiplied to any extent. Pierre Loti writes that he and a little girl friend spent two delightful summers in playing the drama of caterpillar and butterfly, crawling about looking for leaves, hiding and sleeping with their heads under their pinafores, and emerging as butterflies. A child of four has been known to represent the blossoming and withering of a flower, crouching down and rising slowly, spreading her arms in the sun, singing to herself all the time, then slowly drawing herself together, shrinking, collapsing, and falling as dead. She did not know she was watched, and repeated her performance several mornings before the pier glass in her mother's bedroom, while the mother pretended to be asleep.

The reason for such Nature games is not hard to find; it is the same as for other representative games. It is Froebel's explanation, but is actually accepted by the *Pedagogical Review*—viz., that children learn by their muscles. A child who wanted to copy a drawing of a man in a particular position threw herself into the required position, then went to work with her pencil, saying, "Now I know how it feels." A lady, who was walking with a child of five close behind a paralytic man, was horrified when the child suddenly ran in front of the poor man, imitating his walk, and calling out, "Look, Auntie! this is how he does it!" "What a child imitates," says Froebel, "he begins to understand." "He apperceives," as Eby says, "with his muscles."

Judging from statistics, children do not seem to imitate Nature so much as they imitate human beings. But is that any reason why

they should not learn to imitate, and so observe, admire, and love, Nature? Are not birds, butterflies, and walruses preferable to cross mothers and impudent maids? That Nature games lead to closer observation we all know. "This is how a leaf does in the wind. I saw one blow a little way, then lie down, then blow a little farther, then flop down again." "I can show you how a rainbow goes now, for I saw one last night, but I couldn't count its colours, so I asked Daddy?" "I can do a caterpillar, for I watched how it humped itself up, and I practised in my bedroom"—are all the after-effects of Nature games, and were contributed with no more desire to show off than when in free play the walrus must swim fast or slow, as he does in real life.

There is one point which the writers of our Nature plays might learn from the traditional games, and that is the virtue of simplicity in words and music. Brevity is also a desirable quality. When a traditional game has many verses, it is sure to consist largely of choruses or repetition; and no traditional play is dependent on the presence of an instrument.

A common difficulty in a Kindergarten is that in singing games the children are not always inclined to sing. This is sometimes accounted for by saying that we require impossibilities, as, for instance, expecting the children to sing and dance at the same time. Is that any difficulty in traditional games? Does any child keep silence in "Looby loo" or "Ring a ring of roses"? Perhaps the real reason is that we are departing too far from the good old paths of simplicity, and getting, if not too dramatic, at least too complex. A little boy leading the shoemaking game one day told us to put the pegs in our mouths as the men do, and when we said, "Then we can't sing," he rejoined crushingly, "Then don't sing!" When the game is very dramatic, the children sometimes watch with so much earnestness that they forget to sing. But we ourselves would very much resent being forced to sing an explanatory chorus when we wanted to enjoy the acting in "Julius Caesar."

Sometimes games take the form of a

dramatized story, and perhaps if this was carried further, the singing games might remain more simple. This brings us to another point often urged against our games—that there are only a few principal parts, the remainder of the children joining to form a pond, or a field, &c., or acting trees and flowers. But under what circumstances in play or in life can every actor have the best part? In free play the most masterful child takes the best part and keeps it. In Kindergarten play this young person has her turn; but so has the less clever and the less pushing; and “It is not your turn” is one of the arguments which appeal most forcibly to children.

Most Kindergarten teachers will, I think, be content to abide by the verdict of the children as to the enjoyability of our games *when they are games*. “I hope Jack is learning to read,” says the mother; “when I ask him what he does, I hear of nothing but games.” “What do we do next? Is it games?” is a frequent question, followed by a vigorous clapping of hands if the guess is right. And the mournful “Is that the end?” which comes at the close of a story is quickly changed to “Oh, how lovely!” when the teacher can answer: “Yes, that’s the end; but it’s games time now.”

I cannot speak of every variety of game, but must pass on to the question of what good the children can gain from such games as we can give them in school. First and foremost, it seems to me, comes social training, and, as a part of that, the cultivation of originality and freedom of expression. Other manifest advantages are the bodily exercise and activity—an exercise which is happy and free, not fixed and formal as in drill and marching. There is a certain amount of æsthetic training; there is rhythm, and the grace of freedom in movement, and a quickened observation. But it is easy to err in the direction of the Kindergarten manuals, laughed at in one magazine article for claiming ten distinct educational virtues for paper-folding. “Why stop at ten?” says the writer. “Why not add, ‘11. Stenography. 12. Cooking?’”

So we will make social training cover as much as we can, and the first thing in social training is to make individuals. The game, then, which is entirely the work of the teacher, and where the children are mechanical puppets in her hands, is not in accordance with the spirit of the Kindergarten. It is absolute treason to the founder of the Kindergarten, whose aim, stated over and over again, was to enable each individual to express the best that is in him. We cannot voluntarily subordinate ourselves for the benefit of others until we have discovered that we *are* selves, and a child learns what he is only by what he does.

I do not know that we are all agreed on the point of who is to make the game; but there is no doubt in my own mind. If the children are allowed free scope, they are usually equal to the position. The game may not be as graceful, as spectacular, as when planned by the teacher; but it will be a game, and not a show. “If,” says Mrs. Wiggin, “any teacher has taught a game which may, with justice, be called ‘cute’ by an ignorant onlooker, let her commit it to oblivion on the moment, and pray that her sins may be forgiven her.”

In speaking of the games of older boys, Froebel mentions the social virtues they may foster, such as justice, courage, self-control, loyalty, prudence, besides forbearance and consideration for the younger and weaker. Many of these can be initiated by Kindergarten games. If self-control is not developed, the game does not fulfil one of Froebel’s essentials. That a child shall express his ideas, Froebel says, is essential, because through that he comes to self-knowledge and self-mastery. Public-school men tell us that games promote the sense of union with others to an extraordinary degree, and, young as our children are, they are not too young to feel the “all together” spirit.

Another point public-school men give us is the wonderful training given to the captains; and in a very humble and tentative way I should like to mention that in our own Kinder-

garten, in order to make our games more really games, we try to make the necessary discipline come from a captain chosen from the children. When we first began this, the captain thought he was elected for his own benefit, and chose the games he liked best; but a little conversation as to why a captain was needed made that clear. The post of captain is one of honour. He is chosen for the week, and has to live up to his position. The necessity for obedience becomes evident when disobedience to one's own authority has been experienced. The captain helps the backward, keeps order, and chooses the different parts, the teacher keeping as much as possible in the background.

All children do not make good captains, but the training is more necessary for such than for those to whom it seems to come naturally, and the best captains are not always the brightest children. Girls and boys command equally well and equally badly.

As to the correct way to lead a Kinder-

garten game, surely no hard and fast method need be followed. Some teachers never play a game twice the same way, but if games really teach obedience to law, it seems doubtful whether it is right to change "the rules of the game" so frequently. We must think out our own plans. We cannot slavishly follow A. or B.; we cannot, if we are true Froebelians, slavishly follow even Froebel. We would be shocked at the idea of hurting the individuality of our children, but we are not always careful of our own. As a body, we are too much inclined to let other people do our thinking for us. We are no true Froebelians unless we learn while we teach. If new discoveries show us that we are on the wrong track, we must move on as Froebel did, and as he would do now if he were here. It is a poor compliment to a reformer to turn his methods into iron bands to stop the progress of free thought.

Miss M. E. NUTH, of the Camden House Training College, then opened the discussion in the following speech:—

The Kindergarten game should grow out of the child's own life. It should be a living over again of some of the events or ideas in which he is interested. This being so, should it not be, more often than it is, home-made? It is not easy always to find a game in a book that exactly appeals to the interest of the moment; and consequently, I am afraid, there is sometimes a tendency to adapt the child to the game rather than the game to the child. I am thinking especially of town children. So many of the interesting sights and sounds of their everyday life are never touched upon in the game-books. There are very few games, for instance, as far as I know, about street-life. I have never come across a game about omnibuses, or cabs, or policemen, or carriers, or many another of the delightful things or people that London children play about by themselves.

Why should we not enlist the children's co-operation, and get them to suggest what they

would *like* their games to be about? Why should the teacher always choose the game to be taught? Children invent such original and such thrillingly exciting games when left alone, that we should find their help invaluable in the organized play of the Kindergarten. Watching them at their free play is one way of getting good ideas for Kindergarten games, and of discovering what thoughts are uppermost in their minds.

I remember in our own school, after the summer holidays, when some of the children had been to the seaside and had learnt to swim, the favourite free play was saving people from drowning. A corner of the room was the sea, a few chairs put together made the boat; the storm and the dreadful shipwreck resulting from it were imagined, and the unfortunate passengers had to be saved by people swimming out from shore and pulling them to land. This game was played, day after day, with the greatest delight, by a party of young transition children, who had, of course, made it up by themselves. At another time the favourite free play in the Kindergarten room was trying to dash across the road without being caught by the carts and carriages that were sup-

posed to be driving furiously up and down. The game was so real while it lasted that the smaller children never dared to venture across the room alone. The bigger children would take the little ones by the hand, watch anxiously for the right moment, then race across and arrive triumphantly on the other side. Noticing how much pleasure this seemed to give them, a real Kindergarten game was organized on the same plan. It was called "The Baker Street Game"; there were horses and carriages, a crossing-sweeper, and a mother and children out for a walk, and the whole was set to words and tune. It was just a little bit of the real life of the children dramatized and made more definite and conscious to them. It was more orderly than the free play had been, but seemed to give quite as much pleasure.

Froebel tells us, in his "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten," how one of his games arose in a similar way. He noticed that the children were much attracted by a pillar which stood in the middle of the playroom, to support the ceiling. They would rush to it in their free play time, put their arms round it, and swing round and round, shouting with delight. As all the children were gradually drawn to join in the game, a more-orderly play was invented, which satisfied them perfectly, and took in all, from the oldest to the youngest. A few children—six or eight—grasped the pillar with their right hands, and held fast; their left hands were grasped by other children, and theirs again by others, so that the whole looked like a wheel. Then the children moved round—slowly at first, and gradually more and more quickly—taking care that the wheel shape was never spoilt. Later they sang a song about a mill-wheel as they moved, and from this grew up a whole series of wheel and mill games.

This illustrates one reason why a Kindergarten game must be organized. It is in order that a larger number may join in it. Directly many join together for a common purpose there comes in the necessity for law and order. There need be no lessening of pleasure; in fact, the pleasure is often increased by the inspiring feeling of being one of many. But there is another reason why ordered play should alternate with free play, given us by Mr. Earl Barnes in his "Studies in Education." He says: "After an hour of un-organized play with his comrades, where he has been distracted and tired with all the conflicting impulses of the little group, the child turns with

relief to 'Here come three drakes a-roving,' and insists on its being played with perfect fidelity to every detail. This gives him balance, rest, and freedom for self-realization in some special parts of his nature." Perhaps this feeling of rest and support, arising from a sense of law and from the teacher's presence, may account partly for the child's enjoyment of Kindergarten games.

Ideas for games may well arise, too, out of the Nature-lessons. To give an instance, again, from my own experience:—The children had been examining different kinds of fruits during the autumn months, and had noticed that some had wings to fly with, some had hairs, some hooks, to help them in distributing their seeds. All these various ideas were gathered up finally into a game, in which the children themselves were the fruits, and flew like thistledown, or fluttered like the sycamore, or fell to the ground like the acorn. The idea of the game in this case was taken from *Child Life*, but the game itself was made by children and teacher together. Their knowledge of these fruits and their modes of distribution is distinctly clearer and more definite for having been represented dramatically, and they were much interested in having a game on the very same topics as the Nature-lesson.

So with regard to the ordinary Natural phenomena of rain and wind and sun. It is good for the children to notice these and think of them, and care about them. They are not old enough yet to learn about them very scientifically, but they can personify them in their games, in the way the early races did in their legends, and so establish an intimate friendly feeling between themselves and the forces of Nature that is good and happy and right. There are plenty of games about wind, and a few about rain and snow, but we had never come across a game about fog; so in the dark November days, when the children came through fog and mist to school, we made a game about Mr. Fog, who made people lose their way in the street, and covered up the sun and made everything dark as night, and who, in his turn, was finally blown away by the strong wind. After this the greatest interest was taken in the weather every day, and the children watched eagerly to see whether the fog or the sun were going to have the best of it. The game stirred up their consciousness of the wonderful changes always taking place around them, and gave a completely new interest to the weather in their eyes.

There are plenty more subjects waiting to be

made into games—for instance, when winter is upon us, and we have snow in the streets, the "Crystal Game" suggested by Ruskin in his "Ethics of the Dust" would make a delightful play for transition children, who know something about the formation of snow-flakes, if some one would set it to words and music for us. Then there might be games about the various hibernating animals, the squirrel, the hedgehog, the bat, and others, and their winter habits; and, to come down to more prosaic subjects, games about street-life in the winter—sweeping the snow away, sweeping of crossings, lighting the street-lamps, and so on.

The lamplighter, the postman, Carter-Pater-son's man, the policeman, the omnibus-driver and conductor, the engine-driver and the guard, are all objects of admiration to town children, and surely their work is as admirable and as useful in its way as the work of the carpenter and blacksmith. Yet these two, with perhaps the addition of the wheelwright—whom our children have probably never seen—are almost the only workmen whom we honour by putting into a Kindergarten game. Here, then, is a gap waiting to be filled, and I believe one way of filling it will be for every Kindergarten teacher to set herself and her children to work to create, to originate, to invent, in the dominion of games, just as we all try to do in the occupations.

Children are often much less timid at inventing than adults.

I heard the other day of a little girl of five, an only child, taught at home by herself. She had just for the first time learnt a finger-play, and was very delighted with it. As soon as it was over she said: "Now *I* will make *you* one"; and immediately, without a moment's pause, invented a finger-play about a soldier. The soldier was represented by a finger held up very straight and erect; the sentry-box was the hand with the fingers bent over at the top. The soldier was made to march, to drill, to stand in his box, to walk backwards and forwards before it, and to do various other exercises which she had probably seen on some occasion; and all the time she was explaining the play in words. Here the whole thing was quite spontaneous—the subject, the actions, and words describing them. The *idea* of using the hands and fingers as means of representing thought was suggested to her, and out of this idea at once sprang a whole train in the little child's mind.

On another occasion the same child, after having learnt a piece of poetry, said *she* would like to make up some poetry, too, and began stringing words together quite in rhythm and generally in rhyme. When she was at a loss for a word, she made one up, so that her verse was perfectly rhythmic, but did not always make sense. But other and greater poets than she have done the same; so perhaps we need not consider this a serious fault.

This brings me to the point that there is no reason why the children should not help even in putting the words to their own games. If they did, we should have fewer of the stiff, unnatural, awkward expressions we find in some game-books. The children say straight out what they mean, and if they cannot all make actual verses like the little girl of whom I spoke, and who, I think, is probably exceptional, yet there will be sure to be some in the class who could suggest a few of the words they would like embodied in the game. Such a practice would add much to the interest in learning it. The teacher should accustom herself to make verses that shall be in good English, in good rhyme and rhythm, and that shall put her thoughts in as simple and natural and childlike a way as possible, so that she may be able to take up and make use of any ideas or expressions that the children may suggest. The readier the teacher is in this respect, the readier probably will the children be.

Perhaps quite young children could not do much to help in the making of the tune, but I have found children of seven or eight years quite capable of inventing melodies to given words. In one case a transition class had been learning Pippa's song by Browning, beginning "The year's at the spring, the day's at the morn," and one child said, "How pretty it would be if it were made into a song!" The teacher suggested that she should try and fit the words to a tune herself, and next day she came with one. It was not all her own; part of it was taken from a song which she had learnt before; but she had adapted and altered it to fit the new words, and had entirely composed one phrase. She sang it to the class, and the teacher wrote it down in tonic sol-fa on the blackboard. The result was pretty and melodious, and quite in harmony with the spirit of the words.

In consequence of this achievement, the rest of the class were inspired to try what they could do, and a new poem was chosen to be set to

music. Several children brought tunes to this, and each was written down on the board by the teacher. Finally the whole class decided which they liked best and why, and the tune chosen was learnt and sung with much pleasure by all, because they felt it was really their own.

I do not see why children should not be allowed to invent in this direction as well as in the direction of drawing and design. The power to sing is at least as common as the power to draw; the instrument—the voice—is easy to use, and it only needs, I believe, a little encouragement and help to make this kind of work as delightful and valuable as the other.

We give the children so little chance to invent, or originate, or create, although it is one of our fundamental principles that we should give them every possible chance. We hand them games ready-made, with words and tunes carefully fitted together. We certainly get them to suggest how they may be played, but why should they not help to *make* them themselves? I believe they would be much cleverer than we are.

I do not mean, of course, that we should *never* use games from books. That would be very foolish, when there are so many beautiful games now to be found, both in English and in American game-books—I would use these freely. But when you and your children are interested in some topic on which you cannot find a suitable game, do not hesitate to set yourself and the children together to invent one. It will probably be the most popular game of the term, because it will have grown up out of the needs of the moment and out of the children's own minds. I quite expect there may be some here who will not agree with me—who will say that children should hear and sing only *good* music, and that the words of the games should be literary works of art. This is quite true; yet, if the work of art is not put together from a child's point of view, if it does not fit his wants, if it is too far above him for him to understand, it is valueless to him *at present*. Far better and more educative will be the simple rhymes made up by mother or teacher on the spur of the moment. Just as a fine painting by a great master may mean much less to a little child than his own crude drawing, and is, therefore, of less value to him, so is it, I think, with the words and tunes of Kindergarten games. They must grow out of the children, or out of one who is in close sympathy with them and knows how to interpret their vague wishes. If

the teacher happens to have a musical and literary feeling too, so much the better; but sympathy and knowledge of children are the first essentials.

It is not only in our games, but in all the branches of our work, that we need this sympathetic, creative spirit. As the race grows and develops, so do its needs and its modes of expression; and what was right and fit for one generation may not be the best for the next.

It is our duty, as followers of Froebel, to see that our work progresses and keeps pace with the times, so that the Kindergarten may be, what we all hope it will be, a power and a force in the twentieth century.

MISS JANE DICKENS (Burgess Street Board School, Manchester) then said:—

Being a teacher of a Board school, perhaps, in one sense, I am an outsider. In all other respects I belong to the Kindergarten faculty, for no one sees the value and beauty of the Froebel system more clearly than I do, and no one has the interests and well-being of the children of the country more warmly at heart.

First impressions are often right. My first impression upon seeing Kindergarten games years ago was that many of them were rather artificial. This impression may have become modified, but I have never lost it. I quite realize the good that may be done to the children's characters by Kindergarten games—the comradeship, the friendliness, the self-denial, and the spirit of give-and-take that they foster and encourage; I appreciate fully the aid they may be to the training of the children's observation, by calling their attention to the different seasons, and the habits and modes of life of plants and animals; the good feeling that may be evoked by showing the dependence of one individual upon another in the community; and the valuable adjuncts they may become to a school by drawing together the threads of the different lessons taken during the day and week, and twining them into close union; but I have a fear that their value is in danger of being over-rated, and that they may occupy a too-important place in our already overcrowded time-tables. I feel that they may have a tendency to make the children somewhat artificial in their doings and sayings. Do the Kindergarten games tend to diminish the natural-

ness and spontaneity which should be the principal features in play? Do they increase the love of showing off, of taking a leading part, of doing and saying things for the sake of the effect produced?

I do not think the children are as natural as they would be if the play were of their own originating and inventing, and if they thought themselves unobserved. They try to be and to do what they think we, who are guiding their games, wish them to be and to do. Upon looking back at my own childhood, the charm of the play seems to have been the freedom from restraint and the absence of the adult element.

On the other hand, if the Kindergarten games are of such a nature that all the children are included and take equal, or nearly equal, parts; if, in short, what I call, for want of a better term, the theatrical or showing-off element is eliminated, I know of no part of the school syllabus that gives more pleasure to the little ones, or is more productive of good feeling in their relations with each other and with their teachers.

If this is the case with the children of the Kindergartens, the children of the better classes, who are considered and made much of at home, and who, as a rule, have bright and happy lives, of how much more value would suitable Kindergarten games be to the children of the working and poorer classes? These children form by far the greater proportion of the child population in our country. They are the scholars in our Board and voluntary schools. They have no nurseries and no playrooms. In the fields and lanes of the rural districts the children are not so badly off, but in our large cities there is *no place* for the children but the streets. It is among these little ones that I have been working ever since my girlhood. I know the conditions under which they live; I know their needs and requirements. It is these children who require showing *how* to play. Their play lacks imagination; they do not often invent a new game. They do not imitate (as much as one would suppose) what is going on around them. At least this is the case in their collective games. They have not many toys, that is to say, manufactured toys; and perhaps this is no loss to them. If they are not inventive in their games, they certainly are in their toys, for they can turn the most useless objects into playthings. It is a remarkable fact that, although the ball is generally considered to be the child's first play-

thing, these children seldom play with it. Big boys and girls may occasionally play with balls, but amongst our little ones they are rarely seen.

If by some means Kindergarten games could be adapted to the large classes of elementary schools, a boon would be conferred upon both teachers and scholars. It is an easy matter to play games where classes number ten, fifteen, or, at most, twenty, and where a room is set apart for them. But it is a more difficult thing—an *almost impossible thing*—where classes number forty, fifty, and sixty, or even more, and where space is limited, and school-rooms overcrowded. As far as I can see at present, nothing is possible but action songs and finger-plays under these conditions.

I have come here to-day in the hope that some help may be given to us, elementary teachers, in this particular matter. We are often told that we are Code-bound, narrow, and mechanical in our work. This may be the case with some of us; but I can assure you that most of us are not only willing, but anxious, to adopt those methods which will brighten and benefit the lives of our little ones.

Many of our class teachers are studying now for the Froebel Certificate. There is a growing desire in Manchester and the district around it to teach the children in elementary schools upon Kindergarten lines.

I know there are some present who would do all in their power to spread Froebelian teaching through the elementary schools. Perhaps those who have done so much to make Kindergartens delightful to the children of the better classes will turn their thoughts to the needs of these little ones. It will be many years before the conditions of the schools can be altered sufficiently to make the present games possible. Cannot these games be modified, or new ones invented, so as to help the teachers, and through them benefit and delight thousands of the little ones of our country?

Mrs. KIMMINS (Sister Grace) said: I cannot quite understand why I have been called upon to speak at all this morning, because I cannot claim to be a professional teacher, in any sense of the word. I think it can only be because I have been connected with the Children's Guild of Play at the Bermondsey University Settlement. That Guild, I believe, started about five years ago, and was founded to see whether we could replace the rude rough horseplay of the Bermondsey courts

and alleys by organizing happy, useful, and, at the same time, distinctly attractive play. If I tell you very briefly the history of that movement, I must leave it to you to decide whether the result has been satisfactory. The children there were apparently painfully unimaginative; their play was of the coarsest. As the workers of the Settlement moved on they were pained by the utter unchildlikeness of those children. In the early days of this movement one child came to me and said: "Let us play fathers and mothers blind drunk; and I'll be father, and come home blind drunk, and whack mother—shall I?" That was their idea of play. Isn't it horrible? We soon altered that, as far as we could. We knew that in their own homes the children had nothing to play with and nowhere to play. Their playground was the streets. And what chance do you suppose our Bermondsey streets offer for anything that is clean and pure and beautiful? We worked from the first in co-operation with the head mistresses of the Board schools. We are there to try and supplement the excellent day-school training with something of play in the evening; and so for that purpose we hired two halls, and we gathered together every night some of these children. The evening is divided into three parts—fairy tales, songs, and games; and the games we take are those traditional games collected and edited by Mrs. Gomme, whose absence I sincerely deplore. Those games we believe in most strongly. There is no time for me to say why; but we believe in them for many reasons, and we believe, I think we may say, in the whole collection entirely. The children love them. Street children, our little Bermondsey children, are nothing if not dramatists. They dramatize everything; and I cannot agree with the previous speakers who say that they have not many ideas. The only fault we have to find is that their ideas clash with ours. There is a church at the bottom of the street where the Settlement stands, with stone steps, and upon those steps they play. They play at imaginary treats; they play at fights, the latest murders, the latest police-court tragedies; and now, I am glad to say, they chiefly play over again what we have done at the previous week's play. The children have caught the spirit of the beautiful games; they like the beautiful words of the songs, the lilting music, and the clean melodies which we are so careful to choose, because we think nothing too good for them. And the fairy

tales they revel in. They repeat them again, with a little bit invented upon those same church steps, but, of course, they get strangely mangled. When we took a rough census before last Christmas of the songs they liked best, Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" came out at the top. The games we play interest the children a great deal. We have to think of these children who come to us week by week as future citizens; half fed, scantily clothed, with no happiness to think of at home—these are the children who are to be the men and women of the twentieth century, and so we want to teach them as much as we can through play. I think we understand their games. Mrs. Gomme was with me last week, and she asked me to take some of the children to take part in the Mansion House Ball. The Lady Mayoress, who is interested in the work, was keen on having a few of the children at the Mansion House Ball. I knew Mrs. Gomme would not want a hard-set form; I knew she wanted the children to play their games just as they play them at the Guild of Play. I went up to Bermondsey, gathered the children together, and quite simply and orderly they went through the simple little programme they will give to-night. No doubt people in that audience will think we have been rehearsing for months. I cannot help that; we know they have not. It is pleasure to them to go through the simple organized play of the Settlement; it is pleasure to them to mimic the street-fight they saw last Saturday night. We supplement a great deal of this by our country holiday work. We could not do much in Bermondsey unless we could show the children some of the beauties of the country. Although we have not our own country cottage yet, every year we send hundreds and hundreds away; and sometimes we take with us fifty, sixty, seventy of those who are not eligible to other funds. I have an idea that children are only naughty when unhappy. I know our naughtiest children are not naughty in the country. Last year we were away three months, and we did not have to punish one during the whole of that time. I think every one of those children except three were children who had been refused by other holiday societies. They were good with us because they were happy and busy the whole of the live-long day. I would like to say one word with regard to originality, which I think these games bring out strongly. There is no doubt the fairy-tales and games foster the imagination. If you

could see the children listening to the fairy-tales and see how they enter into the spirit of them, I think you would no longer have any doubt. With regard to the steps and dances, some of the very prettiest items of our May Day and Yuletide programmes, when we invite the friends of the children and our own friends, have been the pure and simple inventions of the children themselves. A delightful little dance of last May Day was the invention of a little child of eleven. People who were experts said they could not forget it. It was simply Nellie's invention, worked out on the pavement; we all liked it, and it is now one of our regular steps. Prof. Barnes has often visited the Guild of Play, and he has fully endorsed most of the methods we have used. He is, of course, most keen on the development of the imaginative side of the children and the development of the original side, and he sees the future which lies before children. Children, I might say, are very, very big in their views of things; children always are, if they are allowed to be children. And when we appeal to them about such things as choice for certain parts—we never have any parts at the Festival—the children always choose who shall be old Roger So-and-so. We have no rewards at the Guild of Play; we have no punishments; we have no buns or oranges, or anything of that kind; and we have nothing in the setting out of the room which is different from the child's own surroundings. We simply enter the door, and there is a big bare room. We want the children to feel that what they can do with us they can do in their own rooms. It would be no use to give them conditions they can only have when with us. We know they go away and tie the strings to the lamp-posts and play and practise the May-day steps. They dance in a little court behind the Settlement—any one can see them—just as they play at the Guild of Play—the same play, the same step, in every way, except they lack the little cap and the little over-all, which is in order to make them feel it is like a party. These things may seem slight; I think not, if we consider well. We have worked now for five years among them. Many of the children who were with us at the start are now members of the Girls' Club. We never lose sight of them; they are ours for ever. The beautiful part is that when we change the children and take fresh ones we have to teach them very little of the old games; they have learnt them from their sisters. The reason we exclude boys is

solely because the boys' work is so excellently done by others. I have to take girls. I have only had time to touch on these points, but I wanted to prove that there is a distinctly educative side to this kind of play, if these words of Robert Louis Stevenson are true:

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places,
That was how in ancient ages
Children grew to kings and sages.

We have no grassy places in Bermondsey: children there are little men and women at twelve years of age. As soon as they can toddle they must begin to share in life's responsibilities. Therefore, we attempt, if only for one night in the week, to get them with us to make them little children again, keep them little children, and fill their minds with real child's play. And surely we may claim this: If we lure forth ideals, if we kindle the imagination, if we keep children real children, if we look forward with big views and work through our play to these views, surely it may be called education.

Mrs. SHAW (Church Street Board School, Stoke Newington) agreed with the former speakers that, if they would enter into a child's mind, they must themselves become humble. Play was the most complete way in which a child could express itself, and by which it received its most important early education. Children loved to imitate the life and scenes around them, and for that reason she thought that children in densely populated neighbourhoods did not enter with so much zest into a Nature game. If they were allowed to choose, it was probable that a 'bus game or a train game would appeal most to them. An instance of this occurred the other day, when it was snowing. Some of the elder girls had been sent into the hall to play at anything they liked, and the speaker thought that the snow would probably suggest a Nature game. They started "Jenny is a-weeping," however, and Mrs. Shaw hazarded the suggestion that there might be some meaning in that old jingle which older people did not understand. She spoke of the great pleasure the babies in her school took in dramatizing the old nursery rhymes, such as "Little Bo-Peep" and "Little Boy Blue," and she thought there was something subtle and mysterious in those rhymes which appealed to the child's imagination. If a game could not be found to fit in with the child's environment, she quite agreed with Miss Nuth

that the children themselves should be led² to suggest one.

Miss BLOXAM (Surbiton High School) reminded Miss Dickens that one of the greatest features of Kindergarten games was the corporate spirit they engendered; and if there was a captain, as Miss Murray had suggested, it helped the children to form a sort of self-government. She thought that Miss Dickens did not quite understand the attitude which the teacher took in Kindergarten games. The teacher led only by virtue of her having more power of character, as it were; she was merely a child among children. As regards the difficulty of introducing games into the Board schools, she could not see why the large playgrounds could not be used for this purpose when the weather permitted.

In replying to points raised in the discussion, Miss MURRAY pointed out that, much as she approved of the children arranging their own games, there were two sides to the question of letting them make their own words and music. Though Prof. Dewey lets his children make up their own songs, and Prof. Earl Barnes warns us not to go too far in front of a child's capacity and taste, still many others would say that the development of a child's taste is hindered by the presentation of poor verses and poor music. The children could not be expected to make good verses and good music for themselves. It was true that in many Kindergarten games good verses were chiefly conspicuous by their absence; but better days were dawning, now that more people understood what was wanted. As long as large classes of young children existed games would always be a difficulty in elementary schools. The Guild of Play offered at least one solution by making use of the best of the traditional games, which have a settled form and in which many may join. If a hall could be used, a good teacher might be able to superintend several groups of children all playing the same game, though not necessarily in exactly the same way. Large classes might also be divided, and the children might take it in turns to play and to look on.

Mrs. POLKINGHORNE (Page's Walk Board School, Bermondsey) said that she worked in an elementary school in Bermondsey, and appealed to the Froebel Society for help in introducing more play into London Board schools. That

could only happen, however, when they could have smaller classes to deal with. Mrs. Kimmins' Guild of Play was delightful, but its scope was very limited. As regards the suggestion made by one lady that Kindergarten games should be taught in the playgrounds, it was impossible to do so in her case, as it was opposite a railway station, and the noise was deafening. She was delighted to hear from the speakers that morning that the methods of Froebel were not to be imitated so much as his spirit. She had not found this to be the case with every so-called Froebelian teacher. She had often wondered whether they need go quite so far away as Froebel to learn how to teach to-day. Had they no inventive spirit? Could they not take his *principles*, and discover for themselves what was best fitted to the needs of present-day children? Inspectors of schools, who understood little about Froebelian ideas, were much to blame for the present state of affairs, she thought. With regard to games, she discovered that the words and tune were merely used as a means of starting the rhythm and of keeping it up. The action, not the words, was what appealed to them, as they very often danced round without understanding in the least the words they sang. Mrs. Polkinghorne concluded by again urging the Froebel Society to co-operate with elementary-school teachers in missionary work among the children of the poorer classes.

Mrs. WALTER WARD, in summing up what had been said, remarked that the general opinion seemed to be that play should be of two kinds, organized and free. She herself in her own school had conducted the free play of eighty to a hundred children, and had learned a great deal by watching it. They should be proud, as Englishwomen, of the *esprit de corps* fostered by Kindergarten games, and, later on, by cricket and football. Many people, especially grown-up people, had to be taught to play, and she thought it was very good for them. As regards Kindergarten games, the language should be simple and accurate, such as a child can learn. There were many traditional games, however, which were ethically wrong, and which she hoped no one would teach. Miss Nuth's idea about original games was an excellent one; and Mrs. Ward suggested that the "Fireman" might be included among those she mentioned. Miss Dickens had spoken of the danger of showing off, but, as a matter of fact, children "showed off" in the

dancing-class, in the gymnasium, and in the swimming-bath, but it did not necessarily follow that they were conceited, as they knew they had to go through a considerable amount of practice before they could be successful. Mrs. Ward said she could not speak too highly of the noble work done by elementary teachers; and the Froebel Society would only be too glad to give them any help and encouragement in its power. She was delighted with Mrs. Kimmins's remarks on educative play. The net result of such education must, however, be taken on trust; you could not show the effect on the character of a child. Miss Murray had said she was undecided whether children should be taught only the best poetry. Mrs. Ward thought that both good poetry and doggerel had their own places in the education of children, as little rhymes about

things they were familiar with were much enjoyed by very young people. She emphasized the fact that repetition was a great delight to children; they enjoyed playing the same game over and over again. As regards what Mrs. Polkinghorne had said about inspectors of schools, Mrs. Ward reminded those present that this was a question that the public could chiefly decide for itself when the School Board elections came round. One point she had left to the last, and that was as to the question of introducing realistic games into the Kindergarten. All Froebelian teachers should invent games of their own, and help the children to invent them; but she would recommend them first to read, mark, and inwardly digest Froebel's remarks on good taste in the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A Criticism of Froebelian Pedagogy.

THE Chair was taken by Mr. C. G. MONTEFIORE, Chairman of the Council of the Froebel Society, who said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—As we have a pretty heavy programme, I think it is as well we should start punctually, and I do not mean to keep you more than half a minute from Mr. Graham Wallas, who needs no introduction at my hands. You all know the famous lines of the great poet about desiring that some god would give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us. That seems to me to apply not only to us as individuals, but also to followers of particular systems and followers of particular philosophies, and, therefore, when I heard some time ago that Mr. Wallas had various criticisms and objections to make to Froebel's system, or to some of the systems which are pro-

duced in his name at the present time, it struck me that it would be of great advantage if we could get Mr. Wallas to speak to us on the subject. This has been a matter of some difficulty, and the negotiations have ranged over a considerable period of time; but I am glad to say we have at last run him to earth, and we have got him, and I have no doubt he will have much which is of interest to tell us, and which will provoke criticism. The substance of Mr. Wallas's paper will be printed in our Magazine, so that many of us will be able to study it at home. We all know the work which Mr. Wallas has done and is doing at the London School Board, and consequently there is no need for me to say anything further than to ask him at once to read the paper which he has been kind enough to prepare for us on the subject.

Mr. GRAHAM WAGLAS, of the London School Board, then read the following paper:—

Mr. Chairman. It is a good rule that when one is about to criticize any part of the work of a great man, one should begin by expressing gratitude for his work taken as a whole; and, therefore, with your leave, I will begin by expressing my personal gratitude for the main result of Froebel's long and self-sacrificing life. I thank him for having done so much to introduce happiness activity, and love into our schools for young children; but especially I would thank him for having helped to bring the science of education into closer relation with the science of life. Prof. Withers pointed out to me the other day that most of the educational writers before Froebel used metaphors for their science derived from the mechanical arts—they were either moulding clay, or building with stones, or drawing upon white paper; but, since Froebel's time, and, to a certain extent, because of Froebel's work, the metaphors are now all drawn from life, and it is as superintending the growth of living things that we who are engaged in education, either as teachers or administrators, have come to look at the task before us.

Now, in transferring teaching from a mechanical to a biological art, Froebel was, of course, largely aided by the time in which he lived. We often speak as if the great question as to the origin and nature of species in living things was first raised by Darwin's work in the middle of the nineteenth century. As a matter of fact, there was an earlier period of intense mental activity on that point, roughly coincident with the first twenty years or so of that century. One only has to mention the names of Schelling, Oken, Lamarek, and Krause—names which are now, to most of us in this room, somewhat shadowy, and which, perhaps, recall to us encyclopædia articles and chapters in histories of philosophy rather than much personal reading of their books—to realize that there was then an important body of men inquiring most keenly into the questions: What is the relation between the individual

living thing and the species to which it belongs; and, especially, what is the relation between one species and another? For his share in that enquiry the circumstances of Froebel's life admirably equipped him. He was no mere book student of these things. In his early youth he had lived in the forest, and had had to think of the forest animals and trees not as stuffed or dried specimens or as names in catalogues, but as beings with a life and character of their own; and, later on, as the keeper of a museum, he had gained a rather extensive acquaintance with some sections, at any rate, of natural science. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that what Froebel says about biology, and particularly about the great speculative questions concerned with the origin of species, often has a curiously modern sound for one who comes to it fresh from reading the mid-century controversies. For instance, Froebel points out that the seeds of vegetables are, in their structure, extremely like the very simplest animals; that is to say, that, at its beginning, all life, animal and vegetable, is almost the same; and he goes on to say: "Thus, inasmuch as the law of the individual part is repeated in the whole, the totality of all mundane forms, although but a small part of the great universe, is, nevertheless, relatively a great individual organized and organic whole. The animals, too, constitute, again, a great organic whole—seemingly one living form."* And one feels the significance of his reference to "the remains of perished ages," the species which died and whose remains did so much to guide inquirers like Lyell and afterwards Darwin. Or, again, he points out the curious likeness and unlikeness of "the arm and hand of a man and the wing of a bird," and observes that "the caterpillar, the butterfly, and other insects in form and colour are connected with the plants to which they seem to belong . . . this external resemblance serves to protect the animals."†

* "The Education of Man" (Hailmann's translation), page 195.

† *Ibid.*, page 312.

Now, in looking at this problem—the diversity and unity within each species and the relation of species among themselves—the early speculative biologists, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were almost compelled, by the facts which they observed, to conclude that the formation, the development, the evolution (to use our own word) of both individuals and species came from within. They thought that each individual, since it developed from within, required only freedom and nourishment to attain perfection according to the law of its species. Especially did their observation of plants, which grew to such symmetrical perfection if left with sun and air in a properly situated plot, and of crystals, which were apparently formed from within by their own inner law, convince them that their theory of evolution from within had been thoroughly established. And Froebel added to the evidence his own sympathetic knowledge of the unfolding of the instincts, both in the young of animals and in the young of man. Let me read to you that with which you must all be familiar—the eloquent passage in which Froebel, at the beginning of that chapter from “The Education of Man” which he calls “The Foundation of the Whole,” explains his philosophy in this matter. He says:

We must presuppose that the still young human being, even though as yet unconsciously, like a product of Nature, precisely and surely wills that which is best for himself, and, moreover, in a form quite suitable to him, and which he feels within himself the disposition, power, and means to represent. . . . So the young duckling hastens to the pond and into the water; while the chicken scratches in the earth, and the young swallow catches his food on the wing, and rarely touches the earth. . . . We give time and space to young plants and young animals, knowing that they then beautifully unfold and grow well in conformity with the laws which act on each individual; we let them rest, and strive to avoid powerfully interfering influences upon them, knowing that these influences disturb their pure unfolding and healthy development. But the young human being is to man a piece of wax, a lump of clay, from which he can mould what he will. Men, who wander through your fields, gardens, and groves, why do you not open your minds to receive what Nature in dumb speech teaches you? Look at the plants which you call weeds, and which, grown up here compressed and constrained, scarcely permit one to guess at their inner symmetry; but look at them in free space, in field and flower-bed, and see what a symmetry, what a pure life they show, harmonizing in

all parts and expressions! A regular sun, a radiating star of the earth springs up.*

Or, again, speaking of the child, he says: “All his activities, all his will, must proceed from and refer to the development, the improvement, and representation of the inner.”†

Now this conception of the whole world as the expression of the inner will, the inner law of each thing and of the whole, produced an enthusiasm and an exhilaration of spirit among the transcendental biologists who wrote during Froebel's early life greater, I think, than that recorded of any other purely philosophical movement of which I have read. It seemed that if men would only be humble, if they would only stand aside and allow Nature's own law to work itself out, there would be revealed a radiantly simple answer to all the most difficult problems of human life. “Let us then follow Nature,” they said, “let us”—to use Froebel's words—“gain firmness from the conviction that Nature must necessarily have not only an outward general cause, but an inward acting cause (recognizable even in the smallest detail),”‡ and let us be sure that “the vigorous and complete development and cultivation of each following stage, rests upon the vigorous complete and individual development of each preceding stage of life.”§

Froebel, as you know, died in 1852. Seven years later, in 1859, the whole science of biology was revolutionized by the publication of Charles Darwin's “Origin of Species,” and to me it is very interesting to wonder what would have happened had Froebel lived and maintained his mental activity for another ten years, or, had Darwin been possessed of stronger health and had he published, as he easily might have done, his book ten years earlier. What would so patient a student of Nature, so candid and sincere a man as Froebel, have made of Darwin's “Origin of

* “Education of Man” (translation by J. Jarvis, which I have in this case preferred to Hailmann's), page 5.

† *Ibid.* (Jarvis' tr.), page 59.

‡ *Ibid.* (Jarvis' tr.), page 133.

§ *Ibid.* (Jarvis' tr.), page 18.

Species"? For the change made by Darwin was enormous. As Aristotle declared that Socrates brought down philosophy from the heavens to the earth, so we can say that Darwin transferred the cause of development from within to without. Darwin demonstrated that, while it is true that there is a tendency in each living thing towards variation, yet the variation is in itself indifferent; and that the formative cause which *selects* variations and produces those permanent changes which we call the development of species must be looked for in the environment of the individual, and not in any inner tendency. For a moment it seemed as if the followers of Darwin would feel the same exhilaration, the same enthusiasm, as had their predecessors, the transcendental biologists. Just for a moment they, too, seemed to have had a perfectly easy answer for every possible question. Some of them said: "Since everything is done by the struggle for Nature, therefore let *us* follow Nature; let us stand aside and let the struggle take place—as much risk, as much competition, as much fighting as possible, and the world will become perfect." But the idea of unimpeded struggle is not in itself so attractive as the idea of unimpeded growth, and the Darwinians were not as greatly tempted as the transcendentalists to leave the laborious and uncertain element of human thought and contrivance out of account. Especially was this true in education. From the beginning of the Darwinian reconstruction of the moral sciences it was absurd, while speaking of "environment," to ignore the fact that the deliberate care and contrivance of the parent must form a large part of the environment of the child.

It is true that the child comes to his parent with an immense number of tendencies, of instincts, of laws of growth already formed by the slow selection and adaptation of many preceding ages, but they are formed by adaptation to those ages, and therefore not necessarily to our own. We cannot, therefore, now say "Let us follow Nature" with the old feeling that we thereby free ourselves from

the "intolerable disease" of responsible thought. If "Nature" means anything, and it is difficult to find a use for that word which is not misleading, then we ourselves and our anxieties are part of Nature. The child will not of itself "grow" into perfect harmony with its surroundings; it must, in part, be "made" during its own life, and we must bear our conscious share in the making.

The educational task therefore for us is not to find out how completely we can stand aside and let the child's "inner law" develop itself, but how far we can so influence the environment of the child as to cause those tendencies in it which we think best to become permanent, and how far we can ourselves create tendencies which but for our action would not have appeared at all. This, again, means that the question as to what tendencies are "best" is not settled for us by any simple rule. And perhaps the most difficult point in modern education is the fact that we cannot hope to arrive at a complete agreement even as to the principles on which we should decide what tendencies are "best." Something, however, in the way of a working agreement we can reach. All of us would admit that the selecting principle in education must have reference not only to the present life of the child, but to its future—that we must select those tendencies which will enable a child to live its *whole* life best. All of us, indeed, do so, and must do so, whatever our theories may be. Our babies are born already with a whole bundle of "spontaneous activities," from which we at once begin to select with reference to their future life. They are born, for instance, with an amazing power of clinging, so that they can raise their own weight by clinging to a stick. If we expected them to live as savages, we should encourage that tendency, so that the mother could work with her baby clinging to her back. But we intend them for a "civilized" life, and therefore we let that power die out. We prefer to train the baby from the first few hours of its life to sleep when it is not sleepy, and to eat when it is not hungry, because our civilized

life can only be lived in comfort by human beings who are hungry twice or three times in every day, and who absolutely forget hunger meanwhile, and who go regularly to sleep and regularly wake up at certain definite hours in the twenty-four. In sleeping and feeding we deliberately develop a set of instincts which would be absolutely disastrous to a hunting tribe.

You may say that Froebel himself knew all this as well as any one else; he was not a theorist living among books and settling the art of education as one form of words or another pleased him; he was a sensitive man, who lived for the greater part of his life in daily and hourly contact with young children, and was well aware of the difficulties of his work. You may ask why should we trouble about Froebel's philosophy when we are concerned only with those rules of education which Froebel, from his own experience, developed? I must answer that Froebel himself would have been extremely angry if any one had so argued to him. Whoever divorced his educational system from his philosophy would have seemed to Froebel to have taken all the force and meaning out of his life's work. To a philosopher the distinction between his experience and his philosophy cannot exist. His philosophy is his own interpretation of his experience; and if we examine either the details of Froebel's system, or the schools in which that system takes shape, we are forced to recognize that here is no mere gathering of disconnected educational precepts, but, in large part at least, a reasoned derivation from an organized body of thought. That body of thought was, in the main, the transcendental pre-Darwinian biology, whose outlines I have already given you in Froebel's words. If we give up that system of thought in whole or in part—and I suppose that no one here is ready to defend it—we must expect also to give up some part of the educational system which was founded on it. When I have criticized details in Kindergarten education I have been constantly told: "The disciples, we know, have

made mistakes: we must go back to the master." But unless you are prepared to defend your master's philosophy, merely to go back to your master's words is to prevent yourself from profiting either by his example or by the development of truth since his time.

What, then, are the practical points in teaching on which an educational philosopher holding Froebel's general principles was most likely to go wrong? In the first place, one who believed that development comes from within, and not from without, was likely to under-estimate the influence of that body of traditional knowledge which is handed down, so to speak, outside the child, and which affects him as part of his environment, and to over-estimate the influence of the instincts which are handed down in the child, and which affect him from within. Froebel was especially likely to do this. He constantly made use of the analogy between the young child and the young animal, and in his time no one had shown, as Mr. Seton-Thompson and Mr. Lloyd Morgan have begun to show in our time, how great a part traditional knowledge, handed down through instruction by the old generation and imitation by the new, plays in the up-bringing of young wild animals. Froebel also lived in an age when the very existence of spontaneously acting instinct in the young child was implicitly denied, and when education too often took the form of getting by rote a mass of disconnected scraps of information which seemed useful to the adults who taught them, but which were meaningless drudgery to the unfortunate children who had to learn them.

Both causes inclined Froebel to exaggerate the influence of the "inner" in education, and, indeed, in the moments when his philosophy is strongest upon him, he writes as if the whole body of human knowledge, in so far as it is handed down by tradition, and not by instinct, is needless, and that its increase is an evil. "It would prove," he says, "a boon to our children and a blessing to coming generations if we could but see that we possess a great oppressive load of merely external in-

formation and culture; that we foolishly seek to increase this from day to day, and that we are very poor in inner knowledge, in information evolved from our own soul and grown up with it."* And, again, in words that remind one curiously of Plato: "... if men are ever to free themselves from the oppressive burden and emptiness of merely extraneously communicated knowledge heaped up in memory; if they would ever rise to the joy and vigour of a knowledge of the inner nature and essence of things, to a living knowledge of things — a knowledge which, like a sound, vigorous tree, like a family or generation full of the joy and consciousness of life, is spontaneously developed from within; if they would cease at last to play in word and deed with the valueless shadows of things, and to go through life in a mask. . . ."† And, finally: "That which we can get *into* man we already know and possess as the property of mankind, and every one, simply because he is a human being, will unfold and develop it out of himself in accordance with the laws of mankind."‡

In maintaining this position Froebel had to meet one great and immediate difficulty, and it is curious to notice how he met it. A man can hardly be said to be a man without the power of speech, or to be a fully developed man without the power of reading and writing; and yet the arts of speech and reading and writing would seem obviously to have been developed not in accordance with an inner law, but by arbitrary convention, and to be handed down from generation to generation not by inner instinct, but by external tradition. Froebel had, however, the courage to declare that even the details of speech and writing were the necessary result of the "inner law," and to imply that they could be spontaneously developed in each child from within. "Language," he says, "is the self-active outward expression of the inner"; § or, again, "each

word is the necessary product of certain word-elements, just as each material chemical product is the result of the combination of certain determinate elementary substances."* Vowels represent "unity"; consonants, "individuality"; semi-vowels, "diversity."†

One would have thought that the fact that men speak many different languages would have been a sufficient answer to this. But Froebel persuaded himself that these differences are the necessary result of differences of national type, and that "German, Greek, and Latin" are "in the relationship of soul, life, and body."‡

Again, he attempts to show that writing also must come from within. He traces it, first, to the "inner desire for pictorial writing," and, next, to the "inner desire for symbolic writing." "Who," asks Froebel, "having the charge of little children, has not been asked for some paper to write a letter to father or brother? The little boy is urged to this by the intensity of his inner life, which he would communicate to these. *It is not imitation, he has seen no one writing*, but he knows how he can gratify his desire."§ But, if writing is developed from within, it must be, like speech, a necessary product of the inner law, and not a matter of convention; and, accordingly, Froebel tells us, "although the laws to which letters owe their origin and development have become obscured, the little that is left of their first rudiments seems to point unequivocally to an inner connexion between the form and the meaning—e.g., the letter *o* as symbol in the word for the idea of absolute self-limitation, and the letter *s* as symbol in the word for the idea of a return to self. An examination of the original Phœnician and later Roman characters readily reveals in a number of them a definite relation between the form of the letter and the idea it stands for in the word."||

* "Education of Man" (Hailmann's translation), page 213.

† *Ibid.*, page 216.

‡ *Ibid.*, page 217.

§ *Ibid.*, page 222. The italics are my own.

|| *Ibid.*, pages 223–224.

* "Education of Man" (Hailmann's translation), page 231.

† *Ibid.*, page 230. ‡ *Ibid.*, page 279. § *Ibid.*, page 210.

And, further, if reading and writing are to be developed from within, instruction in them must be delayed until the spontaneous tendency to read and write shall have definitely shown itself, so that, Froebel says, "the inner need and desire to know them must have manifested itself clearly and definitely before the boy begins to learn these arts"*; and many of his followers to this day seem to think that the postponement of these arts till the latest possible moment is the point in their system best worth fighting for.

The next point on which Froebel's philosophic conception of development from within was likely to influence, and did influence, his educational methods and those of his disciples, was in leading them to attach too much importance to spontaneous interest and too little importance to externally directed attention. This was in part a wholesome reaction from a system of education in which the possibility of spontaneous interest was ignored; but it was a reaction carried much too far. Now that we have abandoned the hope that the actual sensitiveness and retentiveness of the memory can be much increased by education, we are coming to see that the power of attention—the power, to use a psychological term, of *inhibiting* the more vivid image and holding the consciousness upon the less vivid—is the main new faculty which education can give the child. Luckily, attention soon becomes habitual, but its early stages are extraordinarily difficult both to teacher and taught. Every one knows this who has taught a new class, or even attempted to keep a little child's mind on the business of taking his tea. So difficult is it that at first it should only continue for a very short time, and should alternate with periods of "play" in which the child's consciousness should be allowed to follow freely the most vivid impression of the moment. But it is fatal to confuse, as is often done in the Kindergarten, "work" and "play" to such a point as to call them by the same name.

* "Education of Man" (Hailmann's translation), page 225.

One of the most searching criticisms I ever heard of Kindergarten methods was given by a very clever boy who has since turned into a very able man. He was sent, at the age of four, into one of the best Kindergartens in the world, and, after a few days' experience of it, said to his father: "Father, I don't like that school. When they play they don't really play, and when they work they don't really work."

There is, however, an art in teaching which is so useful as a preliminary to attention in the early stages, and which brings about results so like attention that they are often confused with it. A skilful teacher can get over the difficulty of training the child to inhibit its more vivid mental images by contriving that the image most desired by the teacher shall always be at the moment the most vivid to the child, just as a mother, in despair of inducing her child to be "good" at a meal, will, by removing the doll out of sight, and playing surprising tricks with the bread-and-butter, keep his interest directed towards the food without raising the question of being "good" at all. Indeed, many—perhaps most—Kindergärtners would deny that there is any difference whatever between interest and attention, and, if, in consequence, the brightest child in their class can't pass a simple examination, are apt to ascribe this fact to the faults of "the examination system." Unfortunately the life which the civilized man must lead, unless he has a large independent income, is much more like an examination than a class. Froebel's own attempts at the sciences of crystallography and philology and botany are, indeed, a warning that human knowledge is increased, not by the ecstatic following of one's own most vivid impulses, but by concentration on a succession of difficult and uncertain inferences relating to some uninteresting subdivision even of the most interesting subject.

But to admit this is to deny the optimistic view of the whole problem of education which Froebel inherited from

Rousseau. If education was to follow the line of natural and spontaneous development, it seemed as if every lesson must necessarily—if Nature is good—follow the line of greatest immediate happiness. Froebel would have asked: Shall we sacrifice the child to the man, and consider, like the conventional schoolmasters of the eighteenth century, that a miserable childhood is the best preparation for a happy manhood? I suppose that we must answer that, in a sense, the child must be sacrificed to the man, just as each hour of childhood itself must be looked on as part of the day, and each day as part of the complete year. The education of a child who will die at ten should be different from that of one who is expected to live till fifty. We might even end by a trite reference to the admitted truth that there are some forms of happiness that can only be gained by opposing, and, when necessary, overcoming, one's impulses.

So far I have spoken of three tendencies—the contempt for direct instruction, the neglect to form the habit of attention, and the identification of the happiness of the moment with the happiness of the whole life, which I believe to result from Froebel's philosophy—that is to say, from the view which he took, in common with many of the greatest thinkers of his time, of the origin and development of conscious life in the world.

Now I will try to deal with certain other points in Froebel's educational system with which I do not agree, but which seem to result rather from his own character, or the prevalent habits of his time, than from his philosophy. Froebel, for instance, was inclined to *sentimentalize*, as, indeed, a German of 1820 was bound to do. This fault grew upon him, and has been exaggerated by certain of his followers. The feelings of both teacher and taught are dwelt upon with a certain enjoyment of feeling for its own sake, which is as foreign as possible to the concrete and vigorous mind of the healthy child.

In the course of preparing this address, I read rapidly through all the books of Kinder-

garten action songs which we, on the recommendation of our skilled advisers, have placed on the Requisition List of the London School Board, and certainly I found some of these songs extremely trying. I will only give you one verse in which the little children sing:

We are but little toddlekins
And can't do much, we know;
But still we think we must be nice,
For people love us so.*

That is one instance, but there are a great many pages of such instances which I could give you, and I could easily give others from Froebel's own "*Mutter- und Kose-Lieder*."

Then, again, it is a pure accident of Froebel's individuality that, with the exception of John Bunyan, he wrote worse verse than any other great man from the beginning of time; and here too his followers have imitated him with success. These "action songs" to which I have referred are almost always the easy writing of versifiers without either talent or industry. Any line that can possibly be induced to scan, any word which by any distortion of sound can be made to rhyme, any hackneyed phrase, however unintelligible to a child, which can be put in to save trouble, is to be found in these unspeakable volumes—compared with which the worst hymn-book is noble literature.

It might, perhaps, be contended that Froebel's use of symbolism was necessarily connected with his idea of the development of knowledge from within. But I could imagine the existence of an educator who agreed with Froebel's philosophy and left symbolism alone. Certainly, in the developed Froebelianism, say, of Miss Susan Blow, the excessive use of symbolism is, perhaps, the worst fault. One of the very ablest and most sympathetic students of the Kindergarten system, Mr. Stanley Hall, of Chicago, says, in the January number of last year's *Forum*: "As to the Froebelian gifts, the inner action theory and the scheme of analysing to a point and then

* "Action Songs," arranged by Wilhelmina L. Rooper, page 30.

developing from it are fantastic and superficial, and it is persistently forgotten that the meaning, seen or claimed, exists solely for the teacher, and not at all for the child."

Nordo I think that it is a necessary result of Froebel's main position that he should treat, as he often does, the various stages in the development of the child as if they were exclusive and not overlapping, and should delay the appearance of each stage much longer than is normally found, at any rate, in the town-bred child. The dominance, for instance, of imagination is exaggerated, and a little boy is made to sing:

What are we going to do to-day?
Not bricks to build or sticks to lay . . .

who is thoroughly aware that that is exactly what he is going to do, and who is perfectly willing to do it, but to whom the whole imaginative pretence has become a dreary make-believe. Again, the duration and exclusiveness of the stage which writers on the Kindergarten identify with *Anschauung*—the stage of direct observation without inference or abstraction—is enormously exaggerated. A child who can, and does reason, remember, and abstract is treated as if he could do none of these things. A child, for instance, who can deal freely with abstract number is treated as incapable of doing anything but see and feel certain blocks and balls. The consequence is that he forms a clumsy mathematical language for himself, and, perhaps, is hampered all his life through in any attempt at true mathematical thinking.

I cannot end my criticism of Froebel's pedagogy without attempting to meet the general objection: "After all, the only test of an educational method is its *result*. Why have you not told us more of the actual effect of Kindergarten methods on the boys and girls who have been through the system, instead of saying so much on the faults which you would expect to find?" On this it would be difficult to produce evidence that would convince you. The most important testimony must come from those secondary-school teachers who have received pupils for

many years in succession both from Froebelian and non-Froebelian preparatory schools. But you can always retort to them that, since the non-Froebelian schools make a business of subordinating their work to the work of the more advanced school, and since you do not do so, their evidence must be received with suspicion. I have been an assistant master, and I know myself how, at every step in the educational ladder, the master above you is apt to insist that all your work should be sacrificed in order to be prepared for his work. But, nevertheless, I will give such testimony of the kind as I have collected for what it is worth, and I think that, if it is sympathetically given and carefully received, it is worth a great deal. I seem to find a general consensus of opinion on one or two points. As to the charm of manner, the spontaneity, and delightfulness of the best Kindergarten children, I think nearly all are agreed. They say, however, that they are a little "*soft*"—I use the word because it has been used by several secondary teachers to me without knowing what the others had said—they are too often unable to make any serious or sustained effort, and they are unaware of the nature of the process by which real human knowledge is extended or acquired. Now, if this is true, it means that the pure Kindergarten system of education is especially dangerous to those whose powers or whose circumstances will lead them to be brain-workers, and particularly and assuredly is it dangerous for those children of poor parents who have to fight their way, in spite of difficulties, up into the intellectual life, because those children can only do so through *books*. A child who has, through all his school life, to be one of a class of forty, or fifty, or sixty under a tired teacher cannot enter into the inheritance of the past and the understanding of the present except through the written words of great men. There is one passage which I would have every Kindergarten teacher read, not once a year, but once a month, and that is the passage in "*Sesame and Lilies*" where Ruskin speaks of the kings

and princes who stand silently waiting for us upon the shelves of our bookcases, and reproves us for striving if by any chance we can get a casual nod from some great man, while there the most intimate thoughts of the greatest men are ready to our hand. Great is the responsibility of those who for a moment unnecessarily postpone the power of access to those great writers whom teacher and taught can revere alike.

My criticism is finished, and I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to it. And now if the Chairman should suddenly call upon me to "conclude with a motion"; if he should say, "What is it you are leading up to, what is it that you want us to do?" I should answer, in the first place, that I want you to follow out Froebel's example in making an absolutely free approach to the problem before you, in availing yourselves as freely and as fully of modern psychology, modern biology, as he did and you do of the biology and psychology of a century ago. And next I should warn you that, although for many purposes, and especially for the purpose of arousing enthusiasm, it is an advantage to centre your work around the life and teaching of one master, yet it is an advantage which can be bought too dear. And, lastly, I should say that the Froebel Society would do well to consider that the most important practical need in education is economy. We are here for so short a time, there is so much to do, that we cannot afford at any moment to do the less good thing. Keep the brightness, the spontaneity, the activity which Froebel has

given to us; but carefully weigh every hour and every day, fixing your thoughts on that which is omitted as well as on that which is done. Do not confine yourselves to those forms of external Nature which were familiar to Froebel. It is to me a sorrowful thing that the Froebel Union's examination, while it most carefully sifts and examines and organizes the preparation for lessons in elementary science, treats, apparently, as of smaller importance those great humanistic subjects of literature and of history whose influence may be felt in the teaching even of very young children.

We who are responsible for the direction of the British Empire, now, and in that near future whose citizens we are training, have the severest of all tasks before us. Indeed, at no time in the world's history has the world had so great and strange a problem before it. For the first time the whole world is conscious of itself. Every race is now neighbour to every other, and has need of sympathy and understanding keen and bold enough to stretch across the thousand miles of ocean. In this great moment of the world's history, I call upon you, who have by so much worthy labour gained so great an authority in directing the education of young children, to see that you set to your work with as much resolution and sincerity as did Froebel himself: so that neither the pleasure of the moment, nor your own sympathies, nor the homely feeling of old tradition shall persuade you to do that which, whether it is good or not, is less good, in place of the more difficult best of all.

Miss K. M. CLARKE (Maria Grey Training College): Asked to speak of Froebelianism more especially from the psychological point of view, I take account at once of some advice given us by Mr. Graham Wallas near the conclusion of his paper—the advice "to base principles and methods of teaching young children rather on the work of modern psychologists than on the lines and preaching of great and warm-hearted educationists who were influenced by the French

Revolution." The main point of that advice I welcome more heartily than I can say. But Mr. Graham Wallas seems to include Froebel among the humanitarian educators more remarkable for warmth of heart than for psychologic insight; and that classification of Froebel I venture to dispute. There are, I think, reasons for honouring Froebel's psychology as far in advance of that of the educational reformers with whom he is usually associated; reasons for connecting him as psychologist with

Herbart rather than with Pestalozzi; reasons for regarding his teaching as in accord with some of the most notable doctrines of the most modern psychology. Trying to justify my thought, I will speak briefly of certain of these doctrines, and then point out respects in which Froebel's teaching has seemed to me in agreement with them.

Modern psychology, it has been said, began with Herbart's dismissal of "Faculties" to the sphere of mythological fancy. The old psychology presented mind as a collection of distinct, innate faculties—a faculty of observation, a faculty of reason, and so forth: it referred certain mental processes entirely to one faculty, others to another faculty: it settled a definite order in which the faculties develop: it marked off, according to this order, different stages of mental life—marked off, for example, the first seven or eight years as the stage of observation through the senses. All modern psychologists follow Herbart, I believe, in rejecting this old "faculty doctrine" as unscientific: unscientific because it is not true to the revelations of psychological analysis; unscientific because it offers nothing worthy to be called explanation of the facts of our mental life. "Obsolete," "defunct," were words used concerning it by Dr. James Ward when lecturing before the Teachers' Guild a good many years ago. Dr. Ward went on, however, to complain that this "faculty theory, defunct in psychology, had been revived to darken knowledge under the guise of psychology applied to education." The complaint has been repeated by later critics with a special reference to Froebelian teaching. Is such reference fair? Do we find in the Froebelian pedagogy that "faculty theory" of mind which the modern psychologist condemns? In the pedagogy of some of Froebel's most notable disciples, yes; in the pedagogy of the great educational reformer who is usually regarded as Froebel's master, yes; but in the pedagogy of Froebel himself, I venture to say, no. Of course, I cannot prove that negative; I can only give a few reasons for committing myself to it.

My first reason is that I have never found in Froebel's writings either explicit statement or implicit assumption that the mind is a collection of distinct innate faculties. I have, on the contrary, found him directing the mother of the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder" to think of her child's "singleness of being." Again, I have never found Froebel drawing those hard and fast lines with which the faculty psychologists are credited, between the

different stages of development. I have, on the contrary, found a passage in the "Education of Man" which I should like to read: "*Sharp limits and definite sub-divisions within the continuous series of the years of development, withdrawing from attention the permanent continuity, the living connexion, the inner living essence, are highly pernicious, and even destructive in their influence. Thus it is highly pernicious to consider the stages of human development—infant, child, boy or girl, youth or maiden, man or woman—as really distinct, . . . highly pernicious to consider the child or boy as something wholly different from the youth or man.*" Moreover, I have never found Froebel insisting that the sole business of education during the first seven or eight years of life was to "let children observe." I have, on the contrary, found insistence on the importance of providing for imaginative play with the Kindergarten gifts: I have found an account of early teaching as guiding children in "the abstraction of number ideas from objects": I have found attention directed to the craving of the young mind for stories: I have found exhortation to gratify this craving, not by talking about "puppets which we have whittled or stuffed ourselves," but by telling stories of real heroes—real as the products of life or as the creations of genius. And there is still another reason I would bring forward for my refusal to include Froebel among the professors of the discredited "faculty theory." A passage in the autobiographical "Letter to the Duke of Meiningen" seems to offer fair grounds for inference that he probably came under the influence of Herbartian thought. Many of us will remember his mention of a young doctor of philosophy from Göttingen, with whom he became intimate during those three or four unsettled years which preceded the adoption of teaching as his vocation (1805). At the University of Göttingen, presumably, the young doctor had studied and recently graduated; and at the University of Göttingen Herbart was lecturing in philosophy during the years 1802–1809. Is it not probable that Herbart's thought would tell upon Froebel's mind in the course of that intellectually stimulating intercourse to which the "Letter" bears witness? The probability is strengthened by a passage which occurs in the second part of the autobiography. Writing to the philosopher Krause, Froebel refers to the same period of his life an idea of mathematics as applicable no less to the explanation of facts of

mind than to the explanation of facts of matter—a conception usually regarded as one of the most characteristic (though not one of the most valuable) of Herbart's psychology.

I pass on to the next matter in respect of which I would compare Froebel's teaching with that of modern psychology. Modern psychology tends to discredit the thorough-going sensationalism of the school to which Froebel is usually supposed to belong—the sensationalism expressed in the ancient maxim adopted by Comenius:—"There is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses." According to the science of to-day, sense impression is not sufficient to explain the facts of our mental life; the reactions of the mind upon sense experience count as conditions. I would mention, in this connexion, Prof. James's recent direction of our thought to the importance of reactions; I would also mention the attention paid to reactions in those psycho-physical experiments which are said to be doing more than anything else at the present time for the advance of psychology as a science. These seem indications of the tendency of modern psychology to accept the addition which Leibnitz made to the guiding principle of Comenius:—"There is nothing in the intellect that was not first in the senses, "except the intellect itself." Can we now find on Froebel's part expression of this modern view? I content myself with quoting, in answer to that question, three or four lines from the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder":

Through the senses Nature plainly speaks to Baby
here:

Mother, see that he finds Nature through their
accents clear.

Through the senses there's a pathway to the inmost
door:

But the mind must light this pathway.

The third respect in which I find agreement between Froebel's teaching and that of the modern psychologists whom we have been told to follow is—the recognition of apperception as a universal fact of intellectual life. "Pedagogy," writes Dr. Harris, one of the leaders of educational thought in America, "will take a great step onward when it leaves bad verbal memorizing and equally defective training in sense-perception by means of object lessons, and takes its stand on the theory of apperception." So much has been said of late concerning "the process by which a mental system appropriates a new element, or otherwise receives a fresh determination," that it would be unnecessary for me to enter into any

discussion of apperception here and now. I turn without more ado to Froebel. And turning to him, I find so many signs of his appreciation of the importance of apperception in mental development, that choice of evidence to bring before you is difficult. I quote from the "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten." Directing the mother's thought to the most essential characteristics of the child's intellectual progress, he writes:—"Above all, it is the old within the child which clarifies, unfolds, and transmutes itself, thus developing that which is new." Froebel may not have used the word "apperception"; but Herbart himself has scarcely given us a more adequate explanation of what apperception is. And where do we find the psychological doctrine of apperception turned to better practical account than in Froebel's provision for continuity and connectedness in teaching?

I come now to the fourth and last agreement I would point out between Froebel and the modern psychologist. In England to-day, I suppose, no one stands as psychologist before Dr. Stout, the editor of *Mind*. And no fact seems more plainly revealed by Dr. Stout's "Analytic Psychology" than this: predominant in the development of mental life there is conscious striving. But, our critics may say, have we not ground here for contrasting rather than comparing Froebelianism and modern science? Is it not a Froebelian doctrine that we should make things easy for children? Is it not one of the most frequent complaints against the Kindergarten child that, when he passes into the school, he is not ready to make the effort necessary for learning? Mr. Graham Wallas has spoken of such complaints; I have often heard such complaints myself. Attempting to answer them, I would say: In some cases, surely, it is the school that should be blamed; and in those cases where children do leave the Kindergarten "soft," "incapable of prolonged attention or of working by themselves," it is the special "Kindergarten," and not Froebelianism, that should be condemned. In support of that last assertion I quote once more from the "Education of Man": "'Let it lie,' the vigorous youngster exclaims to his father, who is about to roll a log out of the boy's way; 'let it lie; I can get over it.'" Froebel bids us consider that vigorous youngster, and learn from him. He bids us learn the importance of leaving in children's way a certain amount of obstacle, intellectual as well as physical, which they can

surmount by their own efforts; bids us beware of giving more help than is necessary to supplement their efforts; bids us in all our work provide for the encouragement and renewal of more and more intelligent, more and more continuous, effort. His bidding is consistent with the philosophic doctrine laid down as fundamental in his "Pedagogics of the Kindergarten"—the doctrine that human development takes place through the struggle of the human being to rise from the bondage of created nature towards the freedom of the Divine Creative Spirit.

A few words in conclusion. We can scarcely thank Mr. Graham Wallas too heartily for the criticism we have heard. But I would suggest that one of the ways in which it may benefit us is this: it may send us back to study anew the Master himself. It may send us back to study Froebel as he, I believe, would have wished to be studied—not as one who had said the last word upon a special branch of education, but as one who was ready to welcome all advance of thought bearing upon the great subject with which he deals—the Education of Man.

The Chairman regretted that there was no time to read the following paper which he had received from Miss ALICE WOODS, who was unable to be present at the discussion:—

As I am unable to be present at the discussion on Mr. Graham Wallas's paper, I have been asked to send some account of my experiences of children coming into the school from Kindergartens. Mr. Graham Wallas has kindly allowed me to see the outline of his address, and, before I go on to the subject given to me, I should like to remark in passing that it seems clear to me that Mr. Wallas's attack is neither on Froebel nor Froebelianism, but on the misinterpreters of Froebel's teaching, and on what I have elsewhere described as "spurious Kindergartens."

Mr. Wallas maintains that children coming into schools, even from the best Kindergartens, are "incapable of prolonged attention." Now my experience has undoubtedly led me to believe that the majority of children of eight years of age are certainly more or less "incapable of prolonged attention." I do not believe that the power of prolonged voluntary attention can be fully acquired so early in the normal child, but I have found that the worst sinners in this respect are children who come straight from indifferent

homes, or bad schools, whilst those who show most capability for prolonged attention are those either from careful homes where they have had a very great deal of individual attention, or from our own Kindergarten. (I am obliged to mention ourselves, because I cannot remember any cases of children entering our first form from any other well known Kindergarten.)

There is, however, no doubt that lack of power of prolonged attention is an evil that is increasing in the present day, and it is very natural that reflecting people, seeking the cause of this, should seriously consider whether Kindergartens have anything to do with it. From my own experience, I am inclined to believe that when children come into the school from the best Kindergartens lacking in the normal power of attention, it will be found on careful inquiry that they have either been sent to the Kindergarten under four years of age, or have been taught at home as well as at school; and I attribute their failure to the attempt having been made to force the concentrated attention of effort too early in life, and to the fact that the home education has given the child no chance of concentrating his attention on matters that really appeal strongly to him. The child of three (I should like to say even four) is not fit for school life. He ought to be busy making his own discoveries, and if his attention is to be well trained, he should be allowed his full fling of concentration on the employment or game that absorbs him; and when the attempt is made to insist on concentrated attention, it should be for only a few minutes at a time. "Short moments of self-subjugation, quickly followed by new interests, do not dishearten." Few mothers have sufficient psychological knowledge to leave their babies undisturbed when engaged in their own discoveries, throwing down balls (as a baby I knew once did over sixty times with unflagging satisfaction), or tearing up paper, &c.; nor do mothers often act as one wise mother I heard of, who, when her boy of three and a half showed keen interest in a book about trains that had been given him, allowed him to give himself up entirely to this interest, and let him have the book read to him again and again, keep it beside him at meals, and take it to bed with him, until, at the end of a week, he had so completely mastered every part of an engine that he knew more about it than his elders, and at the age of six, at any rate, had not forgotten anything.

The first cause of failure is due to neglect in

infancy; the next, which is widely spread, is due to the distraction of attention throughout childhood by the multiplicity of toys given to children and the distractions of all sorts in which they are indulged. Parties, visitors, endless entertainments—all these help forward the dissipation of attention, and pander to the child's volatile tendencies.

The third cause is spurious Kindergartens, in which profession is made of Froebelianism, but which would be enough to make Froebel's hair stand on end could he see what is done in his name—schools, I mean, of the kind described by Mr. Graham Wallas, in which the children are allowed to do exactly what their fancy dictates, because the teacher fondly thinks they are thereby “developing spontaneity”—schools in which the most foolish sentimentality is encouraged. It is only in schools such as these that the silly rhymes quoted by Mr. Graham Wallas could be used. A fourth cause of apparent lack of attentive power in children entering Form I. from a good Kindergarten is that there is often a sad gap between the transition class in the Kindergarten and the first form of a school. It often happens that the head of a Kindergarten is an advanced educationalist, trained, experienced, thoroughly capable; whilst, owing to motives of economy, the first form is in the hands (or at the mercy) of a raw young teacher, altogether untrained perhaps, or quite fresh from a training college. The result is that children who have been making excellent progress in the transition form find themselves in an altogether different atmosphere, and their interest flags. They come up eager and willing to be fed and to digest what is given to them, but, being offered matter they are not ready to assimilate, they express their unconscious resentment in idleness and carelessness, which is most erroneously taken for the result of Kindergarten training.

All the best Kindergarten teachers I have known have insisted on two chief points. The child *must* attend, and he *must* obey. That his attention is to be gained by interest is true; but the interest is to be an interest in *progress*, in *work*, and in *helpfulness*, not only in the objects presented to him; and I think it may be fully shown by reference to Froebel's original works that these points are emphasised by those who are, and profess to be, Froebelians.

To pass on to the results of my observations on ordinary children entering Form I. from a

good Kindergarten. Here I speak from general impressions of three schools to which Kindergartens were attached, as I have never made a statistical study of the subject or kept any record.

First, then, children who come from a Kindergarten insist on understanding what they are about, and refuse to be content with mere words.

Secondly, they are far more intelligent than the child who comes from an ordinary home, and know a great deal more about their surroundings, of trees, animal life, flowers, seasons, &c.

On this point of intelligence, the master of a boys' school in our neighbourhood lately gave valuable testimony, for he told me that he liked to have boys from our Kindergarten, because they were so intelligent and worked with such zest.

Thirdly, there is a distinct development of social qualities. The children from the Kindergarten are less selfish than other children. They take a keen interest in each other's success, and care for the honour of the form. They are very anxious to be helpful and to be trusted, and their training in the Kindergarten leads them to the conscientious performance of their little duties.

This shows that attention to such matters has not been lacking in the Kindergarten, and the child who forgets to see after what is entrusted to him has learnt to be ashamed of his neglect.

In conclusion, let me say that I think the Froebel Society ought to be most heartily grateful to Mr. Graham Wallas if his paper calls attention to the terrible multiplication of false Kindergartens that is going on in our land, and if he makes teachers realize that the education of little children should never be put entirely into the hands of mere beginners, and, above all, that the training of students should *never* be trusted to girls fresh from training colleges—a plan which is being adopted so widely that I can hardly find any posts for my young and comparatively inexperienced teachers in which they are not expected “to train students.” It is to this superficial, imperfect training that many of the defects in Kindergarten education are due.

MISS WRAGGE (Blackheath Training College): In replying to Mr. Wallas's criticisms of the Kindergarten system, I have been asked especially to bear in mind the practical side of the subject, and shall endeavour to do so. As he has pointed out, however, the practical and theoretic points of

view have the closest possible connexion, and all the educational methods prescribed by Froebel and used in the Kindergartens of to-day are the direct outcome of his philosophic reasoning. We cannot separate one from the other; and the Froebelian educator, at any rate, can at her will draw upon broad general principles by which to regulate her conduct and correct her practice.

There are four points in Mr. Wallas's address to which I should like particularly to refer:—
I. That the gospel according to Froebel may be condensed into two words—"Follow Nature."
II. That the power of attention is not really trained in the Kindergarten.
III. That Kindergarten children, who never really learnt the difference between work and play, are in consequence not able to work seriously later on.
IV. That the postponement of the teaching of reading and writing till the latest possible moment appears to be considered by Froebelians the point in their system best worth fighting for.

I. As regards the expression "Follow Nature"—I do not think Froebel ever said, or meant that, certainly not in the sense in which Mr. Wallas takes it. He urges us to observe Nature, to learn from her; but decidedly we are not to leave our children to grow up like wild plants, how and where they will, without supervision or direction. The very name "Kindergarten," which he gave to his system of infant education presupposes culture. The little human plants are to grow in a garden, not a wood, and the teachers are looked on in the light of gardeners. They, in their work, are "to follow the nature of the plant," but are expressly told that "the grape-vine must indeed be trimmed." "This trimming," Froebel continues, "as such, does not ensure wine. On the contrary, the trimming, though done with the best intentions, may wholly destroy the vine, or at least impair its fertility and productiveness, if the gardener fail in his work passively and attentively to follow the nature of the plant."* That is to say, the educator is to give serious attention to the problem of how to adapt perfectly his methods of cultivation to the requirements of the child's nature; *not* to be "passive" in the sense of leaving him to grow up in unchecked wild freedom.

With reference to the next three points, may I say here that, in my opinion, there is great confusion in the minds of many concerning the words

"Kindergarten" and "Kindergarten system"? The latter term is misleading, and for it we should be wise to substitute the words "Froebelian system"—this term covering and including the whole course of education time, from that of the infant to that of the full-grown man or woman, to the whole of which period the educational principles of Froebel may be applied. The Kindergarten, on the other hand, is expressly stated by its founder to be only one stage of this clearly conceived plan, sketched in outline by him in his first great book, "The Education of Man." It is a training place for little children under six years old, where "a careful development and use of body, limbs, and senses" is to predominate. Here

the little one enters into a manifold new relation of life . . . with a number of companions, but he is himself part of this whole . . . and has duties towards it. In this lies the human training of the Kindergarten. . . . The child comes to a plurality of objects which become not only objects of perception, &c., but also objects of the activity of the creative will, and thus means for the recognition of his creative power, and the results of that power. . . . In the Kindergarten the question is merely of perception, contemplation, action, correct designation by words, as well as correct indication of what is brought out by action; but *not yet* of recognition and knowledge separated from the object. . . . The abstract pure knowledge, the abstract self-dependent thought, is first entered upon in the fourth stage, that of the *connecting school*.*

II. Now, it appears plainly from this that in the Kindergarten stage we only profess to deal with the beginnings of things; and so, having to consider very little and immature beings, capable of only the smallest degree of effort, it is evident we cannot expect to train the power of attention to its utmost capacity. All we can hope to do is to train the beginning of the power of attention. Attention has been defined as "the power of holding the mind along a set line of thought." To begin with, then, the child's mind must be held to that line of thought by the educator; hence she is quite right to make her subject as attractive as possible, and doubtless there is at first, and for some time, little if any effort necessary on the part of the child. The teacher may be doing her utmost to arouse interest, but need not necessarily confound interest with attention, though she knows that at first, at any rate, it is only when they *are* interested that children can be expected to attend. Gradually, in the Kindergarten, the strength of the stimulus is with-

* "Education of Man," page 9.

* "Education by Development: the Connecting School," pages 270-271, by Friedrich Froebel.

drawn, and it follows that the child attends to his own work because he is interested in it, to the exclusion of other and often exciting causes of interest in different parts of the room.

Again, it is natural to the young child to desire change; he does not of his own accord attend even to what is attractive for many minutes together. In the Kindergarten, however, a definite occupation continues for a definite time; the little one cannot throw it aside at will, but learns to keep to the allotted work for as long as it is required of him.

In fully trained attention the mind has the power, further, of fixing itself on what is less immediately attractive for the sake of future gain. Certainly we begin to train our Kindergarten children to this. A very little child will make a real effort, and toil bravely over a sewing-card, for instance, long after he is tired of it, because of the thought, constantly stimulated by his teacher, of the pleasure the completed object will give to mother on her birthday, or of the delight of the whole class when it is hung up as a decoration on the schoolroom wall.

III. Mr. Wallas says that a child should early learn the difference between play and work, and be taught to deliberately choose the former at certain times. But is it possible to make such a distinction as regards a little child? What is work, and what is play, to him? Much that a child considers "play" would to us adults be very hard work indeed; while nothing, on the other hand, delights him more than to be allowed to help father or mother in their work in the house or further afield. The energy put forth by the child in both cases is the same; the secret of his fascination in either is that he has found an outlet for his superabundant vital energy. Mr. Denton Snider, an American critic of Froebel, writes in this connexion:—

Over and over again in the games are introduced the occupations of society, to be played by the child. His destiny is to be a workman of some kind, and to give back again what he has received. Trained to work he must be, even by play, so that when he comes to work, it will be as natural, as spontaneous, and as easy for him as is play. He will already have acquired the habit of work, and will fit into his own place without friction.

Froebelian teachers know that this is true. There is no sharp distinction between the "play" of the Kindergarten and the work of the school, to which the child is to be gradually introduced. School work calls for the same qualities which have been developed during the Kindergarten

training; the same self-activity, the same earnestness, the same patience, concentration of attention, and thoroughness.

"Play," says Froebel, "holds the sources of all that is good. A child that plays thoroughly, with self-active determination, perseveringly until physical fatigue forbids, will surely be a thorough, determined man."*

IV. Mr. Wallas's indictment of Froebelians from the literary point of view is severe, and, as it seems to me, unjust. Because so many of those "worst hymn books," of which he speaks, exist, would it be fair to argue that all religious people delight in, or even tolerate in their worship, poems containing any line that could be induced to scan, any word which by any distortion of sound can be made to rhyme, any hackneyed phrase, however unintelligible? The condemnation is too wholesale. Many of our Kindergarten songs and games are beautiful in thought and expression; many Kindergarten teachers exercise a vigilant censorship over the poems, stories, and rhymes which are allowed to find entrance into their schools. Such sentimental rubbish as Mr. Wallas quotes as a specimen of Kindergarten literature (!) would not be tolerated in a good Kindergarten; the only place where I ever heard it sung was, about seventeen years ago, in a Board School. The word "Kindergarten," so easily and frequently inserted before "song or game book," does not act as a passport to secure admittance to our *répertoire*, and no Froebelian, however ardent, claims that Froebel was a poet. Happily, though we cannot improve upon his ideas, we are not dependent to-day on his crooked rhymes for the poetic food of our children; in the instances, only too frequent, I am bound to admit, where wretched doggerel is heard on the lips of Kindergarten children, it is probable that the artistic sense of the teacher, and not her Froebelian training, is at fault.

Still less is it fair to argue that, because Froebelians consider that the Kindergarten age is not the time when reading may most profitably be taught, they on that account undervalue "the inheritance of the past and understanding of the present gained by the written words of great men." As well say that, because we do not allow our little infants to begin to learn to walk, we underrate the value of walking powers to the boy or full-grown man. There is a right time for the child

* "Education of Man," page 55.

to be taught to walk; to hurry on that time would be to impede his development, and, given too soon, the instruction itself would be barren of result. So, according to Froebel, with regard to reading:

Writing and reading [he says] lift man beyond every other known creature, and bring him nearer the realization of his destiny. Through the practice of these arts he attains personality. The possession of the alphabet places the possibility of self-consciousness within his reach, for it alone renders true self-knowledge possible, by enabling him to place his own nature objectively before himself, as it were; it connects him clearly and definitely with the past and future, brings him into universal relationship with the nearest things, and gives him certainty concerning the most remote. The alphabet thus places man within reach of the highest and fullest earthly perfection.*

The man who wrote these words can hardly be said to have undervalued literature. But he adds:

Now, since reading and writing are of such great importance to man, the boy (when he begins to practise them) should possess a sufficient amount of strength and insight . . . the inner need and desire must have been manifested.

Froebel gives, in his pamphlet, "How Lina Learnt to Write and Read," a most clear statement of his ideas as to the way in which both arts should be taught; and the child on whom he imagines the experiment made is "about six years old."

Want of space forbids allusion to any other points in Mr. Wallas's most stimulating address. We Froebelians owe him thanks for the way in which he has roused thought, and made us consider our reasons for the faith that is in us. Many of his warnings we need to take to heart; sorrowfully we must confess that Kindergarten practice often falls far short of Kindergarten principles. But the system must not be judged entirely by the shortcomings of its professors. Neither should the claims of Froebel as an educator rest entirely on his first great book, "The Education of Man," of which he himself said, twenty-five years after he wrote it—"In the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the book was written and published, the mode of treating this subject has been manifoldly improved and simplified." Froebel thought deeply and wrote seriously all through his long life. His intention was that a "connecting school" should follow the Kindergarten, and serve as an introduction to what he calls the "school of instruction."

The connecting school [he says] forms the step from the perception of reality and facts in the Kindergarten to the comprehension of abstractions and of thought in the school. . . . The name says clearly that it makes the connexion between the Kindergarten and the school for genuine study, and is a passage from one to the other.

May it be, possibly, that the unfavourable criticisms passed by secondary teachers on Kindergarten children point to the fact, mentioned by Froebel himself, that the work of the connecting school is for the most part carried on so imperfectly"?*

Mr. H. COURTHOPE BOWEN: Darwin has shown us that evolution proceeds through the selection, by *outside* conditions, of variations neither good nor bad, except in relation to those conditions." The difference in biological *theory* is evident; but in *practice* the difference is slight.

No one has dwelt more earnestly on the effect of these "outside conditions" than Froebel, nor has any one shown more clearly than he their value in the development of the whole human being—his life and character. So convinced was he of their value that through all his educational system—and especially in the earliest years—he strives to influence and aid development by acting through the environment rather than in a direct, mandatory way. When he selects tendencies for encouragement or discouragement, his guide is the experience of the human race as to what tends towards effective and happy living.

Follow Nature.—This is Rousseau's idea. Both Pestalozzi and Froebel tried it, and both found it a failure in the form recommended by Rousseau. They therefore modified it considerably before they adopted it. Froebel in practice does not leave the child wholly to itself and the physical nature around it. He places it with other children amid favourable surroundings, and gives it the companionship of persons whose knowledge and training fit them to guard, guide, and help it in its development. He thus protects it from inherited evil tendencies and from new inducements to error, and from the danger of becoming a law unto itself before it has learnt the laws of its own nature and of humanity. He seeks to fit it to become its own true guide hereafter. He certainly does not "follow Nature" without limitations—and so may be said to "reckon with Nature."

* "Education of Man," pages 224-225.

* "Education by Development," pages 278-279.

† *Ibid.*, page 279.

"Are we to sacrifice the child to the man?"—

Froebel and his followers hold that you cannot sacrifice the child *without also sacrificing the man*. The perfection of manhood depends upon the perfection of each and every stage that goes before it; if one is defective, there will be some defect in the final result. The perfection of each stage consists in the fulfilment of all that that stage calls for; not in prematurely forcing on it that which some future stage calls for. But we do not lose sight of the man in the child, nor of the child in the man—and the latter is as important as the former. In every stage we regard not only its own present needs, but also what has preceded it and what is to follow, and meanwhile keep steadily in view the ultimate goal of true, effective manhood. If we fail in this, the cause is our own clumsiness, and not a wrong principle. ("Education of Man," chapter i., § 22, &c.)

Attention.—Attention does not consist entirely, or even mainly, in turning from the more attractive to the less attractive; it consists largely in maintaining the direction of consciousness. Attention depends on interest; and interest itself largely depends on a result, felt to have some kind of value, following as soon as possible after the effort. Children do not care for distant ends—or, indeed, understand them; what moves them is something immediate and level to their thoughts—some new sense of clearness or of power. Defects in training attention are not peculiar to the Kindergarten; they abound wherever there are unskilful teachers. Attention, accuracy, skill in the interpretation of books, &c., are growths. They are produced by a carefully graded training, not—at any rate, to any really valuable extent—by categorical mandatory instruction. When a Kindergarten fails to produce the power of sustained attention, it is, I think, more commonly from seeking after sentiment rather than knowledge, from emotionalizing without direct issue in action—which produces a lazy humour that idly dreams away the days.

"Play," in the Kindergarten sense, is not aimless restlessness, nor romping high spirits, nor the expression of selfish whims. It is distinctly action—sustained, self-directed action—with a view to a result of some kind. It is not by any means merely self-gratification. It does, indeed, produce happiness; and a happy atmosphere is the best for childhood to grow in. I do not see how a child is to discriminate between the sensations of this kind of *play* and those of *work*—

unless, indeed, we are to define work as something which is disagreeable or which is paid for.

Memory, imagination, and reasoning all play much more considerable parts in the Kindergarten, and in Froebel's plan as set forth by himself, than Mr. Wallas is aware of.

For a great part of my life I have been a teacher of mathematics to learners of all ages, and I do not think that a child can deal and should deal with "abstract numbers" much earlier than Froebel would allow—not, at any rate, to any valuable result. A child can, however, be made to juggle with abstractions and figures and processes long before he understands anything about them.

Mr. Wallas seems to have been unfortunate in his inquiries among secondary teachers as to the results of Kindergarten work. My own personal experience was very different. I was attracted to the study of Kindergartens and Froebel's views when I was a school master by finding that the majority of the brightest, quickest, most teachable of the little boys in my lowest form had been at Kindergartens. I found that Dr. Abbott, of the City of London School, and many others—I could give a long list of names—had had a similar experience. Of course, there are such things as bad Kindergartens. There are also such things even as schools whose idea of education is mechanic drudgery—and Kindergarten children certainly would not take very readily to that kind of work. The judgments cut both ways, and we do not know whether they condemn the Kindergarten or the school. We do not know who pronounced these judgments, or whether they were qualified to speak. I wonder what amount of experience any of them have had of the results of training children of the working classes on Froebelian principles. There are no Kindergartens for these children in England, and public elementary schools have not yet done very much in this matter. In the United States it is precisely with these children, and with the waifs and strays, that Kindergarten principles have had their most widespread and striking success.

Old and young, we must all learn from books. The question is when should books become prominent, if not predominant. Froebel held that, as a rule, the age of eight was soon enough—if *the other things were done which he considered ought to be done*, and which would be left undone if books were introduced too soon. No doubt children of the age of six can learn from books

(Froebel never denied it); but that does not prove that it is our wisest plan to cause the children to do so.

I would humbly suggest that "the great thoughts of great men" are not matters for little children, and had better be left till about the age of twelve, or later—that is, till a time when there is a chance that they will be at least partly understood and appreciated. The formation, or the commencement of the formation, of sound and lasting ideals does not usually begin before the age of twelve.

The Froebel Society is quite open-minded. It believes in the spirit and principles of Froebel, and in teachers being *trained* to carry them out skilfully and wisely. But true Froebelians are too much of evolutionists to believe in finality of any kind. The training we give and the work we do are, to the best of our power, based on the best modern psychology—the writings of Sully, Ward, James, and others. Froebel's pantheism, and his mystical views about things as symbols, are other matters altogether, and do not, as far as I know, trouble us much.

MISS M. E. FINDLAY (Southlands Training College) then spoke; but, as she is writing at greater length on the philosophy of Froebel for this Magazine, we omit her speech.

MR. RICE (King Alfred School) said that his own pupils came largely from neighbouring Kindergartens, and he had nothing to complain of with regard to their power of attention or of application. On the contrary, the majority came with especially good working habits. There was one Kindergarten in particular which he had in his mind where the children, on leaving, were able to read and write, and to express themselves fairly well both orally and on paper, and to give steady attention to any work set before them. That was probably in consequence of the Kindergarten being a place where the children were treated not as being perfect or even potentially perfect, but where they were rather regarded as having good and bad tendencies, the former of which were to be conformed into habits, and the latter to be discouraged. He agreed with Mr. Wallas that inhibition had a very large place indeed in education.

Short speeches were then made by Mr. J. C. Hudson and others.

THE CHAIRMAN: I shall ask Mr. Wallas to say a few words in reply, and at this hour it would not do for me to stand between him and you. I would only say just this, that I hope he sees and we realize that, while we are prepared to defend to some extent the Master from some of the criticisms which he has made, we nevertheless realize, I think, to the full that his was not necessarily the last word in education. And he will also understand that we feel very acutely that his criticisms may apply to some Kindergartens and Kindergarten work, and also that we realize how the truth of every quality having its outcoming defects may be applied to Froebel and his teaching, and that we Froebelians must be sensitive and anxious to maintain the balance on such points. One other thing I would say is this, as representing to some extent the Froebel Society—namely, that while we think we are still justified in calling ourselves, and continuing to call ourselves, the Froebel Society, on account of the enormous place and importance which Froebel has had in education, and his realization of its needs and importance, that does not prevent us, I think, and should not prevent any of the Froebelian workers, from attempting to find light and seek help from whatever quarter it may come. I trust we shall not refuse to accept help and light, whether it comes from one quarter or the other.

MR. GRAHAM WALLAS'S REPLY.

I HAVE been permitted to see the written replies to my address, and have to thank the writers for their courtesy and fairness. Miss Clarke makes the interesting suggestion that Froebel is to be connected "as psychologist with Herbart rather than with Pestalozzi." To argue the point would be impossible in the space now allotted to me, and so I can only suggest that, as she already knows, most students of Froebel and Herbart would disagree with her.

Miss Wragge thinks my criticism of the literary qualities of action songs is unjust. I must refer to page 195 of this number, where a plea is urged for "simple rhymes made up by mother or teacher on the spur of the moment" as being "far more educational" than those in good literary form. Such

rhymes are made neither better nor worse by being printed.

Miss Lawrence is the most searching of my critics, and I must give her most of my space. If she will read again what I said on the two views of evolution, she will, I think, see that twice in the first column of page 203 I emphasized just that "presence and power of innate capacity and bent in man" which she speaks of as discovered by Darwin in his old age. I argued, however, that a Darwinian biologist would not consider such tendencies (whether normal or abnormal) as good simply because they are there, but only in relation to the environment in which it is expected or desired that the child should grow up. I ought, perhaps, to have added that we should be careful to choose, in some cases, the environment so as to fit an abnormal tendency as well as tendencies to fit the normal environment.

Miss Lawrence states that Froebel "wrote with almost equal warmth and enthusiasm in favour of apparent opposites." That being so, she is, of course, entitled to contend that her extracts from "The Education of Man" are typical and mine exceptional. I can only

answer that my criticisms seem to me to deal with defects in the main argument, not only of "The Education of Man," but also of the system expounded by the ordinary Froebelian teacher, and by the writers of scores of successful examination answers in *Kindergarten* which I have read. If I had been making a book instead of a lecture, I should have referred to Froebel's plan of a "connecting school." But his general educational philosophy is neither by him nor by his disciples confined to children below the age of six, which is suggested by Miss Wragge on page 212 as the maximum for the Kindergarten. If, indeed, an agreement could be come to that no child above six should be in a Kindergarten, I think that it would lead to a valuable educational reform.

It may help those who desire to form their own opinions on the matters discussed to mention that the translation of "The Education of Man" referred to by Miss Lawrence, Miss Wragge, and myself, is that of W. N. Hailmann, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and 23 Bedford Street, Strand, in their "International Education Series."

The following papers dealing with Mr. GRAHAM WALLAS's criticisms have been kindly contributed by Madame MICHAELIS and Miss LAWRENCE since the Conference took place:—

BY MADAME MICHAELIS:—

Mr. Graham Wallas's admirable paper is so full of thoughts which are excellent in themselves, and is so suggestive, that one could have wished that his criticisms had been directed to Froebel's pedagogy only, instead of to the grotesque forms which pass currency as the real thing amongst the more or less enlightened public.

Mr. Graham Wallas's criticisms cannot have been meant for those institutions where the true spirit of the Master prevails, where his principles are carried out in a progressive manner, where honest work is done, and where the ever-changing conditions of life are taken account of and reckoned with.

Mr. Graham Wallas urges the Froebel Society first to direct its attention freely and fully to the study of modern psychology and modern biology; secondly, not to concentrate its study, and to base its teaching exclusively, on the works of one Master; and thirdly, that it should see that the most important practical need in education at the present time is *economy*.

I should like to say much on each of these points, but time and space allow me only to touch on the last. It has struck me always that economy is one of the chief characteristics in Froebel's plan for the education of children; and, let me say it, economy is a virtue which I have but rarely found in the educational in-

stitutions of this country. I do not think that the feverish haste to gain results is an economical way of reaching the aim of future usefulness and happiness for the people of this country, which the administrators of public education have set before themselves. True economy lies, it seems to me, in preparing first a sound, durable foundation, and Froebel has taught us how this may be done in the Kindergarten, where the child receives all-sided training of all his powers.

The child who has been in a Kindergarten conducted on true Froebelian—true educational—lines should be fully prepared to enter the school between the ages of six and seven. All his senses are well developed for further use, his movements in true relation to the directing will power, his mind accustomed to observe and to discriminate, and he is now ready to receive the instruction prepared for him in the school.

Mr. Graham Wallas warns us not to neglect the teaching of literature and of history. He cannot possibly mean that the early teaching of reading (one of the factors in his scheme of economy) is the road to the understanding and appreciation of the great writers who have enriched the literature of this country. Is the child whose powers are carefully trained to observe the beauties of Nature, to listen to the stories about this great and bountiful world, to manipulate the variety of material prepared for him in order to express his notions of things which he sees and hears, less prepared to appreciate the writings of these great ones than the children who begin to spell at three or four years of age, passing in this manner weary hours of body and mental stagnation?

Has Mr. Graham Wallas seen children who have gone through that slow but sure process of early training in the transition class, where they begin to read, to write, to recognize the relation of number to measurement—where they learn to use their pencil and their brush to record their knowledge? Does he not see that true economy is *not* in hurrying the child before he is ready towards fields of

knowledge which are beyond his ken, but in the patient preparation of the foundation during the early years of childhood, so that the future generation may be strong and ready to realize the true wisdom of which Froebel speaks: "To be wise is the highest aim of man, is the most exalted achievement of human self-determination"?

To the building up of national education I should like to be able to apply the words of the Sermon on the Mount: "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

By MISS LAWRENCE:—

All Kindergarten teachers must be glad to have read, or to have heard, Mr. Graham Wallas's stimulating and interesting criticism of Froebelian pedagogy. The sincerity of the paper, founded on the wish to forward education on the best lines, is, in itself, an attractive feature, and the paper acts as a wholesome corrective and a solemn warning to those of us who are inclined to be lax and to scamp our work, as well as to those of us who are enthusiastic and blind followers of any one educational master. Mr. Graham Wallas makes us fully alive to some of the pitfalls or weaknesses into which we fall or may fall; and we can only be grateful for such warning and advice. But, more than all, we are grateful to him for sending us back to study Froebel with renewed energy, to be inspired more fully than ever with the remarkable insight and wisdom of that great man, and to be keener than ever to carry out his principles. In championing the great Master, in whom we believe, although we may be, and should be, fully alive to his faults—and he certainly had weaknesses and eccentricities—it is perhaps only natural that we should feel a keen pleasure in showing, as we think, that Mr. Wallas often misunderstands and misrepresents Froebel.

Mr. Wallas certainly accords Froebel some high praise; but he emphasizes what he considers his weak points in such a way that others who have read or heard his paper, and who have not studied Froebel attentively, may be inclined to form an erroneous opinion of him, and may think that the weak points outweigh the strong. Let us then discuss the various points in the paper.

The first, and that upon which Mr. Graham Wallas speaks at most length, is the biological theory, that the formation, the development, the evolution of both individual and species does not come from within. Mr. Wallas quotes several passages from "The Education of Man," upholding Froebel's contrary view on this question, and then he goes on to explain that Darwin and the later biologists transferred the cause of development from within to without. It seems, however, that as far as human beings of the present day and their education are concerned, Mr. Wallas somewhat misrepresents both Froebel and Darwin, who are scarcely so much opposed on that point as he implies. Darwin certainly lays stress on the presence and power of innate capacity and bent in man. In his autobiography he says, *e.g.* (page 28): "The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers ever had this taste." And, again, in writing in 1877 or 1878 of his brother Erasmus, he says: "Our minds and tastes were, however, so different, that I do not think I owe much to him intellectually. I am inclined to agree with Francis Galton in believing that education and environment produce only a small effect on the mind of any one, and that most of our qualities are innate" (page 22). Darwin wrote the above at the end of his life, and when he had had time to test his own theories.

What is genius but innate power? The greater the genius, the more probable it is that his mind will develop, notwithstanding the fact that he has had little or nothing in the way of external advantages. Over and over again we find great artists, scientists, legislators, humanists, and others who rise far higher than their fellow-creatures in spite of the absence of external education. Prophets continually arise "before their time"; and may not their insight and power be considered as "innate tendency"? If Mr. Wallas admits "genius" at all, it is difficult to mark off the line and to say where there is actually *no* spark of genius. For all practical purposes, as far as human beings of the present day are concerned, at any rate, Darwin clearly admits that there are these native sparks of genius, and that, in some cases, they are extraordinarily strong and penetrating.

To return to Froebel. It is quite fair and true to him to emphasize the fact that he fully believed

that man has within him native tendencies, and that the general bent of such tendencies is towards good rather than towards evil, and he warns us not to interfere unduly. He urges us to allow sufficient freedom and suitable outer conditions for natural development, for he says: "A suppressed or perverted good quality, a good tendency only repressed, misunderstood, or misguided, lies originally at the bottom of every shortcoming in man" ("Education of Man," page 121). This would apply to the genius as well as to the ordinary man, the difference being chiefly one of degree. Both might develop more fully if they were interfered with less.

On the other hand, it is absolutely false to Froebel to imply that the educator's business is merely to "stand aside." Why did Froebel devote the whole of his life to "education," if the educator was to have nothing to do but "stand aside"? Who, more than Froebel, urged mothers and teachers to become fully conscious of the great importance of their direct influence and positive work as educators? Who laid more stress than Froebel on the mighty influence of right example and environment?—

A stranger midst the surging life of men,
He to his own life-stature shall attain
By taking—to give back again.

"Mutter- und Kose-Lieder," trans. S. Blow, page 63.

As Mr. Graham Wallas has quoted several passages from various parts of "The Education of Man," it is natural to suppose that he has read the whole book. Is it, therefore, fair to Froebel that he should omit all mention of the chapters and numerous paragraphs which deal with actual prescriptive education? Many people may say that Froebel was full of contradictions; for he wrote with almost equal warmth and enthusiasm in favour of apparent opposites. He was, however, fully conscious of this, and he did it purposely, for he had the glorious power of conceiving the highest truth in the union of two opposites—*i.e.*, he could conceive a larger truth containing the essential elements of two extremes. Although he lays much stress on the importance of the natural development of the Divine essence in man and of the harmfulness of undue interference, yet he distinctly says that "if there is unmistakable proof from his entire inner and outer bearing that the original wholeness of the human being to be educated has been marred, then directly categorical mandatory education in its full severity is demanded." ("Education of Man,"

pages 9 and 10.) And in speaking of the period of boyhood, he lays stress on the necessity and importance of definite external influence and instruction. It is, he says, "the period for *learning*, for making the external internal."

On the part of parents and educators the period of infancy demanded chiefly *fostering care*. During the succeeding period of childhood . . . *training* prevails . . . therefore boyhood is the period in which instruction predominates. This instruction is conducted not so much in accordance with the nature of man as in accordance with the fixed, definite, clear laws that lie in the nature of things, and more particularly the laws to which man and things are equally subject. . . . It is conducted, then, in accordance with fixed and definite conditions lying *outside* the human being; and this implies knowledge, insight, a conscious and comprehensive survey of the field. . . . Therefore, on entering the period of boyhood, man becomes at the same time a *schoolboy*. With this period school begins for him, be it in the home or out of it, and taught by the father, the members of the family, or a teacher. School, then, means here by no means the schoolroom, nor school-keeping, but *the conscious communication of knowledge for a definite purpose and in definite inner connexion* ("Education of Man," page 95).

Does Mr. Graham Wallas call this "standing aside," and does it suggest that the "inner law" should not be consciously helped in its development?

Many other passages in "The Education of Man" speak of the need of definite instruction and of gaining knowledge and information from without. The "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder" is full of suggestive thought, too, as to the influence of environment.

Although Froebel saw the futility of trying to burden children's minds with "a great oppressive load of merely extraneous information," with undigested, unrelated knowledge, yet he hardly had that aversion to "traditional knowledge" which Mr. Graham Wallas implies. The conception of his "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder" itself had almost a purely traditional foundation. And he says, in "The Education of Man," that the present, however full and rich, does not by any means satisfy human needs; but it helps people to realize the existence of the past—

Who fails to remember the keen desire that filled his heart, more particularly in the period of his later years of boyhood, when he beheld old walls and towers, ruins, old buildings, monuments, and columns on the hills and on the road side—to hear others give accounts of these things, of their time and their causes? Nay, who has not at such times noticed in himself a vague, undefinable feeling that at some time these things themselves could and would give an account of themselves and their time? And who, judging by his experience and knowledge, can furnish him these accounts, if not those who lived before he did—his elders? That these might tell him is his earnest wish; and thus there is

developed in the boy at this age the desire and craving for tales, for legends, for all kinds of stories, and later on for historical accounts. (Page 115.)

And, again, in speaking of works of art, he says:

Behold the ruins of perished human art power—be they the mighty work of the giant strength of individuals, or the colossal product of the omnipotence of the intimate union of many for one purpose which is common to all, and which each one of the workers, on whatever stage of insight, holds and must hold as his purpose—an omnipotence whose existence mankind have scarcely felt as yet, and in which they still less believe! Those ruins admonish the succeeding weaker generations; and the generation that begins to become conscious of its essential nature is lifted in confidence and courage by those proofs of vanished, though by no means only outer, human power and greatness. When barbarians—rough, unfeeling, thoughtless men—destroy the work of art, or even the slightest vestige of a human spirit that has lived and worked on earth, the noble, sensitive human being grieves perhaps even more than he would do if the life of an ordinary living being were destroyed. For does not even the work of man imply the independent development of the spirit and thought it holds? May not the character expressed in a work of art influence entire generations, elevating, or on the other hand, degrading, them. We study to acquaint ourselves with the life and aspirations, &c., of human works; we study the works of man, and justly so. The undeveloped, maturing human being should profit by the development of maturer men. (Pages 157-158.)

He then goes on to speak of the paramount importance of the study of the "pure works of Nature"; but that hardly lessens the value he attaches to the great humanistic subjects of art and history. As to "imitation," the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder" speaks directly and indirectly, on almost every page, of its value in education. It is strange that Mr. Wallas has overlooked this fact, and that he apparently does not realize the importance attached to it by Froebel.

It is unfortunately true, as Mr. Graham Wallas points out, that Froebel had no artistic and literary ability. He was singularly clumsy in this respect, and we, his followers, would do well to take Mr. Wallas's warning to heart, and to cease reproducing and disseminating bad verse. Froebel's verse is undoubtedly poor, but the inspiration and the truth embodied in this poor form are, in many cases, essentially noble. However, the special verse which Mr. Wallas quotes is quite un-Froebelian, and mere worthless jargon. It remains for others to embody Froebel's thoughts in more fitting form, both in prose and in verse.

With regard to the accusation of sentimentality, it must be remembered that there is a wide difference between true and false sentiment: the one is essentially good; the other is obnoxious,

Now, Froebel may have been sentimental, and he may sometimes even have allowed his feelings to run away with him, and make him over-mystical and over-fanciful; but his sentiment was never false. His heart and his feelings certainly did inspire him in the first instance, and more or less guided his work from beginning to end; but are not "heart and feelings" at the base of every great man's work, and was not Froebel wise and practical, as well as emotional? The meaning underlying his mysticism and symbolism is hard to grasp, and his writing is often strange and obscure; but pearls of wisdom are nevertheless to be found there by those who have the seeing eye and the understanding heart. We should, however, always avoid exaggeration, and the more we realize Froebel's wisdom and greatness, the more care should we take not to introduce any kind of sentiment into the Kindergarten.

Again, in speaking of the development of language and of writing, Froebel occasionally allowed himself to romance a little on particular points. But, broadly speaking, was he not right? Is there not an "inner law" underlying the development of both language and writing? The theories of Prof. Max Müller and others with regard to language are very similar to those of Froebel, and it has not been conclusively proved that their theories are incorrect. Prof. Max Müller shows the intimate connexion between language and thought, and illustrates how language, as well as thought, develops according to what Froebel would have called "inner law." The two passages which Mr. Graham Wallas quotes from "The Education of Man" might almost have been written by Prof. Max Müller himself. (See *lectures on "The Simplicity of Language" and on "The Identity of Language and Thought."* I refer to the passages where he says that "language is the self-active outward expression of the inner," and that "each word is a necessary product of certain word elements, just as each material chemical product is the result of the combination of certain determinate elementary substances." And has "Grimm's Law" yet been actually disproved, and does it not point to the fact that there is something regular, rigorous, and scientific in the laws of sound-change, and that there is a definite sound-correspondence between different languages? Is it not a more or less acknowledged fact that writing may be traced first to the "inner desire for pictorial writing, and next to the inner

desire for symbolic writing"? Is there any proof that many existing alphabets have not actually been through such stages? As far as definite proof goes, then, is it true that the arts of speech and writing are matters of mere "arbitrary convention," and that there is not much of what Froebel would call "inner law" and regularity in their development, and that, in the first instance, "inner instinct," "inner impulse," "inner power" did not give them birth? Without thought, and without power of conception, there would probably have been no language as we know it. And Froebel also wished to emphasize the converse fact that "language," if it is to convey thought, to satisfy inner needs, to be of practical value, must not be simply extraneous; it must have some relation to the thoughts and feelings already existing in the human being.

In speaking of happiness, Mr. Wallas seems to think that Froebel sacrificed *training* to happiness. Now, although Froebel thought that childhood should be an essentially happy period of life, he never wished training to be sacrificed to happiness, nor did he "identify the happiness of the moment with the happiness of the whole life." He speaks at length on the continuity of growth, and says:—

It is highly pernicious to consider the stages of human development—infant, child, boy or girl, youth or maiden, man or woman, old man or matron—as really distinct, and not, as life shows them, as continuous in themselves, in unbroken transitions; highly pernicious to consider the child or boy as something so distinct, that the common foundation (human being) is seen but vaguely in the idea and word, and scarcely at all considered in life and for life. ("Education of Man," page 27.)

He saw the man in the infant, and it was chiefly for the sake of the man that he devoted his life to the child. In speaking of earliest infancy he mentions *wilfulness* as "the first and most hideous of all faults," and he goes on to say that the child must be trained to endure suffering when his actual needs have been supplied:—

In accordance with the spirit and destiny of humanity, man should be trained to learn, by the endurance of small, insignificant suffering, how to bear heavy suffering and burdens that threaten destruction. . . . Often the hardest struggles of man *with himself*, and even the later most adverse and oppressive events in his life, have their origin in this stage of development. For this reason the care of the infant is so important. ("Education of Man," pages 22-24.)

Later on he speaks at length on the necessity for the child to overcome obstacles, to become independent and vigorous (pages 87-102). He explains that—

To give firmness to the will, to quicken it, and to make it pure, strong and enduring, in a life of pure humanity, is the chief concern, the main object in the guidance of the boy, in instruction, and the school. (Page 96.)

It is, therefore, unfair to Froebel to imply that his pedagogics are "soft." Gentle and sympathetic he undoubtedly was, but he saw the necessity for struggle and effort, and "to give children early habits of work and industry seemed to him so natural and obvious a course as to need no statement in words." (Page 87. See also pages 33-34, where he does make definite statements.)

It is a well-known fact that many of Froebel's views are upheld by our leading psychologists; and even if this were not so, we do not think Mr. Graham Wallas has proved that Froebel himself was "unaware of the nature of the process by which real human knowledge is extended or acquired."

It is difficult to discuss fully all the points which Mr. Wallas raises. Personally, I have heard statements absolutely opposed to those of Mr. Wallas regarding the value of the Froebel "gifts and occupations" as a basis for true mathematical thinking. The "clumsiness" has been on the side of the children who have *not* been trained in this way. Certainly Froebel himself had a scientific, mathematical mind, and he went far into the study of mathematics. Perhaps, if anything, he over-exaggerated this side of the training.

Referring to the last part of the paper, we would ask if a child *should* be doomed, "through all his school-life, to be one of a class of forty or fifty or sixty under a tired teacher." Is it probable that such a child would *ever* "enter into the inheritance of the past and the understanding of the present through the written words of great men"? If the conditions are such, and are unalterable, it seems mere folly to talk about "education" at all. Books would certainly be an improvement on the perennially-tired teacher, even if the children do not understand much of what they are reading. But we hope that, even if the classes must remain large, the teacher need not necessarily be tired. Froebel would certainly wish her to be bright and attractive, full of life, well-read, and intelligent. Under such conditions the "silent kings and princes" will not stand waiting in vain upon our bookshelves; but

a child "will feel himself to be in spiritual union with human beings of whom he has only heard, whom he has never seen and never will see." ("Education of Man," page 143.) Froebel maintains that knowledge and experience should be gained, in the first instance, from direct intercourse with life and nature; that childhood should, if possible, be teeming with life. When once the living foundation is laid, when the school period comes, he acknowledges that one of our important duties is to teach children to read and write.

Writing and reading, which necessarily imply a living knowledge of language to a certain extent, lift man beyond every other known creature, and bring him nearer the realization of his destiny. Through the practice of these arts he attains personality. The endeavour to learn these arts makes the scholar and the school. ("Education of Man," page 224.)

No one had a keener sense of the value of time than Froebel, and it was for this very reason that he was anxious not to force school instruction upon infants.

In conclusion, we would ask if it is fair to call Mr. Graham Wallas's paper "a criticism of Froebelian pedagogy"? It is a help to those of us who are trying to put Froebel's principles into practice and to propagate his system to have our attention drawn to the foolish things we may do or say in the Kindergarten, to the time we may waste, to the opportunities we may miss. But is it quite fair to Froebel and to the cause he advocates to put down all these weaknesses under the head of "Froebelian pedagogy"? Many so-called Kindergarten teachers are totally unacquainted with Froebelian pedagogy at first hand; the letter, and not the spirit, has been handed down to them, and they have distorted and perverted Froebel's meaning to such an extent that, were he suddenly to come amongst us, he would fail to recognize his own work. May we also add that there are good Froebel schools and Kindergartens as well as bad ones, and that the teaching in many is given, in several respects, on the lines which Mr. Wallas advocates, and that, in such schools, the "humanistic studies" are justly honoured.

We thank Mr. Graham Wallas once again, and we shall take his warnings to heart; and for the honour of Froebel, as well as for the sake of the children whose education we are directing, we shall try, in word and in deed, to be loyal to truth and progress.

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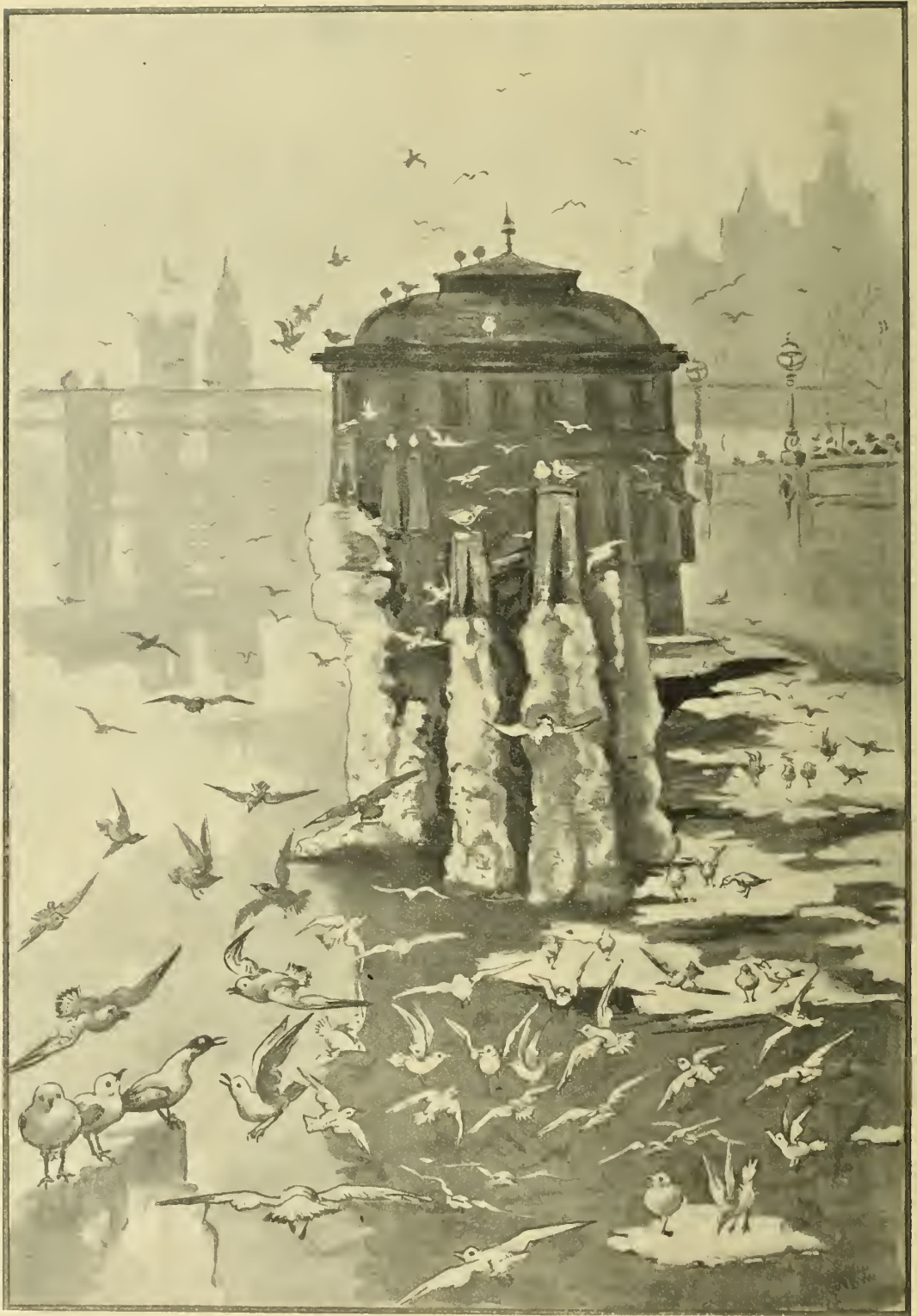
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SEAGULLS ON THE THAMES IN WINTER.

Ottile Bodé.

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To my Friends Old and Young.

WHEN I resigned my post as Principal of the Froebel Educational Institute, I received so many tokens of regard and affection from present and past students, from old and new friends, that I should like to express (in some measure), through the medium of our Magazine, how deeply grateful I am for all the kindness and love.

England has been my home during the last twenty-seven years, and it has been a great privilege to me to have been permitted to devote so many years of my life to the carrying on of the work of our Master, Friedrich Froebel, in this country. To feel that so many others have also been inspired to take up the work, doing it so much better than I could ever have done it, is reward enough for any worker, and more than enough for me; but to reap at the same time such a harvest of love

and devotion is riches indeed, and more than I deserve. If I may be proud of anything, I am proud of possessing the friendship of those for whom and with whom I have worked; and of this friendship I have received such numerous and splendid tokens.

If I can live the remainder of my life free from anxiety, quietly enjoying the rest after long and arduous work, I owe it to you all, and I am fully conscious that what you have given was given in the spirit of love.

Let me assure you in these few lines that my remembrance of all you have done for me will never fade from my memory; and my greatest pleasure and privilege will be to continue, although indirectly, to work with you in so good a cause as that of Education, and especially in the promotion of Froebel's principles throughout the country.

E. MICHAELIS.

Maria Edgeworth.

(Continued from page 128.)

FOR two years after her father's death there was a blank in Miss Edgeworth's literary work, caused by an illness which affected her eyes so severely that she was obliged to give them a complete rest, even from letter writing. The first work that she undertook after her recovery was the completion of her father's memoirs, and at these she laboured indefatigably. They were finished and published early in 1820, and the same year saw her in Paris again, with two of her young sisters, renewing old friendships and forming many new ones.

Miss Edgeworth spoke French as fluently as she did English, and her ready sympathy, quick wit, and brilliant conversational power made her a universal favourite.

In June the party left Paris for Geneva, which town was then at the height of what has been termed its Augustan age, the resort of eminent men and women from all lands. There Miss Edgeworth made many delightful acquaintances, and from Geneva she made expeditions to different parts of Switzerland. Among the places she visited was Pestalozzi's establishment at Yverdon. This was probably not her first visit to the Institute—not, at any rate, the first time she had met its founder—for she writes to her sister:

Pestalozzi recognized me, and I him. The whole superintendence of the school is now in the hands of the masters: he just shows a visitor into the rooms, and reappears as you are going away.

From Yverdon Miss Edgeworth drove to Friburg to visit Père Girard's school. Unfortunately she reserved her impressions of both establishments for another (unpublished) letter to her brother: "I shall tell Lovell," she writes, "all about Pestalozzi, Fellenburg, and Père Girard's schools."

The following spring Maria and her sister were at Edgeworthstown again after a year

which seemed to her "like a delightful dream of Alps, glaciers, and cascades, and troops of acquaintances in splendid succession and visionary confusion."

Maria was never so happy as when at Edgeworthstown, although her life there was a curious contrast to that she led away from home. In August she writes:

What do you think is my employment out-of-doors and what has it been this week past? My garden? No such elegant thing; but making a gutter! a sewer and a pathway in the street of Edgeworthstown; and I do declare I am as much interested about it as I ever was in writing anything in my life."

In another letter:

You want to know what I am doing and thinking of; of dragging quicks from one hedge and sticking them down into another at the imminent peril of their green buds: of two houses to let, one tenant promised from the Isle of Man and another from the Irish Survey; of two bullfinches each in his cage on the table—one who would sing if he could, and another who could sing. I am told, if he would.

Besides her gutter and her bullfinches, Miss Edgeworth had a new and absorbing interest in a school that had been started at Edgeworthstown by her brother Lovell on his return from France, and planned out during his exile in that country. It was at first intended to be simply a day school for poor boys; but a boarding-house was soon added to receive the sons of gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen. In this establishment there were two peculiarities. All ranks of boys from the sons of gentlemen to the poorest day scholars were taught together in the same classes, and to avoid all distinction in their appearance, each boy wore over his own clothes a sort of linen blouse, something like an English carter's smock. The second special feature of the school was, that pupils of all religions and sects were admitted, Catholics and Protestants attending their respective churches and chapels on Sundays, and receiving separate instruction on special days of the week from the Catholic

priest or the Protestant rector. No subjects of religious controversy were allowed among the boys. To prevent the parents of the pupils from considering it a charity school, it was arranged that even the poorest scholars should pay some small sum of money (such as one penny per week), while the boarding-house pupils were received for £40 a year. Lovell Edgeworth himself taught and supervised daily; and the school was examined at intervals by competent judges, and pronounced remarkably successful.

The winter of 1821-22 Miss Edgeworth spent in England. There for the first time she met Mrs. Siddons, the famous actress, and Elizabeth Fry, another great woman whose wonderful work among the women prisoners at Newgate has made her famous as a pioneer of social reform. Of her visit to Newgate, and her meeting with Elizabeth Fry, Maria writes a vivid account:

Yesterday we went, the moment we had swallowed our breakfast, by appointment, to Newgate. The private door opened at sight of our tickets, and the great doors and the little doors and the thick doors and doors of all sorts were unbolted and unlocked, and on we went through dreary but clean passages, till we came to a room where rows of empty benches fronted us, and a table on which lay a large Bible. Several ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats on benches at either side of the table, in silence.

Enter Mrs. Fry, in a drab-coloured silk cloak and plain borderless Quaker-cap; a most benevolent countenance—Guido-Madonna face—calm, benign. "I must make an inquiry: Is Maria Edgeworth here, and where?" I went forward; she bade us come and sit beside her. The prisoners came in and in an orderly manner ranged themselves on the benches. All quite clean faces, hair, caps, and hands. On a very low bench in front little children were seated and were settled by their mothers. She opened the Bible and read in the most sweetly solemn, sedate voice I ever heard. We went through the female wards with Mrs. Fry, and saw the women at various works—knitting, rug-making, &c. They have done a great deal of needlework, very neatly and some very ingenious. When I expressed my foolish wonder at this to Mrs. Fry's sister, she replied: "We have to do, recollect, ma'am, not with fools, but with rogues."

From Mrs. Siddons, Maria heard the history of her first acting of *Lady Macbeth*, of the awe she felt and the power of the excitement given to her by the sight of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the pit. But Miss Edgeworth was, to make the acquaintance of a "lion" even more famous than the great actress. In the spring of 1823 she went to

Scotland, and there began her strong friendship with Sir Walter Scott, a friendship which lasted until his death. Scott lost no time in seeking out the Irish authoress, and her first evening in Edinburgh was passed in his house, listening to Gaelic songs sung by a Highland boatman. From the first the "Wizard of the North" did the honours of Edinburgh, introducing Miss Edgeworth to such of the "Northern lights" as were then at home, and showing her the sights of that beautiful city. Miss Edgeworth was delighted with Sir Walter, and he with her. He wrote to a friend:

Miss Edgeworth is at present the great lioness of Edinburgh, and a very nice lioness; she is full of fun and spirit; a little slight figure, very active in her motions, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm.

After a Highland tour which she made on leaving Edinburgh, Maria accepted a pressing invitation from Scott and his wife to visit them at Abbotsford, and the fortnight she spent there Lockhart describes as one of the happiest in Scott's life. Two years later, when travelling in Ireland, Sir Walter spent a week at Edgeworthstown, after which he paid a visit to Killarney, accompanied by Maria and two other members of the Edgeworth family. The great novelist charmed all that he met, down to the boatman who rowed them on the lake, and who, recounting the fact years later to Lord Macaulay, said that it had made up to him for missing a hanging that day.

Scott died some seven years later, and Maria never saw him again, although they frequently corresponded. Of Miss Edgeworth's novels Sir Walter had always the very highest opinion. In the preface to the "*Waverley Novels*" he writes (referring to the first seven chapters of "*Waverley*," which had been deposited in a lumber closet and entirely forgotten for some years):

Two circumstances in particular recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript. The first was the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours in Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up. Without being so pre-

sumption—as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of her sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to produce sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles.

Sir Walter was not always in agreement with Miss Edgeworth's educational theories. In a letter to Joanna Baillie he writes :

I do not quite like her last book on education considered as a *general* work. She should have limited the title to "Education as Natural Philosophy" or some such term, for there is no great use in teaching children in general to roof houses and build bridges which after all a carpenter or a mason does a great deal better at 2s. 6d. a day. In a waste country like some parts of America, it may do very well, but in the ordinary professions of the well-informed orders, a small taste for mechanics tends to encourage a sort of trifling self-conceit, founded on knowing that which is not worth being known by one who has other matters to employ his mind on.

Scott's remarks embody a feeling very general at the time he wrote, when labour was cheap, and every sort of manual labour for the "well-informed" classes was considered pure waste of time. Since those days the importance of manual labour has become more recognized, and the wisdom of the views held by Miss Edgeworth, in common with other educational reformers, is being more and more appreciated.

Of the high esteem in which Miss Edgeworth's novels were held during her lifetime there is no question. That they have not maintained the position which they once held is also undeniable. Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that Miss Edgeworth's are pre-eminently "novels with a purpose," and that she never allows her readers to lose sight of that purpose. Mme. de Staël is reported to have said that "Maria Edgeworth était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais qu'elle s'est perdue dans la triste utilité"; and there is some justification for this criticism. Many of her characters are inimitable, but her heroes and heroines are often stilted, too prudent and well-behaved

under all circumstances to be true to nature. Nevertheless she deserves to rank high among the novelists of the nineteenth century. To three women, Miss Austen in England, Miss Ferrier in Scotland, and Miss Edgeworth in Ireland, is due the honour of having introduced a new school of fiction, a school which treated not so much of thrilling adventure and incident, of villains and heroes, as of ordinary everyday life, of men and women largely made up of both good and evil. They were, too, the first women novelists of the nineteenth century, the forerunners of such writers as George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë.

As Miss Edgeworth grew old she lost none of her freshness or vivacity. While clinging to old friends she was always ready to admit new interests, and many little nephews and nieces came to fill the old house with fresh life and to play near the writing-table where they were always sure to find a sympathetic friend. She was as full of energy as ever, rising early every day and walking in the garden for an hour before breakfast.

In the year 1847 came the terrible potato famine in Ireland, and Miss Edgeworth's whole thoughts and energies were absorbed in efforts to aid the starving people around her. It was to raise funds for this purpose that her last book, "Orlandino," was written, a children's story, as her first had been. One answer which came from far across the Atlantic was a great delight to her. The children of Boston, wishing to help Miss Edgeworth's poor people, and as a token of their love for her and her books, raised a subscription and sent a hundred and fifty barrels of flour and rice to Ireland with the inscription "To Miss Edgeworth for her poor."

Two years later Maria Edgeworth died at the age of eighty-two, on the 22nd of May, 1849.

A. S. INNES.

(To be continued.)

A School Journey.

IT was a bright morning in the height of spring when we assembled at the little practice school in Jena equipped for our school journey. Although the hour was early, a large number of well-wishers, parents, and friends had gathered to take part in the little service which was held in the school, and to look on at the parade and examination of knapsacks, boots, and umbrellas. We were taking twelve small boys out to see the world, and were obliged to ensure that they should not drop out footsore by the way or catch chills in case of rain, and there was great grief when it was decided that one small boy's boots would not stand the test. That such a precaution was absolutely necessary subsequent events proved, when one boy was obliged to return through footsoreness. Each knapsack had to include needles and thread, clothes-brush, and boot-brush; for the school journey, among other things, is an occasion for inculcating neatness and manners. The examination ended, the procession formed up, and we marched to the station singing some of the *Wanderlieder* which form part of the lyrical treasure of the German language. At the station renewed "Good-byes" and parting injunctions of parents to boys; finally, with the good wishes of our friends and the God-speed of the genial professor who had come to see us off, we moved out, and the journey had begun.

The boys were in a high state of excitement, chattering about all they were to see, where they were to sleep, and exchanging confidences about the amount of provision with which, in order to keep down expenses as far as possible, each was provided. They were poor children of the labouring class, to whom such a tour for mere pleasure and instruction's sake would be impossible when the duties of

life had been entered upon, and their parents had probably only with great difficulty provided the necessary sum of five shillings which, aided by the University funds, pays expenses. The head master of the school was in charge of the party, which included, besides the boys, four ladies of different nationalities, and several students of the Pedagogical Seminary, both Germans and foreigners. The students, under the direction of the head master, took the lead on various occasions, giving short lessons at different points of interest, and looking after the boys at night.

In a short time we alighted at Saalfeld, at the foot of the Thuringian Forest, and began a twenty-mile walk over the hills to Lauscha, the first place which we were to visit, a small glass-blowing centre. No formal lesson was given during the course of the walk, but various sights and sounds were pointed out to individual boys, who were encouraged to question and notice, and their intelligent remarks showed they had profited by the lessons of preparation which had been going on for some weeks. In these lessons they had been taught what to expect, and under what conditions to expect it, and different contested points had been left for experience to decide. The weather was all that could be wished for, fine and not too warm, so that it was a very cheerful party that marched along the forest road, singing at intervals. A halt was made at midday for lunch, and then we went on steadily till about five, when, gaining the further ridge, and crossing the forest path which goes back to primitive Thuringian days, we saw before us the destination for the day—a straggling village about a mile in length, with glass-blowers' furnaces interspersed among the cottages. At the outskirts of the village we were met by a guard of honour with drums and

fifes, and escorted to the school, where we found staff and pupils assembled to greet us with the popular songs of Thuringia. Twelve boys from the school had volunteered to entertain our boys for the night; each of these selected his guest, and we dispersed, to meet later for sight-seeing.

On reassembling we were conducted in parties into several houses where glass-blowing was carried on by the family, and we watched many intricate processes—the manufacture of glass eyes, of oculists' models of eyes in various stages of disease, of elaborate table ornaments, and of vases in the shape of flowers and birds. As both the articles made and the processes were new to the boys, they were much more interested the next morning in visiting the furnaces in which glass moulding was carried on, where they could see the moulding and twisting of white and coloured glass into marbles of all colours and sizes. The kind-hearted people loaded the boys with gifts of marbles and glittering Christmas tree ornaments, and then we set out for a slate quarry on the road to Sonneberg, where we were to take train for Coburg. Passing over our visit to the quarry, where we saw slate pencils made on rude wooden machines, and to a large toy warehouse in Sonneberg, a short description of our visit to Coburg must complete the account of the second day, which ended at Themar, a small village at the foot of the mountains. In Coburg the fortress was the point of interest. The boys were much impressed by the thickness and strength of the threefold wall, and asked many questions about portcullis, rampart, and tower. Standing on the battlements, they were bidden to observe the situation of the town lying in the shelter of the fortress, and were helped to form a picture of the days when Luther was in hiding, and of the time when the castle was unsuccessfully besieged by Wallenstein during the Thirty Years' War. Later we went into the room occupied by Luther, and there we sang Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and one of the boys was called upon to give a short account of Luther's life.

At Themar our party was distributed among the inns of the village, and after the boys had entered their notes of the day's occurrences, and had gone to bed, a conference was held in which the events of the two days were discussed. It is of the greatest importance, if the tour is to be a successful one, that such a discussion should be held every day, for by that means mistakes can be corrected, details altered if it seems advisable—though, of course, the main plan will not be touched—and an opportunity afforded to students for having points explained and action justified. Needless to say, some rough account should always be kept of these deliberations.

The following morning the head master of the Themar School took us out to a large landslip, and there gave a most successful lesson to the boys, making them notice the causes and result of the landslip, its effect on the immediate surroundings, and, from that, leading them on to discuss the extensive landscape spread out before them, its rivers, mountains, and villages. The boys were very much interested, and answered well and intelligently; in fact, we were all so interested that we failed to notice how time was passing, and arrived at the station to see the only train of the morning disappearing round a curve of the line. This at first sight seemed a great misfortune, but was the means of procuring us a novel experience, for we were forced to drive for several hours through the forest, past huge firs covered with scarlet flowers which glowed like the candles on a Christmas-tree, now and then coming across a lonely charcoal-burner's hut or a forest-keeper in his green uniform. It must be confessed that the mode of locomotion was not too comfortable. The cart was guiltless of springs; it was a so-called ladder-cart, made of three ladders mounted on wooden wheels with a rough plank fastened on each side for a seat; but it suited our purpose and brought us to the nearest station in time for the train for Suhl. From Suhl we walked up to the Schmücke, where we spent the night, the boys lying on straw in a large empty room.

Punctually at half-past six we assembled

for the last and crowning day of the whole tour. That day we climbed two mountains, and wandered through ground made classic by recollections of Goethe. On the tops of the mountains look-out towers were erected, and, standing on these, the boys were told first to make sure of the points of the compass, and then were asked what they expected to see—which mountains or rivers. When a satisfactory account had been given, master and boys began to identify what they saw—the height of the mountain was compared with the highest elevation at home, the difference in temperature was noticed, the direction of the prevalent wind was discovered by the inclination of any visible tree, and various facts of physical geography were shown confirmed by experience. Ascending the Gickelhahn we passed by the little house of boards erected on the site where Goethe, an old man, revisiting the scenes of his early manhood, and contemplating the calm which seems to pervade the whole scene, looked forward to his own approaching rest :

Warte nur, balde
Ruhest auch Du !

Very simply and impressively the master told the story, and made the boys take off their hats while he repeated to them the little verse, and reminded them that some day they also would have to look back upon their closing lives. It was a moment's homage paid to genius, which the boys would not be likely to forget.

Descending into Ilmenau, we were within reasonable distance of home, and here the writer took leave of the party, which arrived safely in Jena in the evening, tired but happy, and, after a short service, dispersed. Of the subsequent lessons, in which the tour and its sights were reviewed and its gains orderly arranged in compositions and connected narrative, there is not time to speak, but the fact must be mentioned, as without these lessons the school journey would be incomplete and would have missed its aim. To those familiar with Herbartian theories and with the practical form in which they have been worked out by such great Herbartians as Profs. Stoy and Rein, Dr. Lotz, Prof. Beyer (who has conducted tours for girls) and others, the idea of a school journey will be nothing new. Such a journey is the presentation in actual concrete reality of the facts of Nature and of human life which have been accepted unquestioningly in the class room, and which become, when perceived again through the medium of experience, part of the very nature of the novice in life and learning. It is intended to be the pupil's introduction to the world, his first venture out beyond the immediate circle of home, undertaken under careful and skilful guidance, yet at the same time affording opportunity for the exercise of self-reliance, independence, and kindness to other, perhaps weaker, fellow-travellers.

J. L. COATES.



The Relation of Froebel's Philosophy to his Theory of Education.

THE value of Froebel's writings on education has been gradually winning wider acceptance, until to-day many of our leading educationists acknowledge "The Education of Man" to be the greatest contribution yet made to a philosophy of education. But this very position of eminence accorded to the founder of the Kindergarten system is attracting against it attacks of a kind new to English and American Kindergartners; for these do not, like the old, emanate from prejudice against ways new and called by a foreign name, but from students of education who have its welfare at heart. Voices speaking with acknowledged authority have called to us of late to "reconstruct," or radically disturb its organization.*

We should first welcome these criticisms and recognize their value. They tell us, at the least, that there must be much at fault in our Kindergarten practice, or some of them would not be uttered. Then, with a view to setting our houses in better order, we should try to get a clearer view of the principles on which Froebel based his system, for all details of practice should receive direction and unification from a centre of sound principles.

It was a great creative act that Froebel tried to accomplish—a union of the new scientific theory of evolution with school-room practice. In his day only the greatest leaders of thought had even grasped the theory. It was remarkable that before it conquered the scientific world a thinker should have been bold enough to try to apply it to education.

We can to-day see how far Froebel planted his camp beyond the confines of his fellow-educationists. Was his work merely that of

the pioneer who makes rough places smooth for the coming army, or did he build for them a city to dwell in? Many workers in many fields are daily adding to the significance of the term "evolution," particularly anthropology, sociology, and the last-born science, genetic psychology. They must contribute new knowledge of great concern for the educator. To what extent will they oblige us to modify the principles we have received from Froebel, or change the system of gifts, occupations, and games which he devised?

Froebel himself was far from imagining that he had formulated a complete science of education, or organized a perfect Kindergarten system. He urged upon his students constant observation of little children with a view to the modification and adaptation of the material received from him to the needs of their pupils, and the gathering of fresh material. How keenly he would have explored the treasures that are being garnered for us from sources undreamt of in his day!

It is then, truly, in the spirit of Froebel that we proceed to examine the relation which the work done by him bears to the great scientific laws and educational ideals set before us to-day: and this paper is merely an attempt in this direction—an attempt that, we hope, will be carried further by other workers of greater power and experience.

We have two sources from which to gain light on the nature of Froebel's philosophy and its bearing on his educational theory: (1) his chief work, "The Education of Man"; (2) numerous autobiographical references in other writings.

"The Education of Man" was published ten years after he had founded the "Universal German Educational Institute" at Keilhau, eleven years before he began his school for little children. The interval was occupied mainly with propaganda, and we do not find

* See speech of Prof. Graham Wallas reported in *Child Life*, July, 1901; and *Pedagogical Seminary*, July, 1900.

during this period, or later, any change taking place in his philosophical views.

Froebel's philosophy controlled not only his theory of education, but his whole thought and conduct. Stripped of the abounding images and symbols in which his fertile imagination loved to clothe it, we find it distinguished by simplicity. When he was a University student a great stir and ferment of thought was agitating the different philosophical schools that had branched out from the teaching of the great master Kant. We do not find that Froebel ever called himself a disciple of any school, that he ever thought of himself as adopting the views of any particular philosopher, or that he troubled himself about the particular philosophical questions then rife. The philosophical tendencies of the age no doubt acted as a favourable environment in ripening his convictions; but had he lived a century earlier, or a century later, they would have been substantially the same.

We have said that Froebel's philosophical thinking did not extend over a wide circle; but it was singularly intense, and exerted a dominant control in shaping his life. How are we to account for this force of conviction? I think such an inquiry leads us in two directions: first, to his strong instinctive tendency to seek for unity and harmony amongst the manifold impressions and ideas presented to him; and, secondly, to the two deepest interests of his life—his deep religious feeling and longing after communion with Nature.

Let us look first at the intellectual factor which rendered possible his continual hold on a highly abstract and far-reaching philosophical form of thought, and also the construction of an educational system in harmony with it. Froebel was endowed eminently with the imaginative gifts that distinguish the poet and prophet, without their gift of utterance. He had a passion for synthesis; for gathering up diverse natural phenomena under one law; for reducing a chaos of facts to simplicity.*

This thought tendency was strong, he tells us, from early childhood, and it no doubt accounts in a measure for the great interest with which, before his tenth year, he listened to the sermons and catechetical instruction of his Calvinistic father: "to feel the presence of this threefold kingdom of God—the visible, invisible, and the invisibly visible; to acknowledge it, and let it influence life—this alone can give us the peace which we seek within and without."* "Education consists in leading man, as a thinking intelligent being, growing into self-consciousness, to a pure and unsullied, conscious and free representation of the inner law of Divine Unity, and teaching him ways and means thereto. The knowledge of that eternal law, the insight into its origin, into its essence, into the totality, the connexion and intensity of its effects, the knowledge of life in its totality, constitute science, the science of life; and, referred by the self-conscious, thinking, intelligent being to representation and practice through and in himself, this becomes science of education."†

But how did it come to pass that Froebel succeeded in reconciling the religious teaching of his early years with a clear scientific conception of "evolution," the doctrine of a catastrophic world creation—a creation by sudden successive divine fiat—with the conviction which lay at the base of his educational system: "God creates and works productively in uninterrupted continuity"? We find no hint in his reminiscences of a disturbance of his religious habits of thought having taken place at any time. His love of Nature, his scientific studies, were a part of his religion; the warmth and enthusiasm with which, to the end of his life, he turned back upon occasion to the earliest pursuits of his youth were due largely to religious motives.

Now is it probable, as we are at times told, that he adopted from the Nature philosophy of Schelling either his belief in the immanent presence and continuous working of the Divine

* See Prof. W. James on the characteristic mental attitude of the philosopher in "The Will to Believe," page 65, &c.

* "The Education of Man," "International Education Series," page 162.

† *Ibid.*, page 2.

Spirit in the world of Nature and the world of man, or his tendency to search for special revelations of the Godhead in forms that seemed fitted only to bear a far less significant part in the great drama of life? The roots of his convictions penetrated to soil much deeper. As a child he was greatly attracted by Nature in all its forms; and this interest grew into a ceaseless search after scientific law. At the University of Jena, when seventeen years of age, we see him attending chiefly courses on natural science and mathematics; later, when a student at Göttingen, he first took up languages, but left them for natural science. The piecemeal, disconnected character of the teaching at Göttingen displeased this seeker after unity and wide general laws; so he removed to Berlin, and found in the class-room of the geologist Prof. Weiss the illuminating breadth of view and the insight into the fundamental processes of Nature which he had long sought. At this time new discoveries in natural science and in geography attracted many eager students to Berlin. Amongst them Froebel must have won distinction; for not only was he selected as assistant to Prof. Weiss, but in 1815 he was offered a post as Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Stockholm. It is quite evident that at this time, in the eyes of his friends, Froebel took rank as a scientist, not as a philosopher. For our purpose it is important to note that he was primarily a student of biology before the material constituting this science had been marked off and organized. Prof. Karl Pearson, in his "Grammar of Science," tells us: "It is not the facts themselves which form science, but the method in which they are dealt with." And Froebel's method as a student of science was essentially biological. Had pure science, instead of the applied science of education, won his services, we can well believe that the year 1826 would have seen a treatise on biology as profound and original as "The Education of Man." The conclusion he had reached about evolution from his extended range of scientific studies he expressed thus: "God neither ingrafts nor inoculates. He develops the

most trivial and imperfect things in continuously ascending series, and in accordance with eternal self-grounded and self-developing laws."* Man, humanity in man, as an external manifestation, should be looked upon, not as perfectly developed, not as fixed and stationary, but as steadily and progressively growing, ever ascending from one stage of culture to another towards its aim, which partakes of the infinite and eternal."†

To my mind the prolonged scientific discipline enjoyed by Froebel accounts not only for much of the strength, but some of the weakness, of his educational system. The minute analysis and order that mark his series of gifts and occupations remind us of the assistant professor who arranged a new mineralogical museum.

We have sought to show that the educational theory which emanated from Keilhau in 1826 grew out of roots stretching backwards to Froebel's earliest years, and outwards in two different directions: religious convictions and deep interest in all scientific discoveries bearing on the development of life. These two sides of his mental and emotional nature were united and sustained by philosophical conceptions of the type we now call idealist—that in every one of Nature's forms, in rocks as well as in plants, in animals as well as in man, there is a spiritual element: each is a manifestation, however low may be the degree, of the activity of the Divine and Eternal.

From this philosophical conception of the universe sprang directly the fundamental principle of his educational theory, the principle that marks his system as in the highest degree original self-activity.

In order to put this principle clearly before our view, let us find an illustration of it. I wish to have a barrier round my field. Two ways are open to me of acquiring it. I may either build a wall by placing stone on stone, the stones submitting passively and retaining their form unchanged except in so far as acted

* "The Education of Man," page 328.

† *Ibid.*, page 17.

upon by external force; or I may provide suitable soil round the field, plant seeds in this soil, and wait until the life in the seeds develops and builds my barrier for me. In the latter case my task seems less arduous than in the former—it takes on a character, in certain respects, “passive and following”; but, while a wall may be built anywhere by the least intelligent day labourer, it requires a skilled agriculturist to plant and train a thick-set hedge.

The old system of education might be likened to building a wall brick by brick; the good child was the passive receptacle of the knowledge put into him; the new system inaugurated by Froebel looks upon the child's self-activity as the most precious instrument in education. The business of the teacher is to promote this activity, and turn it in the directions that lead towards the highest forms of development.

Let us repeat that this is the true gospel of Froebelianism. The Kindergarten gifts and occupations, games and action songs, are nothing so long as they are employed merely to occupy and amuse. They may be, and constantly are, carried out in a purely prescriptive and imitative way. We are far from saying that then they are wholly bad, for they may be taking the place of gluttony, idleness, irritability, or other deadly sins; but they are far removed from the educational practice desired by Froebel.

But to-day some of our authoritative leaders are calling to us that our gospel is no gospel, and that we must return to the yoke of the law that Froebel misled by unrational philosophical conceptions, and lacking the guidance of more recent biological discoveries, laid too great a stress on self-activity, to the neglect of the second factor in education—the impact of environment. His disciples, therefore, tend to allow children too great freedom; they are instructed too little, and are amused too much.

The whole question clearly turns on the right adjustment of organism to environment. To us there seems, broadly speaking, a choice

of three modes of adjustment. The first lays all stress on environment. This was the practice of the old education. A curriculum was planned according to the demands of social life; and the child, by dint of persuasion or punishment, was compelled to absorb at least a *modicum* of it. The instincts of the child, his desires, and peculiar powers were of set purpose disregarded; in fact they were considered for the most part as tending to evil. The opposite theory would leave the child absolutely free to follow his instincts. Rousseau laid down many injunctions of this kind; but then he contradicted them. I have heard it advocated seriously by only one modern thinker, an ultra-Darwinian scientist, who argued that, as the instincts are the products of long ages of selection, they must be the least fallible guides to conduct. The third mode prescribes a careful adjustment of the environment to meet the developing needs of the organism, and this is the theory expounded first by Froebel.

We should next consider whether this theory is in harmony with modern conceptions of biological law—the law of development through natural selection, survival of the fittest; or, as formulated by Spencer, through struggle for existence. This law is not generally accepted by experts as accounting sufficiently for *mental* development, the great push upwards of consciousness. Here a new factor appears. Exerting at first little control over its powerful rival, it gradually extends its authority until in the highest forms of human life it rules as a limited monarch. This subjective factor that characterizes the moral life of man is “liberty of choice.”

The new factor in no way destroys the old; natural selection continues to act. It preserves and perpetuates choices that make for the well-being of the community, and it eliminates those which are harmful; it has another important function—it limits the range of choice. But within this prescribed range choice for good or ill is free. The more rational a man becomes, the wider and clearer his range of vision; the wider become also his range of

choice, and the fewer his mistakes. Therefore, to secure a straighter and more rapid course of evolution, we should train the child to a habit of rational choice.

This is an inadequate statement of the biological theory upon which the social sciences are to-day moving forward; but I hope it is sufficient for our purpose—that is, to test how far the doctrine taught by Froebel needs modification. Let us compare with his standpoint that of a recent noted writer on sociology, Prof. Giddings, of Columbia University. "It is true," Prof. Giddings says, "that the development of the individual depends on wide opportunities of self-activity. An institutional life so ordered that authority crushes liberty is fatal to the full development of rational life. But, on the other hand, liberty itself and the

whole development of personality presuppose certain beliefs and obediences. If the highest qualities of human personality are to appear, or even if that liberty on which personal growth depends is to exist, there must be some stability and some continuity in human life."

We see that Prof. Giddings here distinguishes the two factors self-activity and authority or external force, as necessary for psychical and social evolution; and I think we may rest satisfied that the most recent scientific theories do not disturb the fundamental principle of education as laid down by Froebel. It remains now to examine how far Froebel succeeded in planning a good system of adjustment.

M. E. FINDLAY.

Jack, "nearly Five."

TO be asked to come to teach a small boy not quite five because you had made a special study of mathematics seemed somewhat surprising. I was inclined to refuse at once, thinking, as most teachers do, that the teacher, of course, knew better than the parent, and that the parent *ought*, in this instance, to go to a properly trained Kindergarten teacher. However, I think really the oddity of the request impelled me to go to see Jack and his mother, and this time I came, saw, and *was* conquered.

I shall never forget my first introduction to the boy. I had some little conversation first with his mother, in which I gained the impression that he was undoubtedly an interesting child, but possibly a prig. I heard stories of his knowing the multiplication table up to 6 times 20, and having told the position of the Philippine Islands when his elders had been questioning it, "as a little to the north-west of Borneo." Suddenly he came bounding into the room, and the idea of the interestingness of the child increased steadily, as the thought of the

prig vanished, ashamed of itself. I must stop for a moment to attempt to describe him, though I cannot do it in the least adequately. My chief impression was of long, fair dancing curls, a lovely complexion of pink and cream colour, a pair of eyes like the deep blue of a summer sky, a mouth that smiled one moment the brightest laughing smile, and the next was set with a most firm and determined expression, and a pair of the sturdiest, brownest little legs one could wish to see, the feet and legs having been innocent of shoes and stockings for by far the greater part of the time that they had skipped and danced about this world.

At my first lesson I asked Jack to let me hear him say the "twice" line of the multiplication table. "Oh, no," he replied, most sweetly, "that's too easy." However he said it, the third line straight on to the 3 times 20, then the fourth line, the fifth, and then the sixth. I was growing more and more amazed as he panted up the giddy heights, "6 times 18 is 108, 6 times 19 is 114, and 6 times 20 is 120." "Now," he continued, with-

out stopping to take breath, "I'll explain to you the reason why 6 times 18 is 108." I sighed out "Yes, do," whereupon he explained: "Well, you see, 6 is the half of 12, and 18 is twice 9, so 6 times 18 is the same as 12 times 9, and *that* is 108." He was not yet five years old, so I confess to the base thought—it was only his first lesson—that he was encouraged to say sharp things like this to entertain his mother's guests in the drawing-room. At the end of the lesson I saw his mother for a few minutes, and told her about this. "Oh," she said with a laugh of enjoyment, "is it? You see I never know, I can't follow him a bit in his arithmetic, so I thought I'd better get some one who was good at it to teach him." Here I must add that I was asked by her over and over again to be careful to show no surprise at anything the boy said or did, and to let him feel as far as possible that he was doing nothing but what other boys of his age could do—a difficult task indeed. He asked me one day to give him some sums in decimals; and then went on to say, "not *very* difficult ones, you know, but just easy decimals such as little boys of five do at school." I thought I could as easily give him the moon. He was most ambitious to go to school, and often asked questions about other boys I had taught. (I had to be careful to suppress their ages.) He was greatly delighted at a suggestion I made one day that we should play at being part of a school, and imagine a great many boys around us doing sums and writing copies, and so on. His interest in the other boys was intense, and once or twice was very useful, when he dawdled over his work, probably his writing. Then, of course, "the other boys" were far ahead of him, and once they went out to play and left him at work. He was not left for many minutes.

When he was three he fell down some steps in the garden, and his mother, rushing out to pick him up, found him examining with great interest the colour of the blood which was streaming down. He had a tricycle-horse given to him at that time, and used to ride it up and down in the garden. His mother never felt that it was very safe, and one day she found him picking himself and the tricycle up after a fall, saying: "You are quite right, mother, that beast's centre of gravity is all wrong." The "centre of gravity" came up one day in something he was reading with me. I asked him what it meant, and got the following definition: "Well, if a thing stands straight or

hangs straight, and does not go wiggle-waggle unless you touch it, then its centre of gravity is all right."

Jack was four years and ten months old when I went first to teach him. He could then read almost anything; he spoke German with his nurse, and performed most wonderful calculations mentally, but he had not learned how to set down any sums. He had a thorough objection to learning poetry, which was odd, as at three he had had a passion for it, and had then been able to repeat the whole of "The Lady of Shalott." He also made very severe demands on his mother to repeat poetry to him at that time, but when he was about five he did not seem to have any desire for it. He submitted to it with a very good grace as a lesson, but did it always with the joyful prospect before him of getting some "*very* difficult sums" when it was over. One delightful remark of his about difficult things was: "The *difficulter*, the *interestinger*."

Only on one occasion did he attempt to be naughty. He had said his poetry very carelessly, so I told him to say it again. I was meantime putting down a sum for him which he was longing to work, so he informed me. "I fink I can say it quite well." I told him his opinion was of no consequence on that matter, and he must say it better. He did as he was told, then went to an ottoman at one end of the room, turned his back to me, and began to jump on the ottoman, saying very deliberately: "Sometimes—I fink—I know even *better* than Miss C."

In a very few weeks he learned how to put down sums in addition, subtraction, and multiplication of money and of other units. I don't say I *taught* him to do this, because teaching, in his case, meant only being careful not to prevent him learning for himself. On whatever track he was started he went on at amazing speed. One had only to be careful to put him on the right tracks.

One day I made a most interesting experiment in seeing how far he could teach himself. He had learned how to add pounds, shillings, and pence. Without any remark I gave him a sum in which half-pence and farthings occurred.

"Oh!" he exclaimed delightedly, "something after the pennies."

"Yes," I said, "What do you think it is?"

"Farthings, I suppose."

I merely pointed to $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{3}{4}$, saying that they meant one farthing, one halfpenny, and three farthings. The total of the farthings he found

was eleven. Then he said to me: "That is two pennies and three farthings." I said, "Yes." "Then," he said, "I suppose we put down the three farthings and add on the two pennies to the other pennies." I assented, and told him that we wrote down the three farthings "by making a baby three, drawing a little line, and putting a baby four below it." When this was done, he put his head to one side, and examined the answer critically for a moment, read it off, and then said, cheerfully: "Now I see why you put it down like that; the three tells you *how many* it is, and the four tells you *what* it is."

Twice he put me right in a very funny way. I have not mentioned that his writing was the one thing he did like a child of his age, and, of course, very bad when considered as his work. He was writing a capital H, and left an enormous gap between the two legs of the H.

"Oh, Jack! don't put it a mile away," I said, with the exaggeration of which we are often guilty.

"It isn't a mile—it's only about an inch," he said in an astonished manner.

I took the reproof and said: "You are quite right; it is just about an inch"—as it was. And he looked up at me with a happy laugh, saying: "You would think I was making an Ordnance survey."

Another time he asked me why I made all his sums about boys and their doings. I was not in the least aware that I had been getting into ruts, and said that I supposed I made them about boys, thinking that, being a boy, he would be interested in boys. His answer rather astonished me.

"Oh! but, you see, I am very much interested in girls. I fink girls have an attraction for me because I am a boy." I offered to make his sums about girls sometimes if he liked; but, with his usual cheerful manner, he replied promptly: "I *fink* you'd, perhaps, better not, because, you see, I might *fink* about the girls and not about the sums." So the perennial boy was not dethroned.

He had a baby sister born a few days before his fifth birthday, and his interest in girls was then increased. His joy was very great over the possession of a sister. He announced to me suddenly in the midst of his lesson: "A baby came here last night!" and, after I had asked him if it were not a doll, and if she had come to stay, I asked if Mother were pleased. "Yes," he said; "I *fink* she *was*." "And were you

pleased?" I asked; to which he replied: "Yes, I fink even more so."

When the baby was five weeks old they were to go away, and my lessons came to an end, much to my regret. When I was saying good-bye to him, I hoped the baby sister would enjoy her long journey. "Oh!" he said, "don't you fink she'll be surprised when she sees the train?" I confess to a departure from the truth when I answered: "Yes, won't she?" "Then," he went on, "she'll wonder how the train goes. She'll fink there ought to be something pulling it along. She will not know how it goes at all." "And how does it go?" I asked. He pondered a moment. "Is it cog-wheels? No; it's the piston-rod; but she won't know that, you know, because she does not understand anything about steam pressure."

He remarked, one day, soon after the baby came: "Now, you see, I must work hard, because in a little time I must be able to teach my sister." I said it would be some time before she was ready for that. "Well," he said, "probably not five years, because, you see, she may be quicker than I, and I want to teach her, as it will save Mother and be *experience* for me."

Another day a friend's nurse had been much surprised that he took such interest in the baby under her care, and asked so many questions about it. "You seem to take a great interest in babies," she said to him; and he turned on her: "Why, of course I do. Don't you see I have got one of my own at home!"

Jack made friends with everybody and was most frank in speaking to people of any class. On one occasion, when he went on the top of an Edinburgh tramway-car with his father, he met a workman with a basket of tools. He was much interested in the tools, and asked a great many questions about them. As the workman left he turned to Jack's father and said: "He's got a graun' pair o' legs, an' he seems to have a bra-in."

He was the tallest boy of his age I have known, and his fine physique attracted a good deal of attention from strangers, and at that age he was still quite unconscious of the fact that he was intellectually a giant. There was some conversation one day about people being famous for various things, and some one said: "I wonder if you are famous for anything, Jack?" He replied, unhesitatingly: "Oh, yes! You know, I'm unique for size!"

Eight months later Jack and his baby returned, and his mother asked me to give him some more lessons. She told me he had remarked to her one day: "You know Miss C. teaches *weller* than any one I ever yet came across in all my experience." The experience was not large, so Miss C. could not feel greatly flattered. During the second set of lessons, Jack being now five and three-quarters, his mother asked me to begin teaching him grammar, as his German was at a standstill owing to the difficulty his German governess had in making the different case-endings clear to him. I gave him one short lesson, which opened up new delight to him, and he made up sentences with great vigour. As he came to open the door for me he asked: "Then *is* the objective case the same as the accusative?" and, getting a reply in the affirmative, he said, with a little chuckle, "I think that is very good, because you may object if you are accused."

I got the loan of him for a whole Saturday, and we had great fun playing in the garden and romping about. On Monday he was very frisky, and I found it difficult to get him to settle to work. I told him it must be work and not play to-day. He laughed and said: "It was play on Saturday, wasn't it, and quite legitimately too?"

His arithmetical ability was sometimes most helpful, and sometimes it was trying to those around him. His grandmother, for instance, could have dispensed with conversation of this kind when she took her five-year-old grandson out for a walk: "Now, Grandmother, we have seen 18 bicycles, and supposing we were to see 3 more, that would be 21, and supposing we were to multiply the 18 by the 21, what would that be, Grandmother?" But when he had been exasperating a photographer by his fidgets, and the photographer appealed to his mother to bring him to order, the arithmetic was resorted to at once, and proved most effective. "Now, Toddy, dear"—like

many other loveable children his names were many—"what are 15 times 13?" There were no more fidgets; the child sat still working out his problem, and a most successful photograph was the result.

It is difficult, I know, for most people to believe in the reality of the boy—he is so wonderful; but I hope he may make his mark in the world some day. His inheritance intellectually is certainly exceptional. He is now a few years older than five, still a very remarkable boy, having lost some, no doubt, of the baby charm that was so irresistible, but having preserved a most loveable disposition. After a good many years of teaching I can most certainly say that he learned quicker, and also "*weller*," than any one I ever yet came across in all my experience."

B. J. M. C.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Editor wishes to vouch for the fidelity of the above sketch, and to add two more characteristic stories of Jack which have come to his ears. One conveys a much needed warning to some Kindergarten teachers. Jack went to a Kindergarten for a short time when he was four years old, and his teacher complained that he was inattentive in arithmetic lessons. His mother spoke to him about it, and he said: "Well, Mother, she said: 'Children, what are 2 and 1?' and the children said 3, and then she said: 'Now, children, *listen*—what are 1 and 2?' Who *could* attend to that?"

At six Jack was sent to a well known preparatory school, where the youngest boy was eight. He enjoyed it immensely, and became "a oner at games." He joined in football, but when his eleven played another school, he was put out of the team as too young. He came home late one day, and when asked the reason he said: "I went round to the schoolhouse, and wanted to see Mr. —." "What had *you* to say to Mr. —?" asked his mother, in surprise. "Well, I just wanted to tell him that I *like* being hurt."]



The Teaching of Elementary Geography.

GEOGRAPHY may be regarded as the scientific study of the forces at work on the surface of the earth and of the features which are the product of these forces viewed in relation to humanity. The subject has, therefore, been said by Mr. Mackinder to embrace geodesy, climatology, oceanography, geomorphology, and biogeography, while its chief work is to answer the three questions: "Where is it?" "Why is it there?" "In what way does its presence bear on the condition of man by affecting his environment?"

Before the first question can be attempted, we must have a clear idea of what the "it" is; so before we teach children to read and make maps, it is well to give them some idea of the various phenomena with which they will have to deal in learning geography. In former days this was done by giving the child lists of definitions to be learnt by heart; but teachers have discovered that this method leads to little development of the mental capacity of a child, and does not ensure his having any real knowledge of the things to which the words refer. Besides, the great aim of the teacher in a course of lessons introductory to geography must be to arouse the interest of the children; and definitions *per se* will never do this.

Some advocate that these introductory lessons should take the form of descriptive stories, emphasizing the humanistic side of the subject; others incline to a series of object lessons, laying stress on its scientific aspect. The latter appears at first sight the more logical method; but those who support the former argue that stories dealing with humanity appeal more forcibly to a little child than elementary scientific topics, and that this method is therefore indicated by psychological considerations. Miss E. P. Hughes, formerly Principal of the Cambridge Training College,

writes: "The story so dear to the child is the natural and best method by which to begin the humanistic study of history, literature, language, and geography." She suggests that "in Standard II. these stories should throw light on geographical facts, emphasizing how differently people live in different countries with reference to houses, dress, food, work, means of communication, pleasures, dangers, &c., and describing the physical features of the different countries." Prof. Ghisleri, in his treatise on geography in the Italian "Pedagogic Dictionary," advocates the same method of introducing geography. He writes:

The first month, or even two months, must be employed in telling stories calculated to stimulate the child, to awaken his spontaneous curiosity. I would describe the great Polar glaciers with their white bears, immense deserts with their tribes of camels, tempests on the ocean, little Esquimaux pursuing the seals, tropical forests, Japanese or Chinamen with their curious customs, immense virgin forests of America, sudden avalanches which bury whole villages, countries where it never rains and countries where it always rains, very high mountains with perpetual snow, endless plains, volcanoes and earthquakes, and the adventures of bold explorers. I should illustrate these stories by pictures and examples extracted from well-known works, for it is on the imagination that a good and fruitful teaching of the child must be based, and not on your topographical maps, on scales and projections. Now consider how many names the pupils will have learnt almost unconsciously, how many true and beautiful and accurate notions will have been conveyed, and what valuable stores of curiosity and interest for every ulterior stage of their future study. All countries do not resemble each other: the child will reflect, there are hot and cold lands, some are pleasant and some unpleasant, some rich and others poor. *There are—there are*; such is the motto, the natural formula, of an introduction to the teaching of geography. There are things, and where are those things? The curiosity of the *where?* invites the teacher to speak now of reality; it will be the moment for ascending from narrative to topography.

Turning now to consider geographical object lessons, we find they generally deal with such natural forces as the sun, winds, rain, running water, the sea, ice, &c., and with such natural and artificial features as mountains,

plains, parts of the coast, towns, harbours, &c. If pictures and models are freely used, and simple experiments introduced wherever possible, there is no doubt that an enthusiastic teacher can render these lessons very interesting as well as instructive.

For the sake of clearness, I have stated these two ways of introducing geography, by stories and by object lessons, as if they were alternative methods; but this need not be the case. Before children begin geography at school, many have heard tales of distant lands, and most have made observations about the sun, rain, &c. They have learnt much in both ways, and there is no reason why both methods should not be continued in school. Those who prefer the story-method will pause from time to time to discuss and illustrate individually the geographical phenomena thus introduced to the child's attention; while those who prefer to give object lessons will tell the children tales illustrating the influence of the phenomena on the conditions of human life at home and abroad. As Prof. Dodge, of the New York Teachers' College, has said:—"The causal notion must give the geography teacher the cue as to the arrangement of his work; but he must also be guided by the true conception of geography as the study of the earth in its relation to man, and any attempt to separate the physical and human elements must end in failure."

There is a nearly unanimous opinion that, after these introductory lessons, a study of the home district is the best beginning of geography, and affords good opportunity for teaching a child the meaning of the cardinal points, plans and maps, and of introducing him to geographical methods of thought and expression. The aim of this home study is, in fact, chiefly to develop in a child the capacity for making geographical observations, and for expressing and recording them intelligently. The value of these lessons, and, therefore, the amount of time that it is well to devote to them, largely depends on the geographical resources of the home district; and it is needless for me to dilate on the advantages enjoyed

by those schools which are situated within walking distance of the country. In Germany and Switzerland *Heimatkunde* lessons deal with elementary geology, botany, zoology, and history, nearly as much as with topography, and are frequently given outside the class-room walls—sometimes in the school playground, sometimes in public squares or museums, and often in the country. I have been present at several lessons of this kind, and the following is typical of those in which the geographical element was uppermost.* The lesson was given to a class of thirty boys and girls (ages seven to nine), forming the lowest division of the practising school attached to the normal school of Lausanne. As the subject of the lesson was the Terrace of the Castle, the first thing to be done was to take the class to the spot. They were told where they were going, and that they must notice the way there: whether the road was uphill or downhill, how long it took to arrive, &c. Then they were dismissed to get their hats, and form a procession, four abreast. Well accustomed to these out-door lessons, for one is undertaken at least every week, they were soon in marching order, and about three minutes later were drawn up in two lines on the Terrace, in front of the steps they had just ascended. Two children were then appointed to count the steps by walking down them again, a rule being given to another to measure the height of the step, while the rest looked on. The answers were recorded by the master in a note-book, and then he marched the children into the middle of the Terrace and told off two to count the number of paces necessary to walk its length, and two others its breadth. These last two children, on returning, gave different answers; the rest were asked why. One pointed out a slight difference in the courses they had taken; but another noticed the difference in the size of the walkers, and the class realized that the taller child had covered the distance in a fewer number of paces than the other, as

* See pages 38, 39, 40 of my "Report on the Teaching of Geography in Switzerland and North Italy," published by Clay & Sons.

each pace was longer. The master took the mean of the two numbers given, and wrote it down. Their attention was next directed to an iron railing along one side of the Terrace, and the reason for its existence, and a description of its appearance was given by the class, one boy being appointed to count the number of separate bars which composed it. They were questioned as to what also bounded the Terrace on the north, south, and east sides respectively, having discovered that the Terrace was on the west side. On the south side is a building called the Peristyle, which is the House of Parliament for the Canton; a description of it was obtained from the class, who eagerly pointed out that the green and white painting on it proved it to be a building belonging to the Canton. The height of the wall on the north side was measured, and the Castle briefly noticed. After this the children were asked to name what they saw on the Terrace, and such replies were given as "gravel," "seats," "trees," "ourselves," &c. The seats and trees were counted, the latter being contrasted and compared according to the character of their fallen leaves, while the master supplied the names. Finally they were drawn up in front of the railing, to look at the view. The Jura mountains and lake were pointed out, and the children were asked what buildings in the town they recognized, and in what direction they were relative to the cathedral. The whole lesson lasted perhaps half-an-hour, and then the children marched back to school. Next day the lesson was continued indoors, or rather the information collected in the outdoor lesson was revised, and further worked out, in a more scientific manner than is possible out-of-doors.

The annual school journey forms a very important part of general geographical education in certain Continental schools; but, besides this, short excursions are frequently organized, when attention is specially directed to teaching the children to understand topographical maps by comparing a map with the landscape it represents. This is the best method of teaching map-reading; but when it

is impossible to take children out-of-doors, the difficulty of getting a child to connect a map with the natural scene is sometimes bridged by drawing a map before him from a model of a landscape, or a bird's-eye picture of the same. Until a child can read maps easily, it is well for him only to see them in a horizontal position, as, if they are hung on the wall, it is naturally more difficult for him to grasp their meaning. Plans of the school and the surrounding streets are sometimes chalked on the floor of the school-room, so that a child can walk over the plan and better realize by this means what the various lines mean. I feel, however, that maps made by children of a small area of natural country, no matter how roughly, are more valuable than plans of buildings correctly drawn to scale.

From a study of the home district a child generally passes to a study of the country, the continent, and so to the world; but sometimes the world as a whole is introduced directly after the home district, in order that the child may learn certain geographical distributions before studying any area in detail. In the Horace Mann School, New York, the transition from the home district to the great land masses of the world is effected by a course of lessons on selected commodities imported from various lands which the child sees around him. Stress is laid on the physical aspects of these lands, their climatic conditions and the life of the inhabitants, as well as on methods of transport. Sealskin, for instance, leads to a study of the north of North America, coffee to that of Mexico, india-rubber to that of the valley of the Amazon, diamonds to that of South Africa, &c.

The former method has aptly been likened by Prof. Dodge to "the concentric waves formed by a stone thrown into the water," and the latter to "the rays of a spider's web ever radiating from the familiar home locality to the unfamiliar distance, along paths of least resistance and deepest interest, until the whole world and the world as a whole are related to the home region." In the latter course the globe is used throughout, so that the shape of

the earth is learnt, and also the positions of the great land masses and of the hot, temperate, and cold regions. The children are led to see that different productions and modes of life depend largely on differences of physical conditions. In fact, the answer to the question: "Where does it come from?" is linked with the answer to the inquiry: "Why was it there?"; and a knowledge of the one will always help the recollection of the other. Schools should be provided with good wall-maps showing the relief of the land apart from political details, and also with maps illustrating the essential facts in the distribution of temperature, winds, rainfall, vegetation, useful minerals, density of population, &c. Even little children can then perceive that there must be some causal connexion between some of these fundamental distributions, and though the wisest cannot trace causation backwards beyond a certain point, the mental discipline involved in attempting to solve the problem "Why is it there?" is very valuable. The chief mistake we are likely to commit in teaching children "causal geography" is to lead them to suppose that one cause will explain the existence of a phenomenon, or the occurrence of an event; whereas there are an infinite number of causes, only a few of which are sufficiently obvious to be readily perceived. If, for example, a teacher tells a class that mountain ranges have been caused by the folding of the earth's crust, he should at the same time tell them that the majority of *existing* mountain ranges are directly due to the action of external rather than internal forces.

Children especially enjoy attempting to find reasons which will account for the situation of towns, and can be led to consider, on the one hand, the needs of civilized man, and on the other, the extent to which these are supplied, directly or indirectly, by the natural resources of a district. In fact, they have to seek an answer to the third question quoted at the beginning of this paper: "In what way does its presence bear on the condition of man by affecting his environment?" Children can

perceive that the situations of various places have been determined by strategic as well as commercial considerations; but they have to be told how powerful a factor the law of *inertia* has often been in causing towns to persist in situations no longer favourable. The results of an impetus are felt for such a long time after the motive force has been removed, that we have constantly to turn to the past in order to understand the present, and this work is beyond the sphere of elementary geography. It is far better for children to have an intelligent conception of a few of the great cities of the world than to know the names of a number and some isolated scraps of information about them. The very common examination question: "Where are the following, and for what are they noted?" encourages children to learn lists of places and facts without any attempt to correlate them rationally or view them in right proportion. Statistics and information of the tit-bit type, if in any way extraordinary, may awaken a moment's interest; but to give a true impression of a place, we must emphasize the ordinary and the average, and not the exceptional. It is, for instance, unimportant for a child to know the exact heights of mountain peaks; but it is essential he should have some idea of the position, extent, and average height of large tracts of highlands and lowlands. The method of dividing a country into so many "natural regions," and treating each of these in detail, helps a child to have a series of vivid pictures of the typical scenery of various parts, and seems to me an improvement on the old method of only treating a country under such headings as situation, size, mountains, caps, bays, rivers, &c. The new method is sometimes called in Switzerland *la méthode du tout ensemble*, as all the geographical phenomena are discussed together, or in that order which will best emphasize the causal connexion between them, and it leaves the child with as distinct an impression of the district as a unity as he would have if he actually saw it. These natural areas are frequently river-basins, and it has often been proved that, if all the rivers of a country are

treated before the towns situated on them, or the productions grown in the valleys, one of two disadvantages results: either the frequent dependence of productions and of towns on rivers is imperfectly realized, or much repetition is required to give the pupils an idea of the whole. It has further been argued that, if we always treat the geographical phenomena of a country in a fixed order, we are likely to give our pupils certain erroneous ideas. A child who always hears the mountain-ranges of a country described before the rivers naturally concludes that at some remarkable period in the past all the mountains in the world were suddenly produced, and since that time the rivers have carefully flowed between them; whereas some ranges have been formed by river-erosion through a plateau. The old headings may form a useful guide for the revision of a country; but I am glad to see that modern text-books on geography are increasingly adopting the natural areas of a country as the subjects for special treatment.

In order to give children a series of accurate, vivid pictures of the most important types of scenery, together with the conditions of human life which have been necessarily evolved in accordance with these surroundings, the information gained from maps and text-books must be supplemented by pictures and extracts from standard works of travel. We must, however, bear in mind the limited time at our disposal and carefully cultivate the art of selection. The more teachers can travel and read geographical literature, the better; but in passing on to children information thus obtained, they should be careful to emphasize

the essential points and to neglect all details which do not illustrate these. A miscellaneous series of lantern views may give to children a general impression of the scenery of a country; but if much is to be learnt from them, the views must be carefully selected with the object of illustrating a geographical principle or causally-connected chain of ideas. In the same way, although copying maps from an atlas may help a child to remember the shapes of countries and positions of places, &c., it is not nearly so profitable as drawing sketch-maps to explain some definite fact, or render it clearer by illustration. It may be to explain the position of a great town, the result of a battle, the route followed by a railway, &c.; but whatever it is, the less irrelevant matter on the map, the better, and the power of selecting just those facts to be shown on the map which will throw light on the subject is a very valuable one, that can only be acquired by practice.

I have tried in this short paper to indicate some of the ways by which elementary geography is being profitably taught in schools at home and abroad; for there are as many good methods as there are good teachers—methods which are the result of original thought and personal enthusiasm, and are adapted to the special requirements of children living under various conditions. My object is therefore to promote, not unity of method, but unity of aim, and to encourage all honest thought and experiment with reference to the teaching of geography.

JOAN BERENICE REYNOLDS.



Morning Prayer.

From Part VI. of "The Child's Song and Game Book" (not yet published). (Sonnenschein.)

By H. KEATLEY MOORE, B.A., B.Mus.

Larghetto.

VOICE.

1. O Fa - ther, dear Fa - ther, in all our work and
 2. Thy arms are a - round us, al - though we can - not

Larghetto. $\text{♩} = 80.$

PIANO.

play, . . . O help us to please Thee by be - ing good to -
 see; . . . Our ac - tions, though se - cret, are all well known to

day: . . . O Fa - ther, dear Fa - ther, Thy lit - tle chil - dren pray!
 Thee: If naugh - ty, we grieve Thee; O good then let us be!

cres. *dim.* *poco rall.*

cres. *dim.* *poco rall.*

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Observation Lessons.

NEARLY three hundred years ago, Richard Mulcaster, discussing the education of little children, warned the teacher that "The hand, the ear, the eye be the greatest instruments."

Since that day his warning, which was no new thing when he gave it, has been repeated by nearly every great thinker who has turned his attention to the subject of education, and it is a commonplace of the training college that we must use and quicken the child's power of observation, in order that he may form clear and definite mental images, and so be able to compare accurately the objects he sees with those he remembers having seen.

It is extremely useful to every one to observe quickly and accurately, to bring up promptly and distinctly all the mental images that bear upon the point under consideration, and to differentiate actual observation from inference. These are habits of mind that it is unfair to the child to leave uncultivated, and it is more especially by means of object lessons that we teachers are supposed to try to cultivate them. At the same time, even well-educated people are often very deficient in such habits of mind.

At a teachers' meeting, not long ago, a number of intelligent women were asked to describe a small object, shown to them only for a moment. All they could actually see was that it was white, and had solid angles. Most of them took it for a lump of sugar, and some, on this assumption, wrote long dissertations on its properties, and on processes of manufacture, &c. It turned out to be a small piece of marble. These random discourses were quite in the spirit of many so-called "object lessons." After a glance at the object, and a rapid enumeration of the familiar words that de-

scribe its "qualities," the class passes quickly over its uses, and settles down to listen to a full description of origins or processes of manufacture. Actual observation and memory form a part of the lesson, but the larger share of the time is devoted to a discourse by the teacher, and the recovery of that discourse in fragments from the children.

There is no doubt that the ordinary teacher has improved and is improving. In the dark ages the child learnt what was called an object lesson, in catechism form, straight from a book. The teacher who heard the lesson always began by reading out: "What is this that I hold in my hand?" And the class, instead of answering truthfully—"A book"—were expected to repeat: "You hold in your hand a nutmeg," or whatever it might be.

No one now would think of calling this an object lesson, and when we require our children to learn words off by heart, we generally try to give them something that is worth the trouble, not foolish chatter-chatter about nutmegs, with a moral dragged in at the end.

The next stage was for the teacher actually to hold the object in his hand, to describe it to the children, and to recover his description instantly from his class, *echo fashion*.

Holding up a caterpillar, he would say, solemnly: "I hold a caterpillar in my hand. What do I hold in my hand?" The children, most of them with blind faith, all of them carefully expressing themselves in a complete sentence, would chant in chorus: "You hold a caterpillar in your hand." As the solemn tones died away, the teacher's solo began again: "The colour of this caterpillar is brown. What is the colour of this caterpillar?" And the band, as before, returned: "The colour of this caterpillar is brown."

In this manner the class received and returned much information about the qualities and life history of a caterpillar vaguely visible to a few of the children.

Our echo is no longer so prompt; but sometimes it is an echo still—nothing more. The teacher describes something to the class, and, later, questions this description back again out of the class. Take, for example, an "object lesson" on a biscuit given by a training college student to a class in a national school. There were biscuits enough to go round, and that was a step in the right direction. Each child was to dispose of her biscuit at the end of the lesson if she had been good. This called up a distinct mental image of one use of biscuits and simplified the question of discipline. It was a criticism lesson, and the biscuit was not a purely fortuitous choice.

By dint of a series of questions, the qualities and uses of the biscuit were quickly elicited from the class, and written on the blackboard. The questions did not suggest the answers; this part of the lesson was, therefore, an exercise in observation and recollection.

Next a number of diagrams were produced, and the children had laid bare to them the mysteries connected with the manufacture of biscuits, according to the ever-friendly encyclopædia. When the teacher had finished her illustrated description of the processes of manufacture, she proceeded to question the whole thing out of the class. This filled up the requisite half-hour, and, a few minutes later, the class, well pleased, had turned their knowledge of the use of biscuits to practical account, and the student was retiring in trembling hope of "a good crit."

This is a fair type of what often goes by the name of an object lesson. It is really far more a language lesson, and, though the use of words is a very proper subject of study, this is neither the most profitable nor the most useful way of connecting it with things.

A common manner of using the object lesson of the present day is to make it a pre-

paration for the study of some science. Botany is a favourite subject, and has great advantages, as many of the objects with which this science concerns itself form a part of the child's daily life, are beautiful, interesting, and easy to procure in sufficient numbers for every child to have one. But a botanical object lesson should be carefully differentiated from a lesson in botany; for scientific study has to begin with a definition of technical terms, while in an object lesson descriptions should be given by the children, and as far as possible in their own words.

Not very long ago a teacher was giving a botanical object lesson to pupils of eight or nine, who had only lately come under her care. The lesson was to be on the arrangements of flowers, and each child was provided with an avens, a piece of chervil, and an ox-eye daisy. A short time was allowed for quiet observation of these flowers before there was any discussion of them. One little boy, after a cursory glance, laid his specimens aside, and held up his hand. Having caught the Speaker's eye, he said, with eager volubility: "This one is an ox-eye daisy. It belongs to the order *Compositæ*. It has two kinds of florets, arranged on an imbricated involucre." The other members of the class looked round with envious eyes—"He has said it all," murmured one little girl reprovingly—"He needn't have said it all!"

These little people, it appeared, had been accustomed to spend a few minutes of their "object lesson" in having the parts of a flower and its peculiarities rapidly named and shown to them; a "summary of the lesson" was then written on the black-board by the teacher, copied by the class in their very best writing, and learnt off by heart, to be repeated at the beginning of the next lesson. Every child in the room could say the description of the ox-eye daisy given above, but not a single child could point out the involucre, or a floret; they had no recoverable idea connected with the expression "florets of two kinds," and did not know what "imbricated" might mean. No doubt, when the lesson was originally

given, they had been told, but it is not easy for even grown-up people to grasp, at first hearing, several entirely new words, attached to objects they may have seen many times, but have never noticed. Ask an electrician to describe an electric lamp, and see how much of his description you will be able to reproduce correctly in a week's time. And grown-up people have, as a rule, two great advantages over children—first, they have not good verbal memories, and find it difficult to learn words that have no meaning for them, so they generally get hold of the meaning first; secondly, they are themselves anxious to connect words and things, and ready to ask for several repetitions of the word while the thing is before them. A child, on the other hand, is often well-pleased with words that he knows he can reproduce with *éclat* at some future time, even when they have no meaning for him, and he retains them fairly easily.

If a child is to learn from objects themselves, technical terms must be supplied very sparingly, and not until they are really wanted. We learn from things by means of comparison. Sometimes we compare two objects both of which are before us. Sometimes one object is before us, and we trust to our memory for others. This second kind of comparison is by far the most usual and the most useful for grown-up people whose minds are stored with clear and accurate mental images, and who can readily select from among them just those images that throw light upon a new object. But little children cannot be expected either to have a good supply of clear mental images, or to be able rapidly to select such as will be useful. Object lessons for little children should, therefore, ensure the possibility of useful comparison by means of several objects. The teacher's function is to select these objects, so that their comparison may lead to definite results, to give proper opportunities for quiet and careful study by the class, and to help to put the results of that study into words, selecting the best descriptions offered by the class, but rarely suggesting anything. It is better to have an object inadequately described

than to have a good and adequate description learnt off parrot-fashion. For instance, instead of the statement about the ox-eye daisy quoted above, one would be delighted to be told that "It has lots of little tiny flowers, all sitting close together in a sort of green cup, and, if you turn the cup upside down, it looks like a roof covered with little green slates just edged with brown."

In writing such a statement on the board, the class might be helped to polish it a little; it might be suggested that "lots" is an ugly word; that, if you have said "little," you need not add "tiny," &c. Science will require accurate description as well as careful observation, and children enjoy trying to make their words as fitting as possible. But they must clearly understand that there is no praise to be earned by means of phrases learnt off by heart.

In the case of very little children botanical specimens are not always useful. To their untrained eyes differences of great botanical importance are hardly worth noticing, and their interest is apt to flag. This difficulty is met sometimes by the provision of "object lessons" on pictures of animals, the interest of the class being sustained by terrifying stories. A lesson of this kind has three serious disadvantages. First, a picture is an object, but it is not the object it represents. Very useful lessons might be given on pictures to an art class, for instance. But, if you show a photograph of a lion, and tell your class about lions in general and this lion in particular, you may be giving valuable information, but you are not giving an object lesson. The children's opportunities for observation are small and misleading; they cannot check their sense of sight by their sense of touch and muscular movement, as they always very properly wish to do, and they are unlikely to gain correct ideas of size, movement, &c.

Secondly, you cannot count upon clear images in the children's minds that will help them to profit by the lesson; for lions do not form a part of the ordinary child's daily life,

and the "harmless, necessary cat," though a relation, is likely to hinder rather than to help you.

Thirdly, the interest produced by the sowing of horrors, with the probable reaping of nightmares, is of a most undesirable kind for a teacher of little children to use.

An investigator who had been studying children's fears once remarked in the course of a lecture, that very many of the infants in London Board schools described themselves as afraid of wild animals, and quoted gruesome stories that they had been told during "object lessons." "If," added the lecturer, "object lessons of that kind really are given often to infants, I am sorry for the infants."

Botany and zoology are interesting and useful studies, but we are not entirely dependent upon them for observation lessons. There are plenty of objects of daily use that we constantly see and never notice, that may serve with interest and profit, not perhaps to give useful information, but to enable little children to gain some control of those useful instruments—their own eyes and ears and fingers.

Two or three objects may be chosen by the teacher for comparison, such as a sewing-needle, a knitting-needle, and a pin; or a pen, a lead-pencil, and a slate-pencil; or a slate, a black-board, and an exercise-book; or a nail, a brad, and a screw, &c. So large a part of a child's interest in an object centres round its use, what can be done with it, what it is good for, that, as this cannot be very fully dealt with during the lesson, it is a good thing to give warning a week beforehand, or a day or two in the case of very little children; then each child can make his own observations and experiments, and come well provided with clear mental images.

The objects to be compared are dealt round to each child when the lesson begins, and a reasonable time is allowed for silent observation. The teacher then collects from the class and tabulates upon the blackboard all points of likeness, first between all three of the objects, then between any two. If the child-

ren leave any points unnoticed, these are elicited by questions, but the class always seems to feel that the game has gone against it when this happens.

When the points of likeness have been discussed, the points of difference are collected and tabulated in the same way.

Every detail of form or material is connected by the children with some use of the object, and here their preparatory study comes in useful, and the work is often lightened by amusing or astonishing confidences.

For instance, the lesson is on needles and pins. Discussing the uses of knitting needles and why their ends are so much less sharp than those of sewing needles or pins, one small child amazes the rest by calmly observing:—

"My Grannie sticks her knitting needles in her head. Yes, right in, I've watched her do it."

No one else has observed this extraordinary phenomenon, and the majority of the class is amused and sceptical. The observer, however, sticks to her statement. All appeal to the teacher.

"How many of you have watched people knitting?" Many hands go up. "Then let me see who can find out more about this before next time."

The class then discusses the necessary heads of the investigation.

First, has the practice been correctly reported? Secondly, is it peculiar to the one old lady in question, or is it found elsewhere? Thirdly, how can it be explained?

The fact that, especially with a knitter whose eyes are not so good as they once were, it is convenient when turning a heel to put a spare knitting needle where it can be found without any difficulty, is not of great importance; but the habit of mind that does not simply jeer at an unlikely-sounding story, but sets to work honestly to examine into its meaning, is of very great importance.

When children write easily, a lesson of this kind may be made still more exciting by each child being set to write down all the points of

likeness or of unlikeness that he can discover.

The class then read aloud, in turn, what each has written, and the child who has points that no one else has noticed covers himself with glory, especially if the teacher is able to add: "I never thought of that myself." Quiet observation, careful comparison, accurate description—such is the course of an object lesson.

Give the children time and encouragement to use their own senses, to think things out for themselves, to learn to trust their own powers. We have been wisely cautioned never to tell a child what he can find out for himself; but we are often so impatient that we will not give him time enough, and he soon loses all confidence in his own powers, ceases to make any attempts on his own account,

and simply waits in dull and patient submission for some one to tell him what he is to do or think or see. And we find even medical students who had rather rely upon a text-book than upon a microscope, and who always wish to see a diagram before attempting to study the simplest structure.

It is not always easy to be satisfied to allow children to make mistakes, find them out for themselves, and correct them without help; nor do we appreciate at its full value poor and bungled work that has involved real thought. A child often gets more praise for fuller and more accurate descriptions involving only a slight effort of memory, than for those he has painfully and haltingly constructed for himself. "*Obest plerumque iis, qui discere volunt, auctoritas eorum, qui docent.*"

MABEL A. MARSH.

"From the Forests and the Prairies."

I. THE WINDS.

THE Indians have some wonderful stories about the Wind and the Rain, the Stars and the Sun. They know what happened when the world was young; they can tell you where the Four Great Winds lived, and what the Thunder means.

These are some of the stories:—

I.

The Great Bear, the Terror of the Indians, lay asleep in the North, his heavy breathing heard only by the cunning hunter as he crept over the ice to slay him. Swinging his great war club aloft, and shouting his loud war cry, he smote the Bear a mighty blow which awoke him. Bewildered and stung by the pain, the huge creature shook himself, and slowly sat upright upon his hanches, then swayed forward with deep sleep and pain, whimpering

and whining. Once again the war club fell, and the mighty Bear lay dead. So the Terror of the Nations was slain, and the Indians for reward gave the brave hunter the Four Great Winds of Heaven. The West Wind he kept for himself, but the other three he gave to his sons, who lived at the corners of the Heavens. The beautiful Wabun, who brought the morning, had the East Wind. His silver arrows chased the darkness from the hills, and at his coming the woods and rivers sang for joy. He loved the Morning Star, and

for ever in the Heavens
They are seen together walking.

The North Wind was given to the fierce wild Kabilonokka, who lived in the everlasting snowdrifts, in the Kingdom of Eternal Snows. He brought the biting frosts, and drove the

birds away from the frozen fens and desolate marshes. He beat the snows in great drifts against the trees in the forests. To the careless, lazy Shawondasee was given the South Wind. He lived in the glorious Land of Never-ending Summer, and it was he who sent the golden melons and purple grapes, and dressed the hills in soft new tints of green.

One day as he lay dreamily in the sunshine he saw, far away on the green waving prairie below, a most beautiful maiden; her dress was of the freshest green, and her hair shone gold in the sunshine.

As Shawondasee looked upon her he loved her very much; and every day as he watched her he thought she looked more beautiful, until he longed to take her to live with him for ever in his summer home. But he was too lazy to fetch her; it seemed too hot to move; the air was so lazy that everything seemed wrapped in a soft still mist of heat. Shawondasee's brother Wabun had gone down to his beautiful lady; he had sung her sweetest songs, and wooed her till she gladly came to him, his Morning Star. But Shawondasee only sat and sighed, longing for the maid with hair like sunshine, but never learning to do beautiful things to help her to love him. Perhaps she did not even know he saw her. And so he wasted the glorious summer days in lazy dreams and longings, until one morning the golden hair of his beautiful lady had turned to snowy whiteness. She stood still, tall and fair, upon the prairie, with fleecy tresses like soft white thistle-down.

"Alas!" cried lazy Shawondasee, "who has stolen my lady from me? It is my brother, King of the Land of Eternal Snows; he has laid his hand upon her; he has told her stories of his frost palaces and glittering ice mountains. She will go with him to his home among the mighty icebergs." And the sad South Wind, Shawondasee, wandered, sighing, over the prairie, till the grass rustled, and the fleecy tresses of the maiden stirred and trembled in the breeze. Up and out into the air they floated over the grass, and up into the sunshine like a little snowstorm.

And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight for ever!

She had gone from the prairies, but her little snowflakes fell at last gently into the ground, and lay covered by the kind brown Earth until the summer came again; then, growing straight and green among the grasses, the Prairie Dandelion stood with her glorious, yellow hair shining gold in the happy sunshine.

II.—IAGOO'S STORY. OSSEO, SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

It was the evening of the great chief's wedding day, and as the red sun sank in the flushed water, and the sky's purple faded slowly to a dark blue, through which the silver stars shone steadily, Iagoo, pointing to the Evening Star, told the guests the story of Osseo. Osseo was very ugly and deformed, always weak and sick, for a wicked magician from a little star close by had cast his beams about him and turned him into a miserable-looking man. But, although his body was not good to look upon, the spirit that lived in it was beautiful.

Oweenee, a hunter's daughter, knew this, and loved him so much that, in spite of her sisters' taunts, she married him, instead of choosing one of the handsome lovers who came to her. She had nine sisters almost as fair as herself, who had married strong fine-looking hunters, and they all laughed at the strange couple, the lame old Osseo and the beautiful young Oweenee.

One night, as they walked through the dark forests to a great feast, they grew even more unkind and mocking than before, so that Osseo, gazing sadly at the Evening Star shining calmly above him, cried imploringly: "Pity me, my Father!" Then, with a sudden cry, he sprang into an old hollow oak trunk which lay across the pathway. The startled Indians stayed their mocking to watch, and, to their astonishment, he came out the other end of the tree and stood before them—a strong and handsome youth! But Oweenee too was changed—the fairest and sweetest of the maidens was now an ugly wrinkled woman,

leaning hard on her staff with age! But Osseo, stepping to her, gently took her hand and walked slowly beside her, comforting her with kindly words. He was faithful even as she had been to him.

As Osseo sat at the feast among the merry Indians, the only sad and silent guest there, he heard the voice of the Evening Star calling to him. The others heard a sound as of birds crying away in dark forests, but Osseo knew his father's voice. It said:

O my son, my best beloved!
Broken are the spells that bound you,
All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil.
Come to me, ascend, Osseo!

Then the lodge shook and trembled, rose slowly in the air, above the tree-tops, through the darkness, while the earthen bowls were changed to scarlet shells, and the wooden dishes to silver. The bark roof caught the shifting tints one sees on a beetle's back, and the poles became glittering rods of silver. The nine sisters with their scornful husbands had changed too: they were birds of shining plumage, blackbirds, magpies, jays, and thrushes, and they hopped and fluttered about the wigwam! Only poor Oweenee sat still, looking sadly at the gay birds round her, till Osseo, steadily gazing upward, gave another cry, and the youth and beauty came back to Oweenee.

And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather—
Yea, a shining silver feather!

Then again the wigwam, with its rainbow tints and rods of silver, floated higher till it reached the Evening Star. Osseo's father, the Ruler of the Shining World, came forth to

greet his son, and his eyes were tender and his voice was sweet as he welcomed him.

O my Osseo,
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty.
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you.
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your heart immortal:
Only Oweenee the Faithful
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

So for many peaceful years Osseo lived with his beautiful wife on the Star of Evening, and a little son came to make them happier. They kept the silver cage of fluttering birds, and one day they set it open. Whirring, wheeling, flying round and down went the birds with screams of joy.

But the little lad, Osseo's son, took his bow, and sent an arrow swiftly through the air, proud of his skill. It struck one of the gay singing birds; and, as it fell to the ground, it changed to a beautiful maiden, with the arrow in her breast. As the blood dropped from her wound, and touched the Evening Star, the magic bond was broken, the wigwam with the birds sank to the earth once more. Osseo and Oweenee, with the child, gently sank too; and as the birds neared the ground they were once more changed, but not so fair and lovely as before; their unkind spirit had dwarfed them, and they became the Little People.

The fisher folk say that in the starlight they sometimes see them dance, hand in hand, along the craggy headlands and the low sand levels.

(Adapted from Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*.")

WONTRINA A. BONE.



My Own Brown Gown.*

DREAMER.—In a certain little cottage near my old home was a window, always open to the sun and air. The cottage was surrounded by a garden fragrant and beautiful in spring and summer time with flowers. The old woman who lived in the cottage loved her garden dearly, and often picked some flowers to fill the blue jug which stood in the window. I often strolled across the great meadow and sat beneath the old elm just to watch this peaceful little garden, with its old-fashioned lilies and hollyhocks, its sweet-smelling pinks and golden-brown wallflowers growing close by the gate. Besides her flowers, the old woman had another friend—a pert, scarlet-breasted little robin, for whom she threw crumbs every morning through the winter. One hot, sleepy summer morning I was watching the little fellow hopping about in the garden, now here, now there, turning his head first on this side, then on that, till at last he stopped close to a budding wallflower at the gate, and, to my utter astonishment, I heard him say:—

ROBIN.—Pray, what do you mean to wear this summer?

WALLFLOWER (*quietly*).—Why, what would you expect me to wear but just what I wore last year?

ROBIN.—Oh, I see! Like my friend the wren, you mean to wear your "own brown gown and never look too fine." But, seriously, why don't you wear bright pink, like the horse-chestnut yonder, or yellow, like the laburnum at the gate?

WALLFLOWER.—Why don't you wear glossy satin, like the blackbird, or green, like the kingfisher, I should like to know?

ROBIN.—I think my crimson waistcoat

gay enough. But who would be content to be dressed like you? How much better, for instance, to wear fine yellow plumes, like the laburnum at the gate!

WALLFLOWER (*laughing pleasantly*).—Oh, dear! fancy me dressed in laburnum! How the beautiful plumes would hang down in the dust and get spoilt! Besides, I am a wallflower, and why am I to pretend to be a laburnum or a horse-chestnut?

ROBIN.—Well, you need not laugh. They make the month of May very sweet indeed.

WALLFLOWER.—Ah! then, let me be also a sweet wallflower, since I am a wallflower, and let me wear that which is fittest for me. If I make the little garden pleasant, you will not wish I were growing up in the chestnut tree, will you?

ROBIN (*hopping on*).—Oh! I must confess I love a little finery. If you'd only take my advice and try a bunch of laburnum!

OLD WOMAN (*leaning from window*).—I must water my flowers. They grow dusty and thirsty this hot weather.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.—Thank you—thank you, Mother!

WALLFLOWER.—That is a great comfort. I cannot bear to be dusty.

ROBIN (*saucily*).—Well, that brown gown is certainly worth making a fuss about!

WALLFLOWER.—If my gown is so very plain, tidiness will adorn it. I keep myself neat and tidy, and even the white summer-lily is, as you have seen, not ashamed to grow side by side with me.

ROBIN.—If you'd *only* take my advice and try a bunch of laburnum!

(*All the flowers begin to laugh.*)

LILY.—Don't mind him, old friend. We all

* Adapted from "Earth's Many Voices," by kind permission of the publishers—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

love you in your tidy brown gown—nay, we love you *for* it, and you must not even wish to change it for what would not be half so fit.

OLD WOMAN.—My wallflowers are as sweet as roses.

LILY.—You see it is better to be sweet than fine.

WALLFLOWER.—And to be a lily is best of all.

ROBIN (*thoughtfully*).—I suppose you think daffodils ought not to wear yellow, nor the laburnum such long golden plumes, nor the horse-chestnut its splendid pink and white crests—how splendid you never can tell; for you never were up in a chestnut tree. You think it all too fine, of course.

WALLFLOWER.—Nay, surely, the daffodil has a right to be a gay daffodil; the laburnum ought to wear her golden plumes, because she is a laburnum, and my brown blossoms would be as unfit for her as her golden ones would be for me. The chestnut has a right to those splendid crests, because he is a chestnut tree; they look beautiful on him because they are fit for him; and, don't think me proud, Robin, I almost think my brown gown must be beautiful on me, because it is fit for me; for it seems to my mind that whatever is fit is beautiful.

LABURNUM.—And I have heard that a meek and quiet spirit makes all things beautiful; and such a spirit is yours, Wallflower.

DREAMER.—And it seemed to me that there was a stir and rustle among the younger wallflowers and I heard them whisper:—

YOUNG WALLFLOWERS.—Oh, if we could but look like golden Laburnum!

OLD WOMAN.—I will gather some of my wallflowers and put them in my jug in the window. They are very sweet.

YOUNG WALLFLOWERS (*looking to laburnum*).—Lend us your beautiful plumes, Laburnum! Lend us your beautiful golden plumes!

LABURNUM.—Hush, hush! I have heard that a meek and quiet spirit is better than beauty.

DREAMER.—Then it seemed to me that the time passed on, and the old woman came to her window and, leaning out, she said:—

OLD WOMAN.—The laburnum is fading; her golden tassels are falling fast.

YOUNG WALLFLOWERS.—Let some of your plumes fall on us, Laburnum!

LABURNUM.—Silly little ones, silly little ones! Here then (*tossing up her branches*).

YOUNG WALLFLOWERS.—Now we shall look like golden laburnums.

OLD WOMAN.—Dear, dear! how untidy my wallflowers look.

ROBIN (*coming forward*).—Oh, dear! Is this what has come of taking my advice? How dreadful you look to be sure!

DREAMER.—And the merry breezes came and I heard them puffing:—

BREEZES.—Puff! puff! puff! Let us make these foolish wallflowers tidy again.

YOUNG WALLFLOWERS.—Ah! we know now. We will be content with our brown gowns.

LABURNUM.—Yes! I have heard that a meek and quiet spirit is better than beauty.

DREAMER.—And with these words I awoke—to find it was a dream.

G. L. WALLIS.



Home Education.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have much pleasure in publishing this paper, though we may not agree with all that it contains. Its interest lies largely in the fact that it is the outcome mainly of individual thought and experience. We think that it starts several points well worthy of discussion, and we hope our readers will send us their views, agreeing or disagreeing. The paper has been sent to us by an old pupil of the writer, who says :

However much your readers may be inclined to differ from some of the statements contained in the following paper, I think that they will not fail to accord it, as a whole, a certain measure of interest. It is the outcome of a long and varied experience as resident governess in England and in different States of America. The writer, who was educated in a school in South Germany, began her teaching career at the age of sixteen. Though with little acquaintance with, or respect for, the doctrines of the New Education and with few or no certificates, she has yet managed to hold her own, in an age of examinations, with a success to which her own reputation and her pupils' progress bear ample testimony. I take her career to be an instance of the unimportance of particular systems in education as compared with the character of the persons who enforce them. Yet it is curious to note in this paper how often the writer has independently attained to conclusions and methods which we have been accustomed to regard as the exclusive property of training colleges—a further reminder of the truth that the history of the race is to be found in that of the individual. I may add that one who has had personal experience of her *régime* looks back upon it as to a period when life held a singular interest and charm.]

EDUCATION can be efficiently conducted only when it is approached by the educator in a spirit of humility—humility of the mind, unobservable, but existent. In educating, as well as in teaching—the words are not synonymous—there must be desire to study in order to understand the requirements of the child: thus no absolute rule should ever be laid down for the perfecting of either duty, but in each home each individual child should be treated according to his needs, that the best results may be

obtained not only for personal, but for national, advantage, the world being made better by every life rightly trained in infancy and childhood.

Systems of State and public education have been tried at different periods and by different nationalities, from the Spartan to those of more modern times, and have not proved beneficial to the racial improvement of the respective peoples. This fault lay in the attempt to treat all alike, in the trying to educe from clay or sand the same vase in the same furnace. With more care bestowed on children individually, the necessary outlay of moral strength and patience would be repaid a hundred fold.

Assuming, therefore, that home education is the highest and best form for moral and mental development, the most important primary point should be agreed upon, and that is necessarily the bodily health of the child.

This care is guided by medical knowledge and advice, but is largely dependent on the attention of the home ruler—would one could always say on the mother, but, alas! in many homes the mother's care is unavailable through death, ill health, or assumed want of time. Little lungs must be properly inflated by the right method of breathing though the proper air passages, and supplied with the best and purest air; weak little stomachs must be trained to assimilate the most nourishing food, and strong little stomachs restrained from a natural tendency to over-eating; little limbs must be strengthened by the right amount of exercise. We, fortunately for our parents, usually forget that which was either done or left undone for us in our infancy, and accept the minor ills of life philosophically, not tracing them to their origin, or we might rebel at the thought that such simple things

as nose-blowing, teeth-brushing, dieting, and walking had not been judiciously and systematically insisted upon, to our lasting benefit.

In this first essential, then, of physical care, the child can help, and can be taught a little self-control while learning to give up or to do certain things, not of course on the ground of his or her delicate constitution, which should never be mentioned to a child, but because he or she can grow taller, happier, and better without them or by doing them.

Second to the question of health comes that of punishment; for obedience, "the bond of rule," must be enforced, and cannot be obtained by love alone. An untrained mind in its earlier stages will comprehend, and not resent, punishment meted out in strict justice.

Corporal punishment is a far kinder form, with most children, than lecturing, which means worrying. Mr. Kipling says that "one of the beauties of jungle law is that punishment settles all scores. There is no nagging afterwards." Could you take a vote in the parliament of the children's republic, that clause of the jungle law would be carried unanimously.

With a few children corporal punishment would be unwise; for some have a certain nervous temperament, a highly-strung imagination, dominated by fear, and they need gentler methods; it would be unjust to mete out to them double punishment, and add to their physical pain a far greater pain suffered, in imagination, by anticipation. These cases are exceptional; the majority of children are the better for sharp, short punishment and pardon; but the punishment, whatever it be, must, as a modern comic opera writer says, "fit the crime" and be a deterrent, or it is useless. Better one effective punishment, however painful to the culprit and trying to the authority, that will be remembered, than many ineffective punishments. Though I would hesitate to lay down an absolute rule for the child's correction, yet I would rigidly enforce two upon the corrector. Never punish while there exists the slightest feeling of personal annoyance or irritation, and punish only for an act of

disobedience to some previous and well-understood order; this will cause the punishment to be given for the lesser offences of child life. Children's greater offences often arise from carelessness or love of mischief, and the child's mind resents the punishment for a naughtiness it had no intention of committing; the discipline does real good when you can "show cause" to the small mind and make it understand it has done something it was told not to do again. A form of correction often resorted to and really unwise is the "affectionate." The guardian ruler pleads that the child is unkind, hurts mother or father, &c. A tender-hearted child is unnecessarily harrowed; an indifferent, *i.e.* a healthier, child really does not care.

Then, with a well cared-for healthy foundation to work upon, and a known quantity of deterrent principle at hand, what should one strive to educe or bring out? Gratitude, which proves the existence of love; fearlessness, which is the mainstay of truth; and faith in the home ruler's love and care, which is the source of faith in God. Nor need we cavil at the placing of faith in God third, when we remember the teaching of the Perfect Man through his Apostle St. John—"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The same law applies to faith.

The necessary germs of faith are planted in every being (among the rudest savages, as exemplified by their fetish worship, as well as among the higher races of the world) by an all-wise Creator, and, with other latent powers, need but the proper drawing out to bear full fruit. There is an old saying that "example is better than precept"; but too much dependence on example is a mistake, because we grown-up people are far from perfect, and little eyes are very clear when seeing the faults in their elders. If not prepared to train ourselves for the benefit of the little ones, we had better frankly confess our failings to them.

You cannot cheek and reprove a tendency to greediness in a child if you show too

much interest in your own table; but he will condone your fault, and strive to do better himself, if you point out to him that you were not trained in early days, or, better still, that healthy little growing children, not needing delicacies to tempt their appetites, must avoid them till they are older or become ill. The same course can be pursued in regard to other things. A woman may be nervous during a thunderstorm, or at the sight of a mouse or a worm; but she need not encourage a child to become so, nor need she separate herself from his sympathies; she is surely capable of pointing out that fear is unnecessary. In helping the child to grow up without fear, she may in time benefit herself; if she ask that the little hand be placed in hers to help her, the child will communicate his natural confidence "in her size," and not suffer from the contamination of her dread. We might indeed despair of success were example the only pivot on which a system of education could be worked.

Gratitude, the first element to be educated, will prove the hardest task, because it cannot be evolved by simple example or telling, but must be felt and understood by the child's own soul. You may give the personal devotion of a life-time, you may provide for all a child's wants to the extent of your financial capabilities, and beyond the just proportion of his share, and yet a spirit of gratitude may not arise; there may be a pleasurable acceptance of care and of the things provided, and a rebellious feeling of injury if they are lacking. This is a misfortune, because a difference of opinion in infancy as to candy, in youth as to college expenses, in later life on more important subjects, may strain, or even snap, the tie of love. Yet this tie must be made strong—strong enough to bear any tension, and to outlast the troubles of life—and you can make it by teaching the child to give.

The divine instinct of motherhood causes a woman to crave and to ask for her child's kisses, and in learning to please her by giving, he learns to value receiving her caresses. "It is more blessed to give than to receive"

should be rendered in the vernacular: "There is greater happiness in giving than in receiving"—bearing this in mind will cause success to be realized. Josef Israels, the famous Dutch painter, the greatest of his school as well as its leader, has illustrated this theory in a widely known picture called "Helping Mother." He took his first sketch for it from actual life in the hut of a Scheveningen fisher. The placid mother sits sewing for her wee baby, and a tot of two years old struggles across the floor with a heavy square Dutch footstool "to make Mother comfortable." The artist, in catching the expression of radiant joy, of pure unselfishness—for the strain on the body proves the weight of the stool—gives a lesson to the world. Let children render little services—open doors, fetch cushions, shade lights—and, as your tenderness and thanks express your love to them, so love for you will grow in them, evolved by a comprehension of your kindness.

Fearlessness is far easier to cultivate, and requires only sympathy and patience. Darkness should hold no terrors for children; and, as it is healthier to sleep in a darkened room, they should be accustomed to do so from earliest infancy. A love of "the easiest way" in preference to the best on the part of adults very frequently deprives the children of this early care. We know many who burn at least a small light all through the night; whereas a little thought and care would enable them to dispense with it. Place things likely to be needed where you can find them quickly; let a cry or a voice be answered soothingly, not fractionally, at the moment, and there will be no "wanting a light," nor realization of the darkness as an evil.

With the greater advance of general education in all ranks, the actual and intentional frightening of a child is unusual, and is avoidable by due care in choosing the child's attendants; but the evil may arise from a negative wickedness. As long as the child is unable to wait upon himself and obtain for himself a light, some one should be on duty near enough to respond immediately to a call, and the post

should be as sacredly kept as by a soldier on guard, and defection from the duty should be punished as by martial law. If one would realize the torture to a small mind of an awakening in need of some one, and of a call unresponded to, no one would be so utterly selfish as even to run the risk of inflicting that torture. As the children grow in reasonableness, you can as a precautionary measure explain that you might be away, and suggest patience and courage; but do not increase their burdens in order to lessen your own, but in order to guard against the unforeseen.

A naturally nervous and sensitive child learnt, at the age of five, to wake without screaming, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and went willingly in the dark to the room of her he wanted, rather than awake an unsympathetic nurse in whose room he slept.

Then, for the sake of truth and honesty, the fear of punishment has to be mastered. There must be punishment, but it need not be dreaded to the extent of inducing a lie. It is not necessary that frank confession should exonerate from punishment, though in most cases it is wise to allow it to blot out the offence. You can persuade the child to accept correction for his own good, and to accept it bravely; then you can proportion the punishment to his powers of endurance. Let children also be fearless in their speech; never allow yourself to be bored or worried by the endless questionings if not too unreasonable.

Children may be taught not to talk at meal times, so that they may not annoy those elders who are not interested in them, and they will be able to eat better and learn to use a little self-control at the same time. As they learn by talking, they should be allowed to use that form of seeking knowledge on all subjects, and should be able to show you the bent of their own minds and their needs. And the more they ask the more they will want to ask, till you will be surprised at their growing intelligence and widening powers of observation. While you are encouraging them to be fearless, you are teaching them faith in your love of, and care for them. Your very

patience, gentleness, and, to them, wonderful knowledge, appeals to them daily, also your power to keep them warm, to ease their pain, to understand their wishes. They will notice your anxiety to do justice, and if you tell them it is not easy to act rightly, but that all must try, they will be encouraged to work out their own salvation, and to emulate the efforts to attain perfection which are before their eyes. Children accept unhesitatingly their accountability to you, and as they gradually comprehend that you hold yourself accountable to a higher Power for all your thoughts and actions, they will believe in the existence of that Power, and have faith in its Divinity.

Teaching can begin at home when a child is three, and be carried on simultaneously with, but subordinately to, education. The hands can be taught to do the simplest duties of the day in a right manner, with a reason for so doing. The eyes can be trained to see the beauties of Nature, and the opening minds can learn the first principles of physics. No one, without trial, can understand how easily a child can have a difficult principle explained to it so as to grasp it. Thus the seeds of knowledge are sown. A little later, a few grains of a more complete explanation will be added, and when at length the time comes for the subject to be taken up as a serious study it will appeal to the child not as an uninteresting lesson, but as an old friend, of whom he is anxious to have more news. If the teacher does not know how to explain, or what to say, it is very easy to find out or read up.

Max O'Rell was at one period obliged to perform the duties of teacher, and he declares that a teacher must always hide ignorance, even that he must pretend to know. Teaching was not with him a work of love, and he certainly did injustice to the majority of children. During many years of working among them I have never found the slightest difficulty arise from saying: "I do not know, but we will try to find out together."

The small child will enjoy folklore, whether of the ancient Greeks, of the Romans, of the

Norsemen, or of the Celts, and grow familiar with the legends which he will come across in later life, either when studying Greek or Latin, or when gazing on pictures stored in great museums. The period for study is short, and should be economized. It is a decided gain to teach the very young, as far as possible, orally; and you can realize how much pleasure is missed by want of acquaintance with these apparently unnecessary tales, if you walk through any art gallery, and listen to the remarks of the grown-up neglected ones, who see, and yet do not understand. The answer to "Do tell me a story" should be a lesson which can be sometimes told and sometimes read; but those told will be the more surely remembered.

You have only to make the man a living human being to the child's fancy, and he will remember all about him—of one man why he fought, and for what; of another, even, why he made laws—and learn how those laws helped racial development. Give but that "one touch of nature" which Shakespeare tells us "makes the whole world kin," and the historic man or woman will be understood, and duly loved or hated according to his or her deserts. Then introduce children to geography, a study always disliked if begun in the usual "dry-as-dust" manner, and show them on maps where the people lived of whom you were speaking. Thus they will learn about other countries, and begin a broadening education of lasting benefit. A small child of five can learn the names of the principal countries, rivers, and mountains of the world *viva voce*, then relative areas, lengths and heights; and, strange as it may appear to some, the longer names will have the greater fascination, and be the better remembered—Honduras with Tegucigalpa, for instance, rather than the United States and New York, unless he be a New Yorker. Much will be forgotten if not repeated from time to time, but it comes back to the child when the time for the book lessons is reached—the book lessons which are so distasteful because of the confinement and the "having to sit still."

Put off this time of ordeal till the child is seven or eight years old, unless he should be blessed with a very placid and contented nature, and do not regard the early years as wasted because the child cannot read and write as well as other children, for the seeds you have sown during the early years will bring forth fruit sixty or a hundred fold. From eight to twelve the child must learn to work, not "learn lessons." He must be taught to think, and trained to depend not upon the teacher, but upon himself, to continue his task whether guided or left alone, watched or trusted. He must be shown how to prepare his work, not merely expected to learn and repeat a lesson. Home teaching is liable to interruptions not possible in school, and this, which is generally quoted as detrimental, can be made an advantage if the pupil be thereby trained to self-reliance and a knowledge of his own powers of concentration of thought and purpose.

And the subjects as soon as the child can read? First, those requiring the longest time for mastery—history, foreign languages, and music—all more easily and readily absorbed when the child is quite young, and all of which cannot be grasped hurriedly, but must be learnt little by little. Simple arithmetic follows closely on the first steps of reading and writing, and must be continued, especial care as to exactitude being insisted upon; but, as a rule, too much time is given to it, for it is a subject that can easily be worked up at any time that the child is found to be behind, and has not, therefore, been given the same prominence as the three before mentioned. With history comes an opportunity for perfecting reading; with languages a knowledge of English grammar is obtained as well as of the grammar of the foreign language; and English spelling is learnt while writing out the necessary translations. With music comes the best training for all future studies; it means a gaining of exactness, a discipline of both body and mind which is of value should great musical skill never be attainable. The time given to this study is rarely wasted: the delicate touch and

suppleness of the fingers have been developed, the reading of the notes learnt and an ear for sound and time cultivated that will be valuable for other things besides music. After three or four years of study the subject can be dethroned from its first place to a lower one in the scheme of education; or, should requisite musical talent be forthcoming, the time necessary for a good *technique* can be assigned to it. The teaching of music is generally neglected (imperfect lessons with more imperfect practising not, of course, coming under consideration in this article), partly because of the annoyance and trouble it is supposed to cause the elders of the household; but practising, if carefully carried out, need never annoy, and it were neglecting a duty to object to taking the trouble entailed in holding the child up to the right performance of his task.

All teaching is an anxiety until the pupil is trained; but a teacher interested in the work will gladly blot out self. It is easier to let a lesson be learnt and quickly repeated with supposed kindly help; but it is better to have a short lesson learnt on Monday and repeated properly on Thursday, though it will require patience ere this be accomplished. One should read to a child and encourage him to repeat the substance of the reading in his own language; then he should read aloud and learn to write an account of what he has read in his own style. Above all, he should understand that a certain amount of painstaking is necessary for all success, and that success is only valuable because of the trouble it demands of its followers.

If properly taught from eight to twelve years of age, a child should be prepared for any kind of instruction, or be able, if obliged to do so, to continue his studies unaided. He should know how to summarize matter read, and have the self-control necessary for perseverance with the work till completed; then, when placed at school or college, the instruction there offered will be understood, though no longer specially adapted to the individual necessities, and should be taken full advantage of from the first, and the student will come out creditably at the end of

every course of study; while at home history should be taught with relative connexions, and as far as possible chronologically. So one should take the outline history of the Greeks, Romans, Goths, and of the Asiatic tribes who convulsed Europe and Northern Africa by the effect of their migrations. In later life sections of history will be studied in detail, but a general and clear idea of the world's history should be instilled at an early age. The course of modern history should be regulated by the nationality of the child, care being taken to make him see the world-felt power of good and great men and the evil effects of selfish, cowardly lives. Languages must be taught naturally, as though the child were studying his own, with the one addition of literal translation to his reading of simple words and stories, and to his repetition of simple phrases. And we should always bear in mind that no two children require the same teaching, and that the teacher must suit the instruction to the needs of the pupil, feeling his way, as it were, testing his comprehension, and ready to alter daily till the understanding has been reached. In class teaching clever men, excellent instructors, often fail with some of the pupils, not on account of the pupils' stupidity or laziness, but because their special form of instruction cannot be adapted to all intellects alike. By studying the needs of children when young (and this is only possible in home education), they can by degrees be made capable of understanding various methods of instruction, and prepared for the "class teaching" under which they may eventually be placed.

Important, and mentioned last by reason only of its being a work which must continue during the whole of the period, is breeding, or the training of the manners and outward conduct. Its care is worth much trouble, for it makes the man or woman, and throws a subtle charm around him or her which neither cleverness nor beauty can alone bestow. Inculcate a tolerance for the feelings of others, a courtesy to the home members which strangers expect. Politeness is of intrinsic value when it arises

from goodness of heart and unselfishness; but a wearable kind can be manufactured of silver gilt which will stand the usages of life. It is difficult to require little acts of courtesy for oneself, but one can insist on attentions being bestowed on others; and if the father would direct courteous acts to be performed for the mother, and the mother see that the father is treated with deference and consideration, the child would grow up with a desire to please in daily acts of politeness, which no set of rules for the guidance of his conduct can ever teach him in later life.

Children should be trained from an early age to understand the value of money, not simply by being allowed to spend as they please a certain amount of pocket money, but by being allowed to earn small sums, either for services rendered, or for good conduct, then helped to save and to spend till they understand what they can afford to buy, and to go without things beyond their means.

This is especially necessary in this country, where the people are accustomed to spend their money generously, and are entitled to do so because of the admirable pluck they show in returning to work should reverses assail them. This courage has been to a certain extent fostered hitherto by the possibility of a willingness to work being rewarded by success; but, as the population increases, and competition places certain restrictions on assured success, this spirit may decrease, and a sensible, prudent management of money should be insisted on by the present generation.

To whom shall this education, this instruction, this breeding be entrusted? Happy the mother who can perform the duties herself; happy the father who can second her en-

deavours! They may be at times a little weary; they may find the work irksome; but the unpleasant periods will fade from their minds, and only the comfort, the joy of well-trained children will remain ever present with them. There will grow up between parents and child an union so strong that in all trials and temptations they will trust and stand firmly by one another, facing truly and bravely together good or evil days. If the duties be delegated to a stranger, so must much of the pleasure of the task; for a stranger can only perform the duty when granted freedom of action and a share in the child's love.

And the task of selecting the stranger is very serious. She must be competent to teach and sympathetic in the teaching; and, above all, endowed with patience, for she comes a stranger to your home—a tyrant, from the children's point of view—and she will have to combat not only their faults, but their natural animosity to a new ruler. To the rich the task may be easier by reason of a greater choice when selecting; but, as the bulk of a nation is not wealthy, would it not be wiser and better for each mother to devote herself to the task, striving when necessary to gain knowledge in order to impart it, and always working to find out the special need of each life under her care, deeming it her highest privilege in this life to be allowed to minister to his wants, to improve his mind and his character. Thus she will have the glory of making from the child she has given to the world an honest and sincere worker, who, in his turn, will strive to do his duty, as she has done hers, for the benefit of his race and his native land.

E. P.



What to Teach for the Next Three Months.

IT is no doubt high time this little series of papers was drawing to an end. The syllabus was never intended to be followed in the least degree slavishly, but rather to offer suggestions to young teachers who had not yet had time to read very widely, and who had difficulty in finding suitable material. It has been continued now for three years, and there has already been a good deal of repetition. But different generations of children living in the same country must of necessity have much the same interests. Autumn after autumn pockets and baskets are brought full of acorns and of chestnuts. Year after year come the sticky buds and the plane-tree balls. Year after year we plant bulbs in October and sow seeds in March. With older children we may go farther afield, but though we have not the slightest desire to limit the ideas even of the babies, yet most of our material must be the very commonest.

Two years ago in our syllabus we went through all the processes connected with the reaping, threshing, storing, &c., of corn, finishing up by bread-making, but two years is a long time with young children. The "big ones" of to-day, who look so unaccountably little when we meet them outside the Kindergarten walls, were almost babies then, and now look at things from another stand-point. So, as we have spent a long time over insect life, we will go back to the plant world, and sympathize with the children's accounts of harvest festivals by having corn in the schoolroom. According to their age, the children can have definite lessons in corn, or merely learn to distinguish one kind from another, and then, to their joy, be allowed to grind some between stones, and to winnow it by blowing at it, or by shaking it about in a large sheet of paper on a windy day in the garden.

If any teacher wishes to give the supreme

joy of bread-making, she will find an easy recipe given in *Child Life* for October, 1899. As we want the children to have the thanksgiving atmosphere, Miss Wiggin's story of "The First Thanksgiving Day" may be told. It was being told in our own Kindergarten this very week, when an American Kindergarten happened to visit us, and when she said: "I do like it; I would tell it in just the same way to my children at home," the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder" picture, "Naming the Fingers," came into my mind—the picture where the various ranks are linked together by the children. In connexion with this story, some teachers may, perhaps, use Indian corn for the Nature lesson instead of wheat. It grows easily, and is, indeed, a thing of beauty, with its delicate tassels of silvery green. The most beautiful story for harvest, the one which breathes of the harvest-field, is the perfect story of "Ruth the Moabitess." During the corn-lessons the children are pretty sure to sow some grains either on flannel or in sand or soil, and by the end of October it will be time to plant bulbs for next spring.

A Dutch friend, whose bulbs are always successful, has given me a few hints about them. She says they grow to leaf very often, not because they have been brought into the light too soon, but because they have been brought into the warmth too soon. In watering, again, she recommends the making of a tiny trench round the bulb into which water may be poured, so that, if cold, the water shall not touch the growing point, or that may wither and blacken at the tip. Twice a week is often enough to water while the bulbs are kept dark and cold, but they should be kept fairly moist when they begin to grow.

October 31 is Hallowe'en, and, as that is an important night with Scottish children, perhaps some of the readers of *Child Life* might like to know how to have a "Hallow-

e'en party." The chief entertainment is "ducking for apples," and a most exciting game it is. A large tub is filled with water, and a good many rosy apples float on its surface. A chair is placed with its back legs touching the tub, and each guest in turn kneels on the chair, leaning over its back, and aims a fork at an apple as it passes. Of course, the water is stirred round and round each time to keep the apples in motion. The smallest children used to drop the fork from their hands, the older ones held it between their teeth, while the short-haired people, mostly boys, discarding the chair altogether, ducked their heads into the water and tried to catch the apple in their teeth. This was, of course, the time-honoured custom, whence the name "ducking for apples"; but "ducking" was not considered the thing for small girls. As this ceremony involved much splashing, Hallowe'en parties were never held in drawing-rooms, and in many houses the fun took place in the kitchen, where somehow, the stiffness which often characterizes the beginnings of parties had no place at all.

When apples palled, and the unsuccessful candidates had been consoled with a supply from the basket, then we burned nuts. In the olden time, young men and maidens used this means of discovering how the course of true love would run, and, when the maids had a Hallowe'en party, they probably kept up the old custom; but we children burned nuts with either sex impartially. We each put a nut into the fire as close together as we could drop them. If the nuts burned steadily, then we were to remain friends; but if one popped away from the other, sometimes even right out of the fire, then we were to separate. Ordinary games probably followed, and then came supper, where a silver threepence, a thimble, and a ring found a place, usually in a cake; but in one house it was in a mild plum pudding. In the maids' more conservative parties these articles appeared in a dish of mashed potatoes, which the company ate sitting in a ring on the floor. Those interested

will find many more ceremonies in Burns's "Hallowe'en."

The chipmunk is a ground squirrel, which has a pouch in its cheek for carrying food. He "is from 8 to 10 inches long, with white stripes, bordered with dark brown on each side." Cooke's "Nature Myths" gives a very pretty story of how the chipmunk earned these stripes. The above description of the chipmunk is from "Living Animals of the World," a natural history illustrated entirely from photographs, which may not be known to every one as yet. The pictures are beautiful, and will supply illustrations for many favourite stories—a grey wolf and an Indian jackal for "Mowgli," fox-cubs for "Water Babies," seals for "Kotick," and many others. "The Thanksgiving Song" and "The Orchard" will fit in with the acorns, of which the squirrel makes his store; and, though the children are bringing acorns to school now, they will not hurt, and the squirrel will arouse fresh interest in them. Some of the children may have a dormouse, and it is as well to have another rodent to compare with the squirrel. The rabbit would do just as well, or the common house-mouse. If any one feels inclined to take the "beaver" as a fur animal, "Living Animals," Part V., gives a very interesting account of the building of the lodge, giving details and explanations not usually told.

As the children spent some time over trees in spring and summer, they will enjoy studying the leafless twigs and trying to recognize the tree from its mode of branching. "The Journey" and "Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice" are taken from a very pretty collection of stories just introduced into England. They illustrate the "Mutter- und Kose-Lieder," and make a most welcome addition to our store of child literature. By the second week in December the children's thoughts are full of Christmas—even now wishes are being called up the chimney—so evergreens will be appropriate, and as Christmas is *the* home feast, the story is chosen because it is full of home-coming. Ivy is one of the few plants left to brighten the garden, but we can look else-

where for brightness, and it is only in winter that children have the joy of seeing the starry sky. Later in December nothing but Christmas trees, holly, Santa Claus, and reindeer

can be spoken of, and year by year different generations of children give such delights fresh interest to every sympathetic adult.

E. R. MURRAY.

	NATURE LESSON.	STORY.	POETRY, SONG, OR GAME.
<i>October :</i>			
Week 3.	Harvest and Wheat.	"The First Thanksgiving" ("The Story Hour").	"Mowing Grass," "The Farmer" ("Mutter- und Kose-Lieder," ed. Miss Blow). "Autumn" ("Child's Song and Game Book," Part I.).
Week 4.	Barley and Oats.	"Ruth the Moabiteess," "Psyche's Tasks" ("In the Child World").	"The Barley Brownie" ("Fifty Children's Songs," Reinecke, Augener). "Making Bread" ("Finger Plays," E. Poulsson). "Cooking Game" ("Kindergarten Gift Plays," M. Nuth).
Week 5.	Planting Bulbs.	"The Awakening" ("Earth's Many Voices"). "The Minstrel's Song" ("Mother Stories," Maud Lindsay).	Same games (<i>continued</i>).
<i>November :</i>			
Week 1.	The Squirrel.	"How the Chipmunk got his Stripes" (Cooke's "Nature Myths").	"The Squirrel," "The Chipmunks" ("Songs for Little Children," E. Smith).
Week 2.	Acorns.	"Old Pipes and the Dryad" ("A Chosen Few Short Stories," F. R. Stockton).	"Thanksgiving Song" ("Songs for Little Children," E. Smith). "The Orchard" ("Twelve Kindergarten Games," Novello's "School Series," 116).
Week 3.	Dormouse or Rabbit.	"The Mad Tea-Party" ("Alice in Wonderland").	"The Dormouse," Mary Howitt. "White or Grey," E. Coxhead. ("Round the Fire," ed. Gertrude Fearon. Roffey & Clarke, Croydon).
Week 4.	Trees in Winter.	"Cover it up" ("Earth's Many Voices"). "The Journey" ("Mother Stories"). "The Logging Camp" ("In the Child World").	"The Tree in Winter" ("Songs for Little Children"). "The Joiner" ("Music for the Kindergarten"). "Foreign Lands" ("Child's Garden of Verses," R. L. Stevenson).
<i>December :</i>			
Week 1.	Trees in Winter (<i>continued</i>).	"The Walnut Tree that wanted to bear Tulips" ("Kindergarten Stories," S. E. Wiltse). "The Shower upon the Sea" ("Earth's Many Voices").	"The Trees," "The Carpenter" ("Novello's School Series," No. 116).
Week 2.	Ivy.	"Fleet Wing and Sweet Voice" ("Mother Stories," Maud Lindsay).	"Stars and Daisies" ("Songs for Little Children," E. Smith). "Merry Christmas Bells" ("Songs and Games," Jenks and Walker).
Week 3.	Holly.	"The Story of Gretchen" ("Mother Stories," Maud Lindsay). "The Story of Roger" ("Ten Boys," Jane Andrews).	"The Little New Year" ("Songs and Games," Jenks and Walker). "Santa Claus" ("Finger Plays," E. Poulsson).

"Dolatry."

Last night I sailed in my paper ship,
 I sailed away and away;
 And never did sailor sail so far,
 And never was sail so gay;
 I sailed away to an unknown land,
 Away, on an unknown sea,
 Where all the people were dolls, my dear,
 And all of them talked to me.

— "The Paper Ship."

WE all had dolls, of course; even Arthur was once the not indifferent possessor of a black doll, in a pink-spotted shirt with a frill. But he soon wearied of paternal responsibility, and Sambo was found guilty of felonious acts and condemned to death. He was publicly hanged by the neck till dead, and, so that there might be no mistake as to his demise, was subsequently beheaded and burned. His ashes were interred beneath the willow tree on the rubbish heap. Save for this, and one more incident, Arthur did not really "come in" at the doll games, but was willingly present when feasts were to the fore.

The dolls of to-day, are they not much the same as were the dolls of yesterday? Looking back through the years, what a varied phalanx of doll darlings, more or less beloved, comes trooping back from those misty distances! We know them so well, that jostling army—wax and wooden, curly-haired and straight; the stiff, composite kind, who wouldn't sit, and who ever maintained an attitude suggestive of a Swedish drill exercise; the small halfpenny china, with welded legs; and the twopenny sawdust-stuffed, that occasionally dribbled. These had china heads, fitted on top of elongated, pin-cushion-like bodies, with lumpy black hair and thread-like eyebrows, sometimes askew. Then there were the horsehair-limbed, that perpetually turned in their toeless feet; the half wax, half plaster, whose frail, hollow heads split so easily if you happened to bump them accidentally against the wall. One such, I remember—Bessie, by name—nearly as large as myself, who met this tragic fate. She wore one of my own cut-down baby pelisses of buff cotton, spotted with black, trimmed with Vandyke braid, and a flat brown straw hat. It was the broom-

handle, I think, that helped to terminate her brief existence; for, though Jane made her a hood to wear, it was not the same thing—I *always* knew she had only half a head.

The acquisitive spirit was strong in Phyllis—she gloried in numbers; and once, after a prolonged visit to the Annts, returned with a family of sixteen, to my wonder and envy. I never possessed more than five or six at a time. Phyllis's family upon this occasion was very varied. There were large and small; elegant young ladies, with trains, besides mere little girls in pinafores; a baby in long clothes; a boy doll in a blue sailor suit; and a bride in real veil and orange blossoms.

Phyllis was very proud of the bride, and really fond of the boy, who had to marry the bride, despite his minority; but she did not so much play games with her dolls as amuse herself with their dressing and undressing, and in making them new garments. Menie in after years took after Phyllis in this respect, but excelled her in that she both loved more and accumulated more. Her numbers rose to thirty-two, and her heart expanded in proportion; moreover, her transition period—that bridge of time we pass over from being doll-lovers to doll-discarders—was marked by an excess of industry and ingenuity in the dressmaking and millinery arts.

May never *really* cared for dolls, as such—I *loved* mine; she infinitely preferred a brick or a domino, and a corner of the room to herself. Here, with the assistance sometimes of a four-legged stool, May's own peculiar property, thrilling and moving dramas were enacted, May, in the character of Greek chorus, keeping up a continuous low murmur of talk. Menie and I, fascinated from afar, would draw near stealthily, pretending we did not hear. It was unwise to interrupt May at such times; she was apt to turn crotchety and go away. Sometimes, however, she extended gracious permission to her audience to remain, and even now and then to join in with word or suggestion.

There was one particularly favourite play, where the little girl was a step-child, and harshly treated, but nobly and heroically devoted to the

step-sister, who adored back. She bore all with beautiful patience. She always eventually ran away, and, of course, "got lost," and wandered about in a marsh. There was usually a terrific thunderstorm, and the poor exile suffered untold hardships, till the fond step-sister came in pursuit and brought her back. She then became terribly ill, and everybody was stricken with remorse; and it was a point at issue whether she should die, after angelically forgiving those who had so wronged and misunderstood her, or recover and live happy ever after. May, as a rule, clamoured for her death, while I was in favour of recovery and reunion.

But May would not always allow co-operation in her games. With a magnificent desire for space and solitude, she would retire alone to the staircase, half way up the stairs beneath the landing window. Here was the *mise en scène* for "Fleeing Huguenots." There were a good many *dramatis personæ*—different-lengthed bricks, as a rule—a father and mother, nurse, children, uncle, and elder brother. The female members of the little band were in hiding; the men who had brought them thus far had gone forth to reconnoitre. The women waited, agonized with fears and awful apprehensions. Why were they so long? What calamity had befallen? Fainting fits were imminent, distraction and tearing of hair; then followed the return of the men, and a general weeping and falling on necks.

It was May who boldly defied all accepted tradition of doll beauty, and chose for a birthday present a doll with long straight dark-brown hair and brown eyes. She said she was tired of blue eyes and golden curls; they were "silly."

Hilda certainly looked a doll of distinguished and marked character; yet I had to complain bitterly to May, because most of her life was spent in the Parents' wardrobe, which accusation May received with callous indifference. I was never particularly attracted towards baby dolls; they were rather dull, I thought—after you had dressed or undressed them and put them to sleep, there was not much else to do.

My dolls were all "little-girl" dolls, who "*did things*." I held a firm belief in the beautiful as the outward exponent of the good; and my "waxiest" dolls were always saints. She who became for me the paragon of all doll-hood was one Ermentrude, who, though she never had a successor in my estimation, gave her name to that particular doll species, and they were spoken

of as "Ermentrude dolls." Her radiant presence first dawned upon me one Christmas time at Whiteley's bazaar. It was I on this occasion who was visiting the Aunts, and my vision had been glugged with sights of opulence, hitherto undreamed of, at the Crystal Palace Bazaar and the Lowther Arcade.

I had elected to choose a baby doll for a Christmas present, but I saw Ermentrude, and there was no resisting her. She was *real* waxen, with delicately moulded limbs and features, silky, waving golden hair, and blue-grey eyes with real eye-lashes. One of the Aunts made her a beautiful dress of shot purple silk with a long train. I named her Ermentrude, anticipating the *real* Ermentrude by several months, but *my* Ermentrude was never called "Menie." She was as faultless in character as in face; like the king, she could "do no wrong." She was a Dorothea Brooke among dolls.

Vicissitudes she met with, as is no uncommon fate with the loved and cherished. A leg was smashed, and then her head—both miraculously replaced from the doll hospital. Even the new head was the very counterpart of the original, so that the personality of Ermentrude the First passed into that of Ermentrude the Second. The circumstances of her final dissolution have escaped my memory, but she had no peer, and is the bright, particular star among my dolls.

The next favourite was Daisy. She was a sweet, nice, loveable doll, rosy and bonny blue-eyed, and nut-brown curled. Daisy was good, but "not *too* bright and good." She had not the exalted virtue and loveliness of Ermentrude that required some living up to. She was just comfortably good (some good people are not very comfortable), always sunny and kind and sweet-tempered, and very human withal; everybody liked Daisy. She was one of a trio I at that time possessed, and there were two of May's. Evidently the others were of no marked individuality, for, save one, I cannot even recall their names; but the "one" was a host in herself.

This was Marie. She was a Normandy doll, dressed in blue costume, with full white sleeves and chemisette, red-braided apron, flapping white cap, and a little cross round her neck. She was blonde and blue-eyed, and her china face was piquantly modelled. Marie was the naughtiest of naughty dolls—oh, *so* naughty!—simply a non-moral doll. She was French, hence frivolous, so we thought, if traditional characteristics of that

flighty nation, as *we* understood it, were to be accepted. Had we not read "Near Home," and did we not know the French were a "bad lot"?

May and I joined forces in the enactment of a thrilling drama setting forth the depravity of Marie. We played for days in succession with unflagging zeal. On these occasions the dolls were less our children than our puppets—we pulled the strings.

Daisy and the other dolls, Marie included, were visitors together for the holidays. Daisy and Marie were cousins; and Daisy's good nature was sorely tried with Marie's waywardness and her efforts to keep the peace. She defied authority, and said "I don't care," and *meant* it. (We only said it when we knew we were being very naughty, and wanted to put up a barricade somewhere.) There was a large, black, felt donkey, with a saddle and panniers, on a green wooden stand, in the schoolroom. We pretended the donkey could be wound up to run round by machinery. It was Daisy's donkey, and she let the others ride it. The conditions were that it must not go too fast or be wound up *too much*.

The other dolls were quite agreeable; not so Marie. She seized the donkey; she pushed the others off; she wound it; she overwound it; she got upon it herself; the donkey tore round and round the room at terrific pace, banging the furniture, threatening injury to life and limb. Marie clung on, hardly able to keep her seat. She didn't care; she did it again. The donkey tore on; Marie fell off; still clinging, she was dragged round and round after the racing donkey. Still she didn't care. She fell; she lay prostrate; the donkey raced on and over her fallen body; the others huddled round horror-stricken. Still Marie's spirit was unbroken, whatever her limbs might be, and she gloried in her lawless deeds. Bruised and maimed, she was picked up and bandaged, still uncontrite, and so remained to the end of her days. Then the whole drama was begun over again; we found Marie's unregeneracy very piquant.

The last of my dolls was Clara. She was of the Ermentrude type, but of coarser mould. She inherited the Ermentrude dress; and never came to an end while in my possession, but was given away when school-days began in earnest.

No record of our dolls, however, in this, our Book of Days, would be complete without some account of an entirely new departure of May's and mine, when "dolatry," so to speak, took "a new

bend," as they say of education. Abandoning our big dolls, we turned with fresh zest to the small penny and halfpenny variety, and opened a dolls' boarding school. We already possessed a dolls' house, one of the usual two-storied houses, and we had added a cardboard box, in which Arthur had cut square holes, filled in with pieces of matches, placed crossways, for window frames. This gave us two extra rooms for dormitories, while empty match boxes supplied us with beds.

Finally, we begged a large orange-box, which, placed lengthways on its side, did duty for the schoolroom. In this we arranged some improvised benches and forms of bricks. I made a map of the world (both spheres anything but spherical in shape) to hang on the wall; and May cut out a pair of "tawse" in wash-leather, to beat the children with when they were naughty. They were like those Papa had had when a boy, and which we used for ox goads and things. We hung the school tawse on a pin beside the map, and flattered ourselves the whole looked quite a real schoolroom.

Four little halfpenny dolls, great favourites with us, formed the nucleus of our school. They were inseparables, and spent the larger part of their time in their own special "snuggery," May's four-legged stool, turned upside down. Somehow, lessons took a very secondary place in our curriculum. There were Vicky, Dorothy, Flo, and Flossie. Flossie was the youngest; she had very red cheeks, and one of her eyes had slipped down into the corner of her nose, which gave her a somewhat sinister expression. She was, nevertheless, a very nice little girl, and devoted to Vicky.

Flo and Dorothy came very near together in age, and were dolls of a sufficiently pleasing cast of countenance for the halfpenny kind. Flo was rather hasty in temper, and Dorothy was apt to get huffy; and there were constant bickerings between these two. But Vicky! Vicky was our prime favourite, and adored by the others. She was the eldest and prettiest of the quartette, and the "goodest." Everybody liked Vicky; everybody sang her praises. Never was there so popular a child. "Nice little Vicky!" "Dear little Vicky!" "Good little Vicky!" (Little prig!) Vicky was everybody's arbitrator, and always gave the casting vote in every debate.

We spent much time in the personal equipment of our four. They each came to school with a match-box, large enough to contain themselves,

full of clothes. Under-garments we dispensed with; but the regulation frocks for each were:— (1) A school frock of print or serge; (2) an afternoon frock, something more "fancy"; (3) a Sunday frock, of smart ribbon or satin; (4) a party frock, of the most gorgeous silk, lace, or muslin we could find, with a sash.

Dressmaking was very simple. You took the piece of stuff, folded it in half, then another fold near the middle, and gave a snip with the scissors; open out, and you had two holes, each guarded by a triangular flap; slipping these over the slightly extended arms of the doll, you then inserted a large pin through the stuff at the back. The pin extended from the nape of the neck almost to the heels, and was firm as a rock. Your doll was dressed.

Other dolls were added to our school in the course of time, as successive Saturdays brought with them their "pennies"; but none of these possessed the vitality and individuality of Vicky and her satellites, who quite "led" the school. The other pupils accepted their authority as a matter of course—all except Lena Manners, whose conduct was outrageous. She was only half a doll; so we dressed her in a long frock, and pretended she was fourteen, and tall for her age. She was larger than the others, with intensely black hair and deep-blue eyes.

But Lena, like Marie, disregarded authority, and finally was sternly banished to solitary confinement in her bedroom in the cardboard wing. Full of wrath she sat down—that is, if she could be said to sit, for she ceased below her waist—and meditated plans of vengeance.

What should she do? We held a council of war. Lena Manners, we decided, must do something astounding.

After a good deal of consultation we fixed upon the *dénouement*.

"After all it's only a match-box bed," said May.

"And that part is only cardboard; so it's not being very destructive," I added.

"And, Arthur, you must be quite ready, and move everything out of the way, 'cause, of course, we don't want it to be *dangerous*!" said May, apologetically.

And then—would you believe it?—that wicked, revengeful schoolgirl, lost to all sense of the fitness of things, *set fire to her bed*. It caught instantly, and blazed up and set fire to the cardboard box.

We knelt around, holding our breaths, thrilled with a fearful satisfaction. It was worth the sacrifice. We allowed the flames to consume about half the box; then, before they became too all-devouring, Arthur, as brave fireman, emptied upon them the contents of the night nursery water-bottle. Of course the school was in panic. Lena's clothes were burned off her body, and she was removed to the hospital, and subsequently expelled from the school.

One more episode I remember before I, too, followed Phyllis to alien shores, when all such game-plays became things of the past. An elder sister of Dorothy's had come to the school, and one day a telegram summoned both girls to the deathbed of their mother. May enacted the mother's part; it was a *rôle* after her own heart. It was a scene worthy of "East Lynne"—the weeping children, the fond mother mournfully but resignedly bidding them a solemn farewell; they must now face the cold world alone. Blanche must take charge of her young sister; must be a second mother to her. She was commended to her care.

We were all kneeling round on the floor. May's eloquence waxed more fervent; I drank in every word in an ecstasy of sentiment. Suddenly Menie burst into floods of tears.

"I don't—wa—ant—Dorothy's mother to die!" she sobbed.

We were aghast.

"Oh, Menie, poor little Menie; never mind, dear," cried May, her arms round her.

"Oh, Menie, it's only pretending!" I exclaimed in desperation. I was thirsting for the death, and enjoying myself hugely. I meant afterwards to make a funeral wreath.

"I don't—wa—nt her to die," wailed Menie.

"Well, she *shan't* die, then," said May. "She shall recover on the brink of the grave."

"Oh, May! Oh, Menie"—I was horribly disappointed and a little annoyed with Menie—"it's *only* pretending; it's only dolls. Do go on, May."

"No," said May, firmly, "we mustn't make poor little Menie cry; she's too young to understand." And nothing short of the sudden and miraculous recovery of Dorothy's mother would dry Menie's tears.

I had to yield, as May was doing the death, but I felt aggrieved and defrauded. Privately, however, I held the firm conviction that, in reality, Dorothy's mother *did* die.

C. A. M.

The Story of the Christmas Stocking.*

"IT'S too bad!" said Carl. "I've heard six stories and a little piece, and now there's nothing left but this old stocking!"

"I believe I will not tell you my story at all," said the Stocking.

"But you shall," said Carl, "or else I will cut you all up into little pieces."

"Then you will certainly never hear it," said the Stocking.

"Well, now," said Carl, "what a disagreeable old stocking you are! Why don't you begin at once?"

"I am tired of always being at the foot," said the Stocking; "as one may say, at the fag end. And besides, your way of speaking is not proper. I suppose you have been told as much before. That is not the way little boys used to speak when *I* was knit."

"You are only a stocking," said Carl.

"Everything that is worth speaking to at all is worth speaking to politely," replied the Stocking.

"I can't help it," said Carl; "you might tell me your story, then. I'm sure one of my own red stockings would tell its story in a minute."

"Yes," said the grey Stocking; "and the story would be, 'Lived on little Carl's foot all my life, and never saw anything.'"

"It wouldn't be true, then," said Carl, "for I never wear them except on Sundays. Mother says she can't afford it."

"Nobody afforded it once," said the Stocking. "My ancestors were not heard of until ten or eleven hundred years ago, and then they were made of leather or linen. And then people wore cloth hose; and then, some time in the sixteenth century, silk stockings made their appearance in England. But there was never a pair of knit woollen stockings until the year 1564."

"I say," said Carl, "do stop—will you? and go on with your story." And putting his hand down into the old stocking, he stretched it out as far as he could on his little fingers.

"You'd better amuse yourself in some other way," said the Stocking. "If my yarn should break it will be the worse for your story."

"Well, why don't you begin, then?" said Carl, laying him down again.

"It's not always pleasant to recount one's misfortunes," said the Stocking, "and I have come down in the world sadly. You would hardly think it, I dare say, but I did once belong to a very good family."

"So you do now," said Carl. "There never was anybody in the world better than my mother; and father's very good too."

"Yes," said the Stocking again, "Mrs. Krinken does seem to be quite a respectable woman for her station in life, very neat about her house, and, I presume, makes most excellent porridge. But you see, where I used to live, porridge had never even been heard of. I declare," said the Stocking, "I can hardly believe it myself; I think my senses are getting blunted. I have lain in that chest so long with a string of red onions, that I have really almost forgotten what musk smells like! But my Lady Darlington always fainted away if anybody mentioned onions, so of course the old Squire never had them on the dinner table even. A fine old gentleman he was; not very tall, but as straight almost as ever; and with ruddy cheeks, and hair that was not white, but silver colour. His hand shook a little sometimes, but his heart never—and his voice was as clear as a whistle. His step went cheerfully about the house and grounds, although it was only to the music of his walking-stick; and music that was, truly, to all the poor of

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the neighbourhood. His stick was like him. He would have neither gold nor silver head to it, but it was all of good English oak, the top finely carved into a supposed likeness of Edward the Confessor. As for my lady, she was all stateliness, very beautiful, too, or had been; and the sound of her dress was like the wings of a wild bird."

"I think I shall like to hear this story," said Carl, setting himself on his box and patting his hands together once or twice.

"I dare say you will," said the Stocking, "when I tell it to you. However—Well—

"A great many years ago it was Christmas Eve at Squire Darlington's, and the Squire sat alone in his wide hall. Every window was festooned with ivy leaves and holly, which twisted about the old carving, and drooped, and hung round the silver sconces, and thence downward toward the floor. The silver hands of the sconces held tall wax candles, but they were not lit. The picture-frames wore wreaths, from which the old portraits looked out gloomily enough, not finding the adornment so becoming as they had done a century or so before; and even the Squire's high-backed chair was crowned with a bunch of holly berries. There was no danger of their being in his way, for he rarely leaned back in his chair, but sat up quite straight, with one hand on his knee and the other on the arm of his chair. On that particular evening his hand rested on me; for I and my companion stocking had been put on for the first time."

"I don't see how he could get his hand on his stocking," said Carl, "if he sat up. Look—I couldn't touch mine."

"You needn't try to tell me anything about stockings," replied that article of dress, somewhat contemptuously. "I know their limits as well as most people. But in those days, Master Carl, gentlemen wore what they call small clothes—very different from your new-fangled pantaloons."

"I don't wear pantaloons," said Carl; "I wear trousers." But the Stocking did not heed the interruption.

"The small clothes reached only to the

knee—a little above or a little below—and so met the long stockings half way. Some people wore very fanciful stockings, of different colours, and embroidered; but Squire Darlington's were always of grey woollen yarn, very fine and soft, as you see I am, and tied above the knee with black ribbons; and his shoes were always black, with large black bows and silver buckles.

"He sat there alone in the wide hall, with one hand on me, and his eyes fixed upon the fire, waiting for the arrival of the Yule Log; for, in those days, the night before Yule, or Christmas, the chief fire in the house was built with an immense log, which was cut and brought in with great rejoicing and ceremony, and lighted with a brand saved from the log of last year. All the servants in the house had gone out to help to roll the log and swell the noise, and the fire of the day had burned down to a mere bed of coals; and the hall was so still you could almost hear the ivy leaves rustle on the old wall outside. I don't know but the Squire did."

"What did he stay there for?" said Carl. "Was he thinking?"

"He might have been," said the Stocking—"indeed, I rather think he was, for he stroked and patted me two or three times; or he might have been listening to the wind singing its Christmas song."

"Can the wind sing?" said Carl.

"Ay; and sigh, too. Most of all about the time of other people's holidays. It's a wild, sighing kind of a song, at best—whistled, and sung, and sighed together—sometimes round the house and sometimes through a keyhole. I heard what it said that night well enough. You won't understand it, but this was it:—

"Christmas again! Christmas again!

With its holly berries so bright and red;
They gleam in the wood, they grow by the lane,
Oh! hath not Christmas a joyful tread?

"Christmas again! Christmas again!

What does it find? and what does it bring?
And what does it miss, that should remain?
Oh! Christmas time is a wonderful thing.

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 There are bright green leaves on the holly-tree,
 But withered leaves fly over the plain,
 And the forests are brown and bare to see.

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 The snow lies light, and the wind is cold ;
 But the wind—it reacheth some hearts of pain,
 And the snow—it falleth on heads grown old.

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 What kindling fires flash through the hall !
 The flames may flash, but the shadows remain ;
 And where do the shadows this night fall ?

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 It looks through the windows—it treads the floor
 Seeking for what earth could not retain—
 Watching for those who will come no more.

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 Why doth not the pride of the house appear ?
 Where is the sound of her silken train ?
 And that empty chair—what doeth it here ?

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 With hearts as light as ever did bound ;
 And feet as pretty as ever were fain
 To tread a measure the hall around.

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 O thoughts, be silent ! Who called for ye ?
 Must Christmas time be a time of pain,
 Because of the loved, from pain set free ?

“ Christmas again ! Christmas again !
 Once Christmas and joy came hand in hand ;
 The hall may its holiday look regain ;
 But the empty chairs must empty stand.

“ The wind took much less time to sing the song than I have taken to tell it,” said the Stocking ; “ a low sigh round the house, and a whistle or two, told all. Then, suddenly, a door at the lower end of the hall flew open and a boy sprang in, exclaiming : ‘ Grandfather, it’s coming ! ’

“ He was dressed just after the fashion of the old Squire, only with delicate white stockings and black velvet small clothes ; while his long-flapped waistcoat was gaily flowered, and his shoes had crimson rosettes. And almost as he spoke a side door opened, and my Lady glided in, her dress rustling softly as she came ; while the wind rushed in after her, and tossed and waved the feathers in her tall head-dress.

“ There was heard a distant murmur of

shouts and laughter, and young Edric clapped his hands, and then stood still to listen ; and presently the whole troop of servants poured into the hall, from that same door at the lower end. All were dressed in the best and gayest clothes they had ; the women wore ivy wreaths, and the men carried sprigs of holly at their button-holes. First came a number bearing torches ; then many others, rolling and pulling and pushing the great log, on which one of the men servants, whimsically dressed, was endeavouring to keep his seat ; while every other man, woman, and child about the place crowded in after.

“ Then the log was rolled into the great fireplace, and duly lighted : and everybody clapped hands, and rejoiced in its red glow, and Master Edric shouted as loud as the rest.

“ ‘ Edric,’ said my Lady, when the hall was quiet once more, though not empty, for all the household were to spend Christmas Eve there together ; ‘ Edric, go take a partner, and dance us a minuet.’

“ And Edric walked round the hall till he came to little May Underwood, the forester’s daughter ; and, then bringing the white stockings and the crimson rosettes close side by side together, and making her a low bow, he took her hand and led her out upon the polished floor.

“ The Yule Log was in a full blaze now, and the light shone from end to end of the hall, falling upon the bright floor and the long row of servants and retainers that were arranged around, and glossily reflected from the sharp holly-leaves and its bright red berries. The old portraits did not light up much, and looked very near as gloomy as ever ; but a full halo of the firelight was about the Squire’s chair, and upon my Lady as she stood beside him. Two or three of the serving-men played a strange old tune upon as strange old instruments ; and the forester now and then threw in a few wild notes of his bugle, that sounded through the house and aroused all the echoes ; but the wind sighed outside still.

“ And all this while the little dancers were going through the slow, graceful steps of their

pretty dance, with the most respectful bows and curtsies, the most ceremonious presenting of hands and acceptance of the same, the most graceful and complicated turns and bends; till, at last, when the music suddenly struck into a quick measure, Edric presented his right hand to little May, and they danced gaily forward to where my Lady stood near the Squire, and made their low reverence—first to her, and then to each other. Then Edric led his little partner back to her seat, and returned to his Grandmother; for my Lady was his Grandmother, and he had no parents.

“As the Yule Log snapped, and crackled, and blazed higher and higher, even so did the mirth of all in the great hall. They talked, and laughed, and sang, and played games, and not an echo in the house could get leave to be silent.

“All of a sudden, in the midst of the fun, a little boy, dressed like Robin Redbreast, in a dark coat and bright red waistcoat, opened one of the hall doors; and, just showing himself for a minute, he flung the door clear back, and an old man entered. His hair was perfectly white, and so was his beard, which reached down to his waist. On his head was a crown of yew and ivy, and in his hand a long staff topped with holly berries; his dress was a long brown robe which fell down about his feet, and on it were sewn little spots of white cloth to represent snow. He made a low bow to the Squire and my Lady, and when Robin Redbreast had discreetly closed the door so far that but a little wind could come in, he began to sing in a queer little cracked voice:

“Oh! here come I, old Father Christmas, welcome or not.

I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.

Make room, room, I say,

That I may lead Mince Pye this way.

Walk in Mince Pye, and act thy part,

And show the gentles thy valiant heart.

“With that Robin opened the door again, and another figure came in, dressed like a woman, in a dark purple gown bordered with a light brownish yellow. A large apple was

fastened on top of her head, and she wore bunches of raisins at her ears instead of earrings; while her necklace was of large pieces of citron strung together, and her bracelets of cloves, and allspice, and cinnamon. In her hand she carried a large wooden sword.”

“What was that for?” said Carl, who had listened with the most intense interest.

“Why, to fight off the people that wanted to make her up into real mince pie, I suppose,” said the Stocking. “She came into the room singing:

“Room, room, you gallant souls, give me room to rhyme,

I will show you some festivity this Christmas time.

Bring me the man that bids me stand,

Who says he’ll cut me down with an audacious hand.

I’ll cut him and hew him as small as a fly,

And see what he’ll do then to make his mince pye.

Walk in, St. George!

“Oh! in come I, St. George, the man of courage bold,
With my sword and buckler I have won three crowns of gold;

I fought the fiery Dragon, and brought him to the slaughter,

I saved a beauteous Queen and a King of England’s daughter.

If thy mind is high, my mind is bold;

If thy blood is hot, I will make it cold.”

“What did he want to do that for?” said Carl.”

“Oh, in the days when St. George lived,” replied the Stocking, “the more men a man killed the more people thought of him; and this man was trying to make himself like St. George. He had a great pasteboard helmet on his head, with a long peacock’s feather streaming from the top of it, and a wooden sword and a tin-covered shield, on which were nailed clusters of holly-berries in the figure of a cross. His shoes were of wood, too, and his jacket and small-clothes of buckskin, with sprigs of yew fastened upon all the seams, and great knots of green and red ribbons at the knees. As soon as he had sung his song he began his fight with Mince Pye, and a dreadful fight it was, if one might judge by the noise; also, Mince Pye’s sword became quite red with the holly-berries. But

St. George let his shield take all the blows ; and when Mince Pye had spent all her strength upon it, he thrust at her with his sword, and down she came."

"Who ? Mince Pye ?" said Carl. "Oh, that's too bad !"

"Mince Pye thought so, too," said the Stocking, "for she cried out :

O St. George, spare my life !

Then said old Father Christmas :

Is no doctor to be found

To cure Mince Pye, who is bleeding on the ground ?

"Was there any ?" said Carl.

"There was somebody who called himself one. He came running right into the hall the minute old Father Christmas called for him, and you never saw such a queer little figure. He had an old black robe, and a black cap on his head, and a black patch over one eye."

"What was that for ?" said Carl.

"He'd been curing himself, I suppose," said the Stocking. "And it would seem that he wasn't satisfied with any of his features, for he had put on a long pasteboard nose, painted red, and a pasteboard chin. In his hand he carried a great basket of bottles. If one might believe his own account, he was a doctor worth having.

"O, yes, there is a doctor to be found

To cure Mince Pye, who is bleeding on the ground.

I cure the sick of every pain,

And none of them ever are sick again.

"Father Christmas thought it must cost a good deal to be cured after that fashion, so, like a prudent man, he said :

"Doctor, what is thy fee ?

"And the Doctor probably did not like to be questioned, for he answered :

"Ten pounds is my fee ;

But fifteen I must take of thee

Before I set this gallant free.

But as it was necessary that Mince Pye should be cured, Father Christmas only said :

"Work thy will, Doctor.

"Then the Doctor took a bottle out of his basket, and began to dance and sing round Mince Pye.

"I have a little bottle by my side,

The fame of which spreads far and wide ;

Drop a drop on this poor man's nose.

"And with that Mince Pye jumped up as well as ever."

"But that wasn't all ?" said Carl. "What else ?"

"That was not quite all," said the Stocking, "for another man came in with a great basket of dolls at his back and a tall red cap on his head. And he sang too :

"Oh ! in come I, little saucy Jack,

With all my family at my back :

Christmas comes but once a year,

And when it comes it brings good cheer,

Roast beef, plum pudding, and mince pye,

Who likes that any better than I ?

Christmas makes us dance and sing ;

Money in the purse is a very fine thing,

Ladies and gentlemen, give us what you please.

"Then Squire Darlington and my Lady each took out some money, and Edric carried it to the masquers ; and, as he hadn't any money himself, he told them that he was very much obliged to them. And then they went off."

"What did they give them money for ?" said Carl.

"Oh, they expected it ; that was what they came for. People used to go about in that way to the rich houses at Christmastime, to get a little money, by amusing the gentlefolks."

"I suppose they were very much amused," said Carl, with a little sigh.

"Very much—especially Edric. And, after they were gone, he came and stood before the great fire and thought it all over, smiling to himself, with pleasure."

"'Edric,' said my Lady, 'it is time for you to go to bed.'

"'Yes, Grandmother ; but I'm afraid I can't go to sleep.'

"'Why not ?' said Squire Darlington. 'What are you smiling at ?'

"'Oh, we've had such a splendid night, Grandfather ! The people were dressed so finely. And didn't Mince Pye fight well ! And wasn't the Doctor queer ! And I'm sure my stocking will be as full as *anything* !'"

E. WETHERELL.

Froebel Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AUTUMN LECTURES.

WE regret to state that Dr. Reddie, of the New School, Abbotsholme, who was announced to lecture on October 3 on "Important Elements in Education," was too ill to fulfil his engagement. His place was kindly taken at the last moment by Mr. C. G. Montefiore, who read a paper on "Friendship." It is hoped that members and their friends may have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Reddie on some future occasion.

The remaining lectures during the autumn session will be as follows:—

Thursday, October 24.—"The Distinction between Work and Play." Prof. Withers, of Owens College, Manchester.

Thursday, November 28.—"How would Froebel have taught a Foreign Language?" Prof. Rippmann, of Queen's College.

The lectures will be held at Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, W.C., and will begin at 8 p.m. Particulars of the spring session will be announced in the January number of this Magazine.

SATURDAY CLASSES.

As sufficient entries were not received, the usual classes for teachers on "Gifts and Occupation" and "Black-Board Drawing" could not be held.

CONFERENCE.

A Conference will be held in January on "Educational Forms of Handwork." It is hoped that another association which is specially interested in this subject may take part in the Conference, which will last for one day only. Papers will be read, each followed by a discussion, and specimens of handwork will be on view. Full particulars will be announced in the January number of *Child Life*, or may be had from the Secretary of the Froebel Society towards the middle of December.

LENDING LIBRARY.

The following books have been added to the Library:—

The Making of Character. By John MacCunn, M.A.

The Great Didactic of John Amos Comenius. With Introduction by M. W. Keatinge, M.A.

A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Stories from the Northern Sagas. Selected and edited by A. F. Major and E. E. Speight. Preface by F. York Powell.

The Junior Temple Reader: being a new Collection of Heroic, Folk, and Fairy Tales, Children's Poetry, Play Rhymes, and Animal Stories. Edited by C. L. Thomson and E. E. Speight.

Mistakes in Teaching. By Jas. L. Hughes.

Mother Stories. By Maud Lindsay.

Presented by Messrs. A. & C. Black:—

World Pictures: an Elementary Pictorial Geography. By Joan B. Reynolds, B.A.

Presented by Mr. H. Courthope Bowen:—

Nature Study and the Child. By Charles B. Scott, M.A.

The Beginnings of English Literature. By C. M. Lewis.

Psychology, Empirical and Rational. By Michael Maher, S.J.

Readings in Welsh History. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated by Laneclot Speed.

Education and the Philosophical Ideal. By Horatio W. Dresser.

Memory: an Inductive Study. By F. W. Colegrove, Ph.D., D.D. Introduction by G. Stanley Hall, LL.D.

Principles of Religious Education. By Nicholas Murray Butler, Charles de Garmo, G. Stanley Hall, Richard G. Moulton, and others.

Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition (First and Second High School Courses). By G. R. Carpenter. 2 vols.

Alfred the Great. By Warwick H. Draper, M.A.

Presented by Miss Florence Hewitt :—

Elementary Lessons in Free-Arm Drawing. By
Florence Hewitt.

Presented by Miss Mabel Williams :—

Newmann's Pestalozzi Series of Progressive Drawing
Books. Books 2 and 3. By Mabel Williams.

REPORT OF THE BRADFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH OF THE FROEBEL SOCIETY.

The following lectures have been held during the year by this Branch: A course of Nature lessons by Miss Simpson (University Lecturer at the Yorkshire College, Leeds), given at the Carlton Street Higher-Grade Boys' School, as follows :—May 1. "Seeds and Seedlings"; June 5. "Trees in June"; July 3. "The Life Story of a Butterfly"; September 18. "Autumn Fruits"; October 2. "Animal Life."

The last lecture will be held on November 6. the subject being "Preparation for Winter."

This course began at 7 p.m., and was illustrated by lantern slides and specimens. It was exceedingly well attended, and supplied a pressing need. P. H. Illingworth, Esq., M.A., Chairman of the Education Committee of the Bradford School Board, presided.

On May 18 the Branch held a *conversazione*, the guest of the afternoon being Miss Wragge, of the Blackheath Training College and Kindergarten. In the evening Miss Wragge lectured on "Stories and Games" to a large audience of teachers.

On September 25, Miss McMillan (of the Bradford School Board) lectured on "Colour" at the Carlton Street Higher-Grade Boys' School.

The last lecture of the year will be given by Dr. Kerr on December 4, who will read a paper on "Infants at School."

The membership of the Branch, which has not yet completed its first year, is now nearly eighty.

Institute and Club Notes.

MICHAELIS GUILD AND FROEBEL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

On September 23 Madame Michaelis lectured at Glasgow, in the Greek Room of the University, to a small but appreciative audience. On September 25 she gave an address to Board-school teachers at the Philosophical Society's rooms. On this occasion Madame Michaelis had a most friendly and enthusiastic reception, and was warmly invited to pay another visit to Glasgow and to carry on the good work for which she so ably pleaded.

Madame Michaelis has promised to write for the next number of *Child Life* a short account of her visit to Scotland, and we also hope to receive from her pen some notice of the life and work of our friend and patroness the late Empress Frederick.

At the Institute, the opening day of the term was Wednesday, September 18, when Miss Lawrence, as our new Principal, gave a short address, and when we welcomed Miss Malin as a new member of the college staff, and several new students.

On Thursday, September 19, Mr. Montefiore gave an address to the students, in which he expressed the universal feelings of love and reverence towards Madame Michaelis and her successor Miss Lawrence, and gave some practical advice in connexion with the present and future life of the students.

The Dramatic Society has already given an amusing reading of "She Stoops to Conquer," in which members of the staff and students took part. Committees have also been formed in connexion with music and games,

and a Natural History Club is about to be formed, with the kind help of Miss Luhman.

A cycling gymkana has been arranged in connexion with the Kindergarten Games Association, to take place on October 12 at Blackheath.

SESAME CLUB.

The past three months, July, August, and September, have been as uneventful to the Club as these holiday months are apt to be for town doings. In August the Club was closed for renovations, and its members were welcomed at the Sandringham.

Now, again, the usual tone of life and activity is noticeable, and members are looking forward to the autumn session of lectures and literary evenings. The Wednesday afternoon meetings are to be devoted on alternate weeks to the interesting subject of "Domestic Ideals of Woman in various Countries," Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln having promised a paper on the women of China and Japan, and Mrs. Ashton Jonson on those of India and Burmah. Among the ordinary meetings which will take place on Wednesday, not devoted to the foregoing, a paper on "The Dearth of Domestic Servants" will be read by Mr. Aneurin Williams, in which he will set forth an entirely original solution of the well-known problem.

As before, the British Child-Study Association will hold meetings on Fridays.

The Sesame House for Home-Life Training is growing apace, and the number of students is increasing in a way that makes it possible that further space for boarders may be necessary. This is very encouraging, seeing that it is a growth of the work of only two years.

Kindergarten Students' Athletic Association.

THE Kindergarten Students' Athletic Association was formed in June last. The colleges at present belonging to the Association are Blackheath Kindergarten Training College, Bedford Kindergarten Training College, and the Froebel Educational Institute. A Tennis Match has already been played at Bedford between Blackheath and Bedford, in which Bedford was victorious. The sports include Tennis, Hockey,

Bicycling, and Swimming. The Association will gladly welcome any other Kindergarten training colleges who care to join.

The present officers are as follows:—President, Miss Wragge (Blackheath); Vice-President, Miss C. Martin de Bartolomé (Bedford); Treasurer, Miss Malin (Froebel Institute); Secretary, Miss G. Owen (Kindergarten Training College, Bedford).
C. MARTIN DE BARTOLOMÉ.

From Old Students.

MULEYKEH.

FAR away, in the country of Arabia, there lived two men—the one rich, the other poor. The poor man lived in a tent. For a great many miles around there were no houses to be seen, and very few people ever passed that way. The name of the man who lived there was Hóseyn, and although he was so poor that sometimes he had hardly enough to live on, and though the place where he lived seemed so lonely, still he was always happy.

Once he, too, had been rich, but that was a long time ago, and the only thing he had left to remind him of those days was his horse, whose name was Pearl. Pearl had belonged to him ever since he was quite a little boy, and he loved her better than anything else in the world. And because he loved her so much, and she was always with him, he could never feel sad or lonely.

The other man, the richest in the country, lived a very long way from Hóseyn's tent. This man's name was Duhl. All his life he had had everything he wished for; now he had more horse, camels, lands, and houses than anybody else; yet he was not contented. He had often seen and heard of Pearl. She was the best racer in the country, and had never been beaten by another horse. Duhl made up his mind that Pearl should belong to him, and he said to himself: "I will go to Hóseyn, and offer him a large sum of money in return for Pearl."

So Duhl went to Hóseyn, and said to him: "You

are poor; I am come to make you rich. Give me Pearl, and you shall have enough money to keep you comfortable and happy for the rest of your life."

And Hóseyn laughed, and answered: "You say that you will make me rich, and at the same time you ask me to part with Pearl, whom I love better than the whole world. Whilst she is with me, I am as rich as ever I could wish to be."

Then Duhl left Hóseyn, feeling very angry. He had always thought that with money he could have everything he wanted, and now, for the first time in his life, his request was refused.

Some months passed. Then Duhl went again to Hóseyn's tent. And Duhl said to Hóseyn: "You refused to give Pearl to me in exchange for money, and I am not surprised, for I know how generous you are. You never sell where you can give. My boy has sent me to you; he longs to have Pearl for his own, and you, who are so good, will give her to him."

And Hóseyn stood up, and put his arm round his horse's neck. For a few minutes he did not speak. Then he said: "On the day that I was ten years old, the same age as your boy, my father gave me a horse for my very own. I named her Pearl, for she was the loveliest horse I had ever seen. My happiest moments were spent with Pearl, and every day I loved her more and more, until the time came when I could not be happy if she were out of my sight. Why do you wish to take her from me? If she were not the most splendid horse in the country, if she had not won every race,

and arrived always at the winning place long before any other horse, you would not care to have her. But, because all men praise her, because she has never been beaten, you would have her belong to you. You love your boy. Think how you would feel if I took him from you. Leave Pearl with me. I could not live without her."

And Duhl returned to his home, and shut himself up in his room. He would not eat; at night he could not sleep. He was more determined than ever that Pearl should belong to him. He did not care whether Hóseyn was happy or not: he only thought of himself.

One night, as he lay awake thinking, a wicked thought came into his mind. A few minutes later he was out of the house, and riding at full speed across the country.

For the third time he arrived at Hóseyn's tent. He got down from his horse, and looked all around. There was no one to be seen, not a sound to be heard. Everything was still and quiet. Duhl looked into the tent. There lay Hóseyn, fast asleep. By his side stood Pearl, her reins tied round her master's wrist. Near Pearl stood another horse, ready saddled.

Then Duhl turned away again, and muttered to himself: "Twice I have asked for Pearl, and twice I have been refused. All my life I have had what I wished for, and I shall have it now. Hóseyn sleeps. Let me set Pearl free before he awakes. Once on her back and across country I shall be safe, and Pearl, who has never yet been beaten in a race, will belong, not to Hóseyn, but to me."

And then, very quietly and slowly, Duhl opened the door of the tent. In a second he had set Pearl free, jumped on her back, and was out in the fields.

Hóseyn awoke, missed Pearl, saw the door wide open, and, with a shout, sprang on the back of the other horse. But Pearl was far in front. Suddenly she seemed to stumble. Hóseyn was just behind. One second more and he would be at Pearl's side, but, before that second had passed, he had shouted a word which Pearl knew

well, and Pearl, hearing her master's voice, no longer stumbled, but was off again across country, and was no more seen.

And Hóseyn stood still, as if turned to stone. Then, after a while he went slowly back, but, as he came near his tent, and saw the door wide open, he rushed in, half hoping that it had been all a dream, and that he would find Pearl safe inside. But the place where Pearl used to stand was empty. Hóseyn turned away, feeling that he could never bear to enter the tent again. He walked far, until the home where he had lived with Pearl was out of sight, then threw himself on the ground with a great cry.

There he was found the next day by some people who were passing. They stopped and asked him what had happened. And he told them how Duhl had come to his tent in the night, like a thief, and had stolen his Pearl: how he himself had awakened, and seen Duhl on Pearl's back, and had ridden after him: how Pearl soon found that it was not her own master who was riding her, but another man, and stumbled; but that, just at the moment when she might have been beaten in the race, Hóseyn had shouted to her to go forward, and Pearl knew his voice and obeyed, and so remained with Duhl.

And the people laughed at Hóseyn, and said: "Why could you not have kept quiet? If you had not shouted that word, you would still have had Pearl with you, and have been as happy as before."

And Hóseyn answered: "If I had kept quiet, if I had not shouted that one word, Pearl would be with me now, but I could never have been as happy as before. For the first time in her life Pearl would have been beaten by another horse, and people would have pointed at her with scorn. And I, who love her better than myself, would have known that this was through my fault. For me it does not matter. Pearl is still the Pearl, the best racer in the country; and the whole world will still speak of her with praise."

N. VINCENT.



Correspondence.

"SUGGESTIONS ABOUT A GIRL'S EDUCATION."

DEAR SIR,—There are a few points in Mrs. Neill's paper on which I should like to comment.

1. I heartily agree with her in thinking that leaving a child's development to Nature would lead to rather disastrous results. If we do so, the "discipline of consequences" is sure to visit him, because that will be the only way in which Nature can give him experience, and this kind of discipline is apt to give experience in a rather hard way. Such a child would probably make himself intensely disagreeable to his fellow-creatures while he was learning; also the fact of heredity will sometimes interfere with the course of Nature. I know a child whose mother died at her birth, but who unfortunately inherits from that mother a tendency to untruth. Her upbringing has been most careful, but even that has not yet cured the fault. If the child had been left to Nature, to what height would it not have grown? I do not find that the generality of parents err on the side of over-guidance of their children, though many do on that of giving them their own way.

2. I think Mrs. Neill would be fortunate to find such a nurse by nature as she desires. Of course, there are such, but they are rare, and the supply would not nearly equal the demand. Surely a trained nurse is one who has learnt how to follow the directions of Nature in bringing up children, and to care for them systematically, not in the haphazard way of the ordinary nurse-maid. If the mother can really constantly supervise the nurse's work, well and good; but the majority have other calls upon their time, and the harm

done to children by many nurse-maids is too well known to need comment. Need the trained nurse have "highly strung nerves, mostly the result of study"? A romp, of course, is necessary for children; but need it be so noisy that an ordinary nervous system finds it too distracting?

3. I could wish that Mrs. Neill had said more about the home part of a girl's education. Surely that is quite as important as the time spent in the Kindergarten and school; yet during the school age—at least, between work and games—there seems so little time for home nowadays; and the work of the parent, on which Froebel laid so much stress, is mostly lost sight of. One girl whom I know had little step-sisters, and gave up school games almost entirely one term, in order to care for and play with these little ones. There was a great outcry against her, but, to my mind, it was one of the best traits in her character.

4. The idea that a girl should finish her education by spending some months in teaching little children is one that I have often considered. Would not this, besides preparing the girl for her future work as wife and mother, solve the problem of how the Kindergarten mistress can get sufficient help, without actually having to train students for examination? I have tried girls in this way, and, although the work may not be so good in the results that show, yet it is truly Froebelian in the spirit of love and comradeship between the young girl and the little children, and is, I believe, of great value to the former.—I am, yours faithfully,

N. TRENTHAM.

Reviews and Notices.

What is a Kindergarten? By Geo. Hansen, Landscape Architect. (American School and College Text-Book Agency.)

As the author of this quaint little volume is a landscape gardener by profession, it is not very surprising that his answer to the question which forms its title should be distinctly one-sided. A Kindergarten, to Mr. Hansen, is a garden *for* children—not a garden *of* children, as most of us conceive it.

America is a land of progress, and Mr. Hansen's ideas may be carried out in distant California, but we are afraid it will be many a long year before it will dawn upon our English Town and County Councils that "a foreman of the city nursery should have charge of all Kindergartens." That one sentence, of course, shows clearly what the main idea of a Kindergarten is in Mr. Hansen's mind. The book is evidently the outcome of much thought and much experience, and should prove most useful to those happy Kindergarten grounds who have a garden to lay out, even though lack of funds may prevent them from carrying out even half the scheme. Only one of Froebel's theories is at all considered, though that is by no means an unimportant one, viz., that a child must have much intercourse with Nature. The book gives many plans for the laying out of Kindergarten grounds, and, as we read, the same feelings arise which came to us years ago when we read and re-read Hawthorne's "Paradise of Childhood." Trees, climbers, lawns, shrubs, annuals, perennials, bulbs, vegetables, and animals, are all carefully considered from the child's point of view.

It is rather amusing in a book which proposes "to improve upon Froebel's teachings, not merely to accept them," to find worms and insects, except perhaps bees, considered "nasty." And we wonder what Froebel would have said to the choice of the apple called Alexander because "the boys are sure to fight over its yet green fruit"; or how he would have liked the idea that the little girl is to grow beans to take to mother, while the boy trades his for marbles; or that the *Linaria*

cymbalaria is to be set out in many places, "because, as often as the rough boy may destroy what the careful sister has set out, this grateful vine will again produce results from the small piece the intruder may have spared." Surely we may be allowed to doubt whether Mr. Hansen has "added to all of Froebel's methods."

Taking the book for what it really is, a carefully worked-out account of what may and may not be put into a garden especially devised to fascinate children at all seasons of the year, it is really very interesting. It calls up most vividly the old home garden and the favourites there—the delight in the snapdragon, the sweetbriar, the pansies, foxgloves, and mimulus; the grief when the lawn was mown and every dear daisy ruthlessly swept up, and the furtive turning over of the heap of cut grass to rescue a few with extra pink tips. Mr. Hansen will make his lawn of white clover if it suits the climate, and actually sow in it a pinch of daisies and dandelions. He chooses flowers which "are kind enough to withstand all abusive care the little ones may bestow," and suggests that daisies will not even resent "being looked after every other week to see if they are making roots." He points out that flowers which close at evening and open in the morning are special favourites. He plants the maple for its twirling seeds, the birch for its paper bark, alders for their early catkins, mountain ash for its scarlet berries, and hazel for its slender catkins and nuts hidden in its cap of frills and tucks.

We are by no means prepared to state that Mr. Hansen has even started to solve the problem of "What is a Kindergarten?" but willingly would we make him director—nay, dictator—over public and private gardens for children.

Games with Music. By Lois Bates. (Longmans.)

The great philosopher Kant, during his long professoriate at Königsberg, used Meier's "Logic" as the text-book from which he taught. He would gravely give out the paragraph under consider-

ation and then equally gravely set to work to contradict it word for word. It is, alas! only in this manner that we can recommend teachers to use Miss Bates's "Games." They are an excellent example of "how not to" write games for children. Games they are not; the second title, "Action Songs," does describe them. We willingly credit the authoress with the best of intentions; but for the book itself we have nothing but condemnation. We give one example:—

- ¹ Busy little bakers, ² we
 Make for ³ you nice bread;
⁴ Flour and ⁵ water, ⁴ yeast and ⁵ salt,
⁶ Bread with these is made.

Instructions.

- ¹ Clap hands.
² Point to self with both hands.
³ Point outwards, both hands.
⁴ Right hand out. ⁵ Left hand out.
⁶ Hands together.

This is surely intended for mechanical dolls, not for living children. But there is worse. Miss Bates is the authoress of a collection of "Story Lessons on Character-Building," each of which, we believe, contains a succinct little moral to put on the blackboard. That is bad enough; but, in the book before us, morals are taught, or supposed to be taught, by conundrums, which are to be asked in connexion with the story lessons. A clergyman preaching to children waxed eloquent on the torture a dog suffered when a tin pot was tied on his tail. "I never thought of that before," whispered a small boy to his neighbour. The neighbour called at the home of that small boy the same afternoon, but was too late. The small boy was doing penance in bed, and the dog was being consoled by the indignant family. One of Miss Bates's "Guessing Rhymes" is:—

- Suppose in telling anything,
 You say more than is true;
 Suppose you let a child be blamed
 For something done by you;
 Or utter words with meaning wrong—
 What name to all this does belong?
 Untruth.

And another—

- If you should take what is not yours,
 A lump of sugar or a pin,
 Or copy from a neighbour's slate,
 What name is given to this sin?
 Stealing.

How the children must enjoy learning such verses, especially the weaker and slower, who, poor little mortals, have not yet learned to control their appetites as all grown-up people of course do, or who, with a very unformed standard of honesty, save themselves from punishment by a turn of the head, which does not even hurt the neighbour! It is very dishonest to copy, &c. Yes, when one knows honesty from dishonesty, and when one has grown brave enough to face what seem terrible consequences. But honesty and bravery are plants of slow growth, and knowing the name of a sin is not quite the same thing as knowing the sin itself. Nineteen hundred years ago the world was taught how stories might inculcate moral notions on immature minds; and, so far as we know, the very latest psychology has found no better method. With children we need hardly say: "Go and do thou likewise"; they are so eager with: "I think I'll try to be like him."

The New Basis of Geography. By J. W. Redway ("Teachers' Professional Library.") Edited by Nicholas Murray Butler. (Macmillan.)

This book is a most suggestive and helpful one to the practical teacher of geography, though the ground covered is too vast and the necessary generalizations are too many and too large for a student in the earlier stages of geography reading. The first two chapters give a comprehensive outline of the main features of historical geography, showing how all great geographical discoveries and changes have resulted from a disturbance of the physical environment of man and animals. All activities of individuals and nations have as their final objects the protection of the individual and the race and the securing of requisite food. If this protection or food distribution be interfered with, important life changes take place.

As one great illustration of this physical disturbance of environment, resulting in profound geographical changes, the author quotes the cutting off of the trade communications between the Western world of Europe and the East by the Turks. To this event can be directly or indirectly traced the discovery of the Cape route to India, and, later, the finding of land in the Western Sea and the discovery of the Pacific route to the East.

The most comprehensive chapter in the book is that in which a masterly survey is given of the

physical changes constantly at work upon the earth. Later chapters illustrate in detail how physical or geographical conditions determine centres of life and occupations of people. These later chapters are full of practical suggestions to teachers as to field work and geography teaching generally. The book closes with a good short list of available and useful books.

We would criticize the word "new" in the title, and should prefer "The Basis of Geography" or the title of the first chapter—"The Genesis of Geography"—as more truly describing the contents of the book. But the author explains in his preface that by "newness" he means the idea of "mutual relation of geographic environment to political history on the one hand and economic development on the other." Mr. Redway goes on to say that, although the idea has been fundamental in the German educational system for more than two generations, it is still new in America.

The book is most stimulating and suggestive. It points to a sound method of viewing and treating geographical facts, and, what is most valuable of all, indicates the line along which the scattered information, so often miscalled geography, can be unified and made a scientific study.

Shakespeare's Life and Work. By Sidney Lee.
(Smith, Elder, & Co.)

Within the compass of this little book—which is a reprint, with a few omissions and abbreviations, of the author's larger work, "The Life of William Shakespeare"—is to be found all that is certainly known, and, so far as our knowledge extends, all that is conjectured, about England's great poet. His parentage and birth, his childhood, education, and marriage, his life at Stratford and in London, his writing for and acting on the stage, his return to Stratford, and his death, are all put before us in clear and interesting form. A chapter is devoted to the bibliography of his works, and another to his posthumous reputation. The growth and development of his dramatic faculty are traced, and each of the plays is treated with short criticism of its source, character, and date. In addition to much other useful and interesting information, there is in the appendix a summary statement and refutation of the absurd Baconian theory, which found its fullest and most

ridiculous exposition in the cryptogram of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly.

Mr. Sidney Lee, who is the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," and author of some of the best lives in that work, has kept steadily before him the one great object of presenting all that is known of Shakespeare's life and writings, based on trustworthy research, in a clear, succinct, and interesting form. Where he has dealt with matters of controversy he has done so with the sureness of the author who has thoroughly studied his subject, and made up his mind, on the best evidence, as to the right and the wrong of it. Not that he is dogmatic, but he is confident, and one feels that his judgment is sound, as for instance in his treatment of the "doubtful" plays, and still more in his discussion of the difficult problem of the sonnets. The book is of incalculable value for the student of Shakespeare, and at the same time of infinite interest to the general reader.

A Manual of School Hygiene. By E. W. Hope, M.D.,
and E. A. Brown, F.R.C.S.E. (Price 3s. 6d.
Cambridge University Press.)

This volume of the "Cambridge Series" is written for the guidance of teachers in day schools. It sets forth in plain language the guiding principles of the hygiene of childhood so far as it is affected by the circumstances of school life. Part I. deals with the arrangements of school buildings, regulation of temperature, epidemics, accidents, and the conditions generally which affect children from the outside. Part II. is a consideration of the child as a living and growing creature. Increased knowledge of the necessary conditions of health at school, and conscientious conviction of a teacher's responsibility in this respect, will surely do something to bring about that fullness of life which it is the aim of every true educator to promote.

Domestic Economy in Theory and Practice. By M. E. Bidder and F. Baddeley. (Price 4s. 6d. Cambridge University Press.)

In the two parts of this volume an effort has been made to combine accurate scientific knowledge with practical experience, so that both may have their due proportion in the training of teachers of cookery, laundry work, housewifery, and other domestic arts. In *Child Life* we have repeatedly urged upon our readers the importance of the co-operation of school and home. The ordering of a house which is to be truly a home is a subject which surely demands our careful study. It is a discredit that teachers should expound theories

which they hold unintelligently or which are scientifically incorrect; it is not less essential that the art taught should be practised with skill to ensure the beauty of complete efficiency. We have in the scientific portion of this book a careful treatment of ventilation, food-stuffs, and clothing; and in Part II. definite directions for training in housewifery and for attaining "skill in the art of managing a home." The notes of lessons are in some cases very suggestive and helpful, and the appendix contains a syllabus of a three years' course of training in household management and domestic economy which will be of interest to many of our readers.

Before the Great Pillage, with other Miscellanies. By Augustus Jessop. (Price 7s. 6d. T. Fisher Unwin.)

If any of our readers are already lovers of "the Shepherd of Acready," they will be grateful to us for recommending to their notice this new book by the author of "The Coming of the Friars," which still holds its own as one of the most delightful of guides to the particular period of English history with which it deals. Dr. Jessop gives us nine articles, including some "trifles which must apologize for themselves," dealing with tortoises, birds, and moles. Of the historical matter we may perhaps single out "Parish Life in England before the Great Pillage," showing how the village church belonged to the village folk, and was in fact their own creation and daily delight; and "The Baptism of Clovis," *à propos* of the fifteenth centenary of that event lately celebrated in France. "The Cry of the Villages" is a pathetic appeal for something to be done to widen the interest and quicken the intelligence of our rural population. Dr. Jessop, even in his strongest prejudices, is outspoken and kindly, and this new volume is pleasant and profitable reading.

Far-off Oceania, Africa, America. By the author of "The Peep of Day."

A new edition of this friend of our childhood has reached us, and serves as a reminder of the distance which we have travelled both in our educational methods and in our idea of the relation of the white man to his brothers over seas. We shall do well to consider the ever-widening ideal of true missionary work, and this little book still has something of value both as warning and incentive.

The London School Atlas. Edited by H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Price 1s. 6d. Edward Arnold.)

For a cheap atlas this one has many points in its favour. The physical maps are particularly good, and overcrowding has been carefully avoided. As an introduction Mr. A. J. Herbertson has written some interesting notes on the construction and reading of maps; and the meaning and use of contour lines are admirably illustrated. A local map of London is provided for

schools in London; but a map of any locality can be supplied on certain conditions on application to the publisher.

The Fables of Orbilius. By A. D. Godley. (Edward Arnold.)

In these fables the author has sought to make the learning of Latin both easier and more pleasant, and he has succeeded. The subjects of the fables are trivial but familiar anecdotes, mostly humorous, and without "morals" tagged on to them. The number of words employed are few, and are repeated in various combinations. Some elementary knowledge of grammar by the pupils using this book is presupposed, and the exercises are prefaced with vocabularies in which all the less familiar words are translated—more fully, of course, in the earlier than the later ones, for which the vocabulary at the end of the book supplies the necessary help. Not the least attractive feature of the book lies in the admirable illustrations to each fable.

Life by the Seashore: an Introduction to Natural History.

By M. Newbigin. (Price 3s. 6d. net. Swan Sonnenschein.)

This is a good book. After reading even the first chapter one feels that Miss Newbigin knows and cares about her subject. The style and arrangement of the book are excellent; there are numerous illustrations, and at the end of each chapter are tables of classification and a "note on distribution" which should prove extremely useful. The first chapter deals with the general classification of shore animals, and there are many suggestive hints to those who wish to collect and study them.

Conversational Lesson Pictures. (W. & A. K. Johnston.)

We have received six more of this capital series, the subjects of which are "The Lamplighter," "The Working Man's Garden," "The House-Fly," "The Costermonger," "The Shoeblick," and "The Postman." All these are as good as the four we noticed in our last issue, and we have found an appreciative welcome for them all from the little ones to whom we have presented them.

The Pictorial Geographical Readers. (Longmans.)

These books are delightfully illustrated and well printed, and deal with the subject-matter in a way calculated to interest children. They abound in well-adapted selections from good authorities, the earlier numbers containing several of the most charming of R. L. Stevenson's poems for children. Of all the parts submitted to us, that dealing with Europe is perhaps the most interesting, and the appendix and maps would be most useful for reference. In common with all reading books of this class, however, they share the

danger that teachers may be content to make the children read about plans and experiments, rather than let them actually draw the plans and make the experiment for themselves. Taken in connexion with good geography lessons these books should be most useful.

Cassell's "Eyes and No Eyes" Series. By Arabella B. Buckley (Mrs. Fisher). (Cassell.)

The authoress of "The Fairyland of Science" needs no introduction at our hands, but we wish to bring these beautiful little Nature books to our readers' notice. There are six numbers (price 6d. or 4d. each) dealing with the various aspects of country life. The preface urges the necessity for the observation of living Nature, and these simple readers are but to encourage and suggest. The printing is good, and the illustrations excellent.

Pussies and Pets (price 4d.); *Friends from the Country* (price 4d.); *Romps* (price 6d.). (T. Nelson & Sons.)

Three pretty picture books with good colouring, and some excellent scenes of animal life. We recommend them to our readers.

Les Français en Voyage. By Jetta S. Wolff. (Price 1s. 6d. Edward Arnold.)

The authoress of "Les Français en Ménage" has given us another brightly written and attractive series of illustrations of Continental life. We are taken to Switzerland with the family of M. Tournelle, and a number of humorous scenes are put before us. Miss Wolff has dramatic power, a gift of humour, and a mastery of French, which combine to make this an interesting and useful little book. The book is carefully printed, but is not free from slips. The illustrations are moderately good, and there are some good notes on grammar and idiomatic expressions.

Nelson's Supplementary Readers. (Price 4d. each, cloth. T. Nelson & Sons.)

We have received four numbers of this admirable little series—No. 4, "Animal Stories," well chosen, clearly printed, and fully illustrated; No. 9, "Little Nell," is adapted from "The Old Curiosity Shop," and has a short biography of Dickens as an introduction; Nos. 14 and 15 contain ballads from British history. The collection has been wisely made, and will be useful to many teachers.

Chambers's Continuous Readers. (Price 4d. each, paper. W. & R. Chambers.)

These little readers are well printed, and will be found both interesting in subject-matter and suitable in language. The number containing selected stories from Hans Andersen gives us two favourites in "The Wild Swans" and "The Invisible Robe." In Nathaniel

Hawthorne's "Biographical Stories" we have a wonderful collection of anecdotes around the names of the worthies he commemorates. Other numbers contain adapted versions of "On the Spanish Main," by G. A. Henty, and "The Story of Paul Dombey" from "Dombey & Son."

Twentieth Century Readers. (Primers, price 2d. and 3d.; Readers, price 6d. and 8d. W. & R. Chambers.)

The later books of this series will be found very useful. The whole series is well graded, full of pictures, and in large distinct type. These readers almost entirely avoid the "useful information" line, and confine themselves to stories interesting to children, instead of injuring their intellects by telling them facts which they can observe for themselves. In the "Primers" the pictures are coloured, which is a great attraction, and the children are not kept long over words of two letters. The time-honoured "fat cat is on the mat" as usual; but she is a sensible animal, and children always approve of her. But that ridiculous "ox"—a word which is *not* in children's vocabularies, and on which "I go up," an alarming proceeding which "I" would never think of—is entailed to two lessons. There are two Primers, a first and second Infant Reader, and Book I.

Chambers's Story Readers. (Price 4d. and 6d. W. & R. Chambers.)

There are three of these—"Little Stories for Little Readers," "Easy Stories for Infants," and "Stories for Infant Classes." The subjects are all such as will interest little children; the children in the stories have pups, they go out to tea, make snow men, and play with frogs. The second of the series has several animal stories, and the mice in the pictures are charming animals. In "Stories for Infant Classes" the characters have a most interesting time at the seaside, visiting monkeys and going to a fair with waxworks and merry-go-rounds. The type is large and clear, and the books are very cheap.

The Queen's Shilling. By Geraldine Glasgow. (Price 1s. Nelson & Son.)

This story is designed to meet the craving for war and soldier stories, and the desire to get into the Army, which has been created by our troubles in South Africa. It is a pity that the good in it should be considerably spoiled by the creation of one very unreal character. The hero is fairly well drawn, a hot-headed boy who enlists because his unnaturally jealous aunt has feloniously destroyed the codicil to his uncle's will, which would have made possible his entrance to a cavalry regiment. However, he finds the first steps on "the road to glory," the life of a recruit, far other than he had expected, and—"Oh, what a fall was there!"—attempts to

desert. He is followed and saved by a private who is also a gentleman's son, and who helps him to follow the "path of duty" first. Glory comes to him in a battle with the dervishes, where he saves his captain's life, and promptly receives a commission, which seems a sudden jump from a full private. But he loses his best friend, and finds out that there is another road to victory, where those who tread it hold their own against anguish and despair, and though the world writes "failure" across their names, theirs is a victory "not to be compared."

Jim's Sweethearts : a Tale of a Tiny Lover. By E. L. Haverfield. (Price 2s. 6d. Nelson & Sons.)

This is a pretty story of a nice natural little boy in very natural surroundings, and the moral is quite satisfactory. The overbearing bully of the tale, though not at all sensational, is made most unattractive, and the hero Jim is an honest little fellow, whose chivalry to a frightened little girl clearly springs from the way in

which he sees his father treat his mother. We very much deprecate the suggestion of sweethearting to children; but Jim's sweethearts are very harmless, and not at all sentimental. He chooses first, as little boys do, a grown woman whom he expects to wait till he grows up and, though she accepts his friendship in a sensible and understanding way, he is considerably taken aback when he finds that she is going to marry a big man. He tries running away to make her sorry, but he is not glorious in his escapade. The kindly Irish "barkers" into whose hands he falls suggest that he is punishing the wrong people, his father and mother, against whom he has no grievance. The little boy remembers how ill and white his mother had looked for days and days after he had given her a similar fright by accident, and, worst of all, that he had broken the promise he then made her never to do it again. A flood prevents his immediate return, and it is a sick, sorry, and humble little boy who is at last picked up by his old sweetheart's *fiancé*, whispering : "Take me to Mammy : take me quick to Mammy !"



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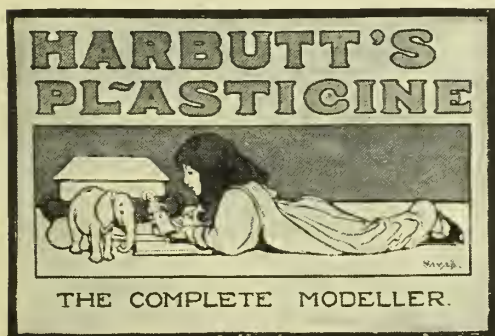
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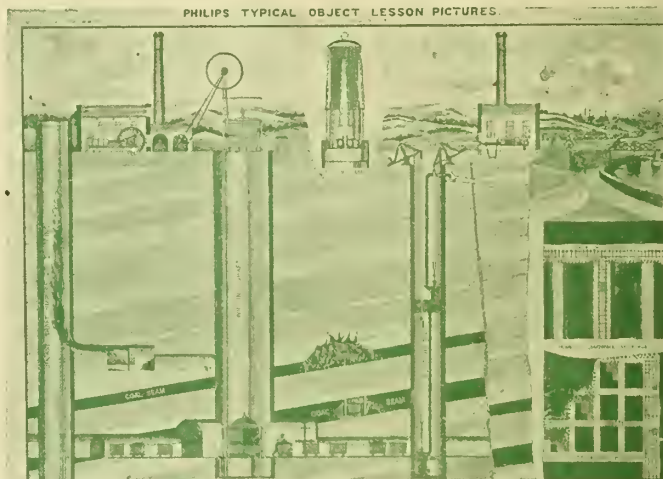
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